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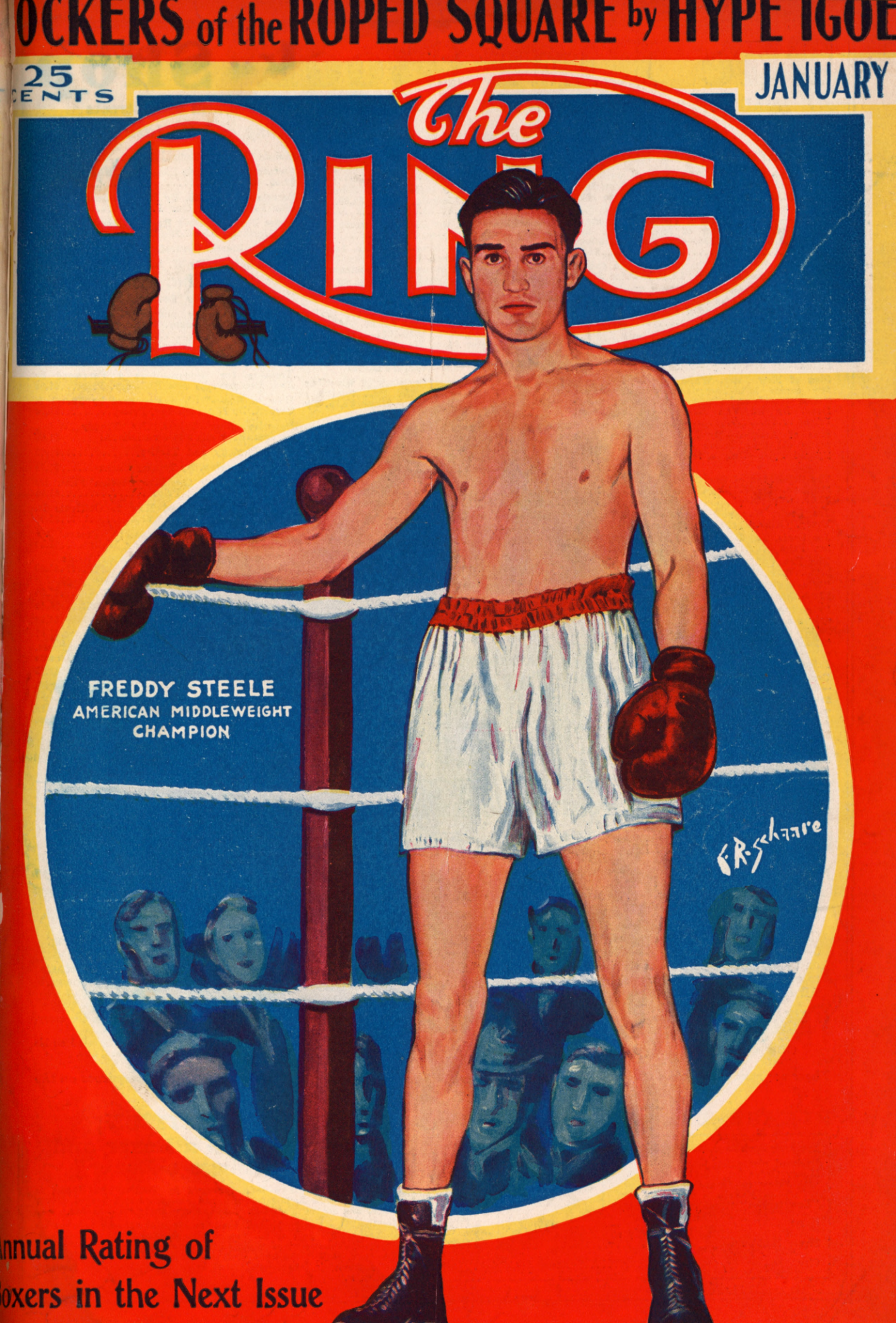

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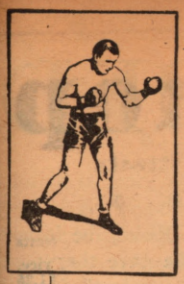

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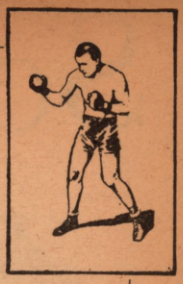

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In Our Next Issue

Annually for the last thirteen years, "THE RING" has compiled a rating of world boxers that has been to the field of pugilism what the famed Walter Camp ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL SELECTIONS were to the gridiron sport.

"THE RING'S" Annual Rating of Boxers throughout this long stretch has stood the test with close to 80% of its leading choices in each division coming through.

This astonishing record proves that our method of compilation is ideal for selecting the world's leading boxers. It is based on ratings allotted the best boxers of the world by one hundred and twenty-five sports writers who are close followers of this sport.

These writers, who are our ALL-WORLD COMMITTEE, show no partiality. A champion receives no more consideration than the ordinary boxer in our Annual Rating, which is made wholly on what the fighter has done during the past year.

Annually, the eyes of the boxing world are focused on the February issue of "The Ring" for the year's rankings, and in our next number, our readers will again find the "All-World" choice. Don't miss it.

Watch for it. If you are a manager, a promoter, a sports writer, a boxer or only a reader—you will not want to miss this feature. Every manager of a fighter named should get sufficient copies to send to promoters and sports editors to advertise his boy.

There is no greater publicity and honor that a fighter can get than to have his name appear among the elite in

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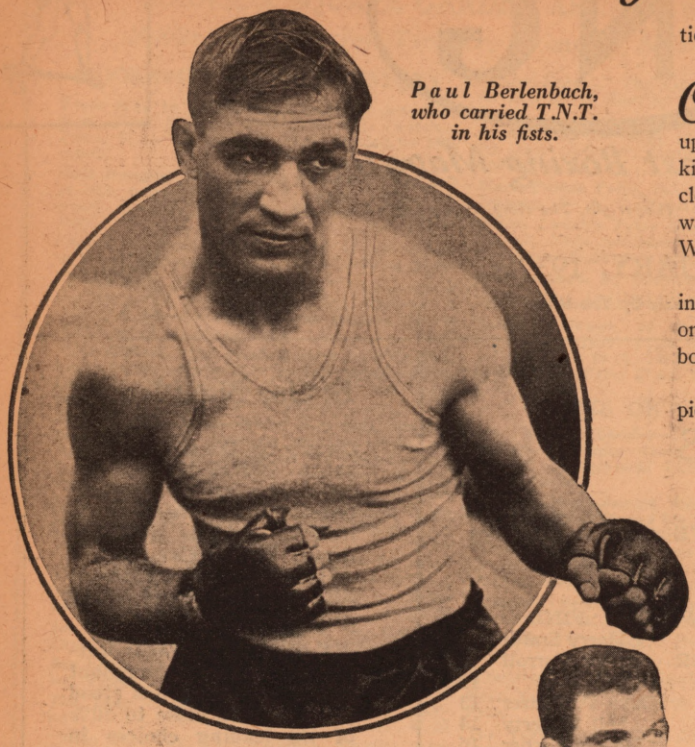
SOCKERS *of the* ROPED



Paul Berlenbach, who carried T.N.T. in his fists.

HE came out of the amateurs, blazing eyes, "wire" hair, and with a punch which stretched out some 45 victims out of 57 starts as a Simon-pure. The socker! He kept right on going into the professional ranks, his record being some 16 knockouts after answering the starting bell 21 times.

Harry Balsamo is his name, a young Italian who got his tremendous hitting powers as the result of wielding a sixteen pound hammer in the car shops of an underground railroad.

His coming has brought a new lease on life to the middleweight division, has created an interest in the 160 pound class which hasn't existed since the day picturesque, swashbuckling Stanley Ketchel used to blast his way to victory. The sockers!

None of us know just how good Balsamo may be. He might be a hard-hitting flash in the pan. This we do know. He can HIT. I made no bones about declaring that he was a harder puncher, a faster finisher than Ketchel and Stanley has always been my darling of the middleweight gods.

When I said that Balsamo was a harder hitter than Ketchel, I did not mean to create the impression that Balsamo was a greater fighter than Stanley. Those who interpreted it that way, misunderstood me.

The middleweight ranks never produced Ketchel's equal as a brave, tireless, never-say-die stoic of the ring. He was glorious and I doubt that Balsamo, as a fighter, ever will approach The Michigan Assassin, a name this writer tagged onto Ketchel and one which tickled his pride. He just adored it.

* * *

ONLY a short time ago, Balsamo met Babe Risko, the former middleweight champion of the world. Babe gave the young upstart quite a buffeting around. He was "too smart" for the kid from the amateurs, made him miss and flounder. Balsamo, cleverly out-witted and out-timed, couldn't land his now famous wallop on the man who lost his title to Freddie Steele of Seattle, Wash., not so long ago.

Balsamo landed just one hard punch on Risko, the blow catching Babe high on the head. It was a fearful sock but not delivered on a spot which would bring about a visit to the "deck" as the boys are won't to call the canvas.

The punch was hard enough to dislodge Risko's rubber mouthpiece, sending it clear across the ring. Risko was dazed and fell in and clinched to save himself. The next day, Balsamo was greeting callers by offering his left hand instead of his right for a social clasp. That proves that Risko was hard hit but he had "rolled" with the punch, just enough to break its deadly force and spoil the direction.

Naturally, the laugh was on some of us who had mentioned Ketchel's punching and Balsamo's in the same breath. These same critics seemed to forget that Ketchel didn't always catch his man. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien gave him an unmerciful licking in the old National Sporting Club in New York. With only eight seconds remaining of the last of a ten round, no decision bout, Ketchel landed his famous left hook to the jaw and O'Brien lay stretched out on his back, cold, his head resting in his own resin box.

Jim Jeffries, a plodder with a terrific wallop.

Technically, the bell saved O'Brien from a knockout. Physically he was on his back, as stiff as a crowbar when the fight ended. Critics argued for hours over the result. You couldn't award the fight to a man who lay like one dead at the finish, yet under the rules O'Brien actually was the winner. The argument went on for days. They still wrangle over it.

I wrote that Ketchel had triumphed and my friend O'Brien never has forgiven me for it. It was one time when the rules had to be swept aside.

It must be remembered that Balsamo is young —a beginner. All great fighters had their cub days, periods when they may have looked hopeless. That is true of most champions.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY'S defense of his title against Bill Brennan in the year following Jack's defeat of Jess Willard, looked like a startling upset until Jack finally nailed Bill on the chin in the twelfth round. Bill was far out in front on points and Dempsey's friends were in the throes of heart failure until he tagged big Bill.

In the year previous to winning the title, Dempsey fought fat Willie Meehan in San Francisco and lost the decision in four rounds. Jack had three four-round cracks at Fat Willie winning the first on points, drawing in the next and then

SQUARE

By HYPE IGOE

losing in four. Willie was a tub of a man yet he had a swaying, tantalizing style which hard-hitting Jack couldn't fathom.

In one of the fights Dempsey knocked Meehan down. As the fat boy started floorward, backwards, he called: "I'm going down, Mister Dempsey, but I'll be right up!"

"And damned if he wasn't," said Dempsey in telling me of the incident.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES had been going along in a plodding way in San Francisco, earning twenty round draws with Joe Choynski, Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey. They thought it was about time to crash the big time with Jim so they brought him to New York. He was scheduled to fight two men in one night, Bob Armstrong and Steve O'Donnell.

Jeffries just did win the decision over Armstrong but he became so disgusted with his own showing that he walked out of the building and refused to face O'Donnell. That was in August of 1898. In June of the next year they brought him back to New York and he knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds. These incidents in the careers of two great champions are presented for the purpose of showing that even the royal blues of Fistiana have had their setbacks. Therefore, Balsamo, young and ambitious, with a punch in either hand as his assets, shouldn't be downcast because he failed to tag Risko.

* * *

THERE have been some great hitters among the middleweights. Kid McCoy, before he grew into the heavyweight ranks, was a corking middleweight. Bob Fitzsimmons, always light of weight, was perhaps one of the hardest punchers the middleweight division ever saw. He gained his greatest fame as a heavyweight, his punch winning for him the heavyweight championship of the world when he brought Jim Corbett down at Carson City with the famous "solar plexus" blow.

Many stories have cropped up as to the origin of "solar plexus" but I think I can set down here the real beginning of Bob's blow, one which will live as long as boxing itself.

The San Francisco *"Examiner"* had chartered a special train to bring back to that city, pictures of the fight, together with sketches and special articles created by the wonderful staff which worked on that fight story.

There was an engine and one lone day coach, rigged up like a real newspaper office. The artists worked on drawing boards suspended on springs from the ceiling of the coach. Bob Edgren, Mary Davison, Jim Anderson and Max Newberry turned in the sketches. It was Newberry's task to draw the scene depicting Corbett on the floor, holding his middle where the punch had landed. It was Newberry who told me of the origin of the "solar plexus" punch.

Bill Naughton, the dean of the boxing writers of that day, was talking to Corbett who had been invited to make the quick trip back to San Francisco. Jim's personal physician was in attendance and Naughton was asking Jim to point out just where the blow had landed.

"Right here," said Corbett as he touched a spot over his diaphragm. He still was in great agony from the punch.

"That is the solar plexus region," said the doctor quickly and Naughton, fascinated by the words "solar plexus," wrote it into his story and ring history forever more. That's where the name came to life, on that record breaking train, whizzing through the mountains from Carson City to San Francisco. Several scribes who reported that fight have taken credit for a "beat" in having been first to use the term, solar plexus punch, but the above story is the only correct one.

Jack Dempsey, the man with the iron fists.

AFTER Mickey Walker had won and lost the welterweight title, he again became a champion when he defeated Tiger Flowers for middleweight honors.

Jack Kearns took him under his wing and with one terrific fight following another, brought Mickey up into the heavyweight ranks, a trek which seemed unbelievable. It was Kearns' dream to fight Walker against Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight title. Kearns and Dempsey had split and the old "Doc," knowing a bit more about Dempsey's dickey legs and poor condition, wanted to beat Tunney and the others to the title.

I don't know how little Walker would have fared in such a fight. It would have been desperate while it lasted and who knows how it would have terminated? There would have been considerable difference in weight but Walker was always spotting the big fellow's heft.

The fight which I would have relished would have been one between Walker and Ketchel, when each hovered around 155 pounds. That would have been a savage encounter and I think Walker would have beaten the great "Steve." Speed would have done the trick. In my opinion, Walker was a far greater fighter than Joe Thomas and it took Ketchel's life to bring Joe down in 32 rounds.

* * *

KEARNS, Damon Runyon and those who saw Walker fight Paul Swiderski in Louisville on the night prior to a Kentucky Derby, declare it to have been one of the most thrilling battles in all ring history.

Walker had been skylarking about the Southern town and wasn't in shape, Swiderski was. He nailed Mickey right off the

bat and Walker hit the deck seven times. Then Swiderski began to bounce off the floor. Harry Lenny, declaring that Walker was using foul punches, jumped into the ring. Then it WAS a fight.

Came the cops and Kearns and everybody who had a punch to spare. Walker began to punch at every head he saw in the ring, not overlooking the noble noggin of "Doc" Kearns, his own manager. Dave Belasco, in his greatest thrill days, couldn't have staged one like that. That was the fight of fights, declares Runyon who has been around some.

* * *

THERE used to be a little Hebrew in Philadelphia who could punch. His name was Harry Lewis. He belted out the best of them and in his hitting, was at once the terror of the middleweight division. When he ran out of targets in this country he went to England and France and the boys over there never have forgiven him.

He lost a hard fought fifteen round decision to Georges Carpentier when the "orchid man" was at his best. Harry knocked out the great Negro middle, Dixie Kid, in Liverpool, taking eight rounds to do it. In the early part of his career, Lewis met such stars as Kid Sullivan, Willie Fitzgerald, Chester Goodwin, Eddie Hanlon, Young Donahue, Jimmy Briggs, Jimmy Gardner, Mike Twin Sullivan, Jack Blackburn, Frank Mantell, Honey Mellody and many others of equal fame.

Lewis's career came to a sudden ending. After knocking out Jerry Thompson and Jack Harrison in London and Liverpool, he returned to the States and was matched with Joe Borrell, another hitter you seldom see mentioned these days. Lewis, with all his brilliant career before him, suddenly collapsed in the fifth round and then he announced his retirement from the ring.

* * *

OLD timers will tell you that Tommy Ryan was the daddy of all the world's middleweights. He was a rare fighter. He could hit and he knew his way around the ring.

Out on the Pacific Coast we had two middleweights who we thought were world beaters, Al Neill and George Green, second of the "Young Corbetts," Jim himself being the first. Jim used to fight under that tag and he always maintained that he was Young Corbett Green, No. 2, the 1st, Billy Rothwell of Denver, No. 3, and Young Corbett of Fresno, No. 4.

I saw Green knocked out by Ryan in 18 rounds but it took Joe Wolcott the same number of rounds to bring him down after a cruel fight. Neill got the decision over Green in two hard fought battles of twenty rounds. On the morning of the day that Fitzsimmons dethroned Corbett at Carson City, in the same ring, Green, as a welterweight, knocked out Mysterious Billy Smith. Later Smith defeated Green in a twenty-five round bout in New York. Neill's two greatest triumphs, perhaps, were knockouts over the highly touted Tim Murphy of Australia and Rube Ferns, then rated the welterweight champion of the world.

* * *

BILLY PAPKE must not be overlooked in recounting the middles who could sock. He was good enough to bring down the Michigan Assassin in twelve rounds, winning the middleweight title. He was so certain that he could whip Ketchel every night in the week that he defended his newly won title against Stanley a few months later and "Steve" got hunk by knocking Papke out in eleven rounds. Beating Billy to the knockout punch by a margin of one round and to regain his title afforded Ketchel more pleasure than anything which ever came into the great fighter's life.

After Ketchel was shot and killed by Walter Dipley on the Dickerson ranch in Conway, Mo., Papke carried on by claiming the title.

Ketchel had gone to Dickerson's ranch for a rest. Wilson Mizner had matched Ketchel with Bill Lang of Australia. When "Steve" heard that Lang weighed 190 pounds as against his own 152, he packed his grip and was never seen in the East again. His experience against big Jack Johnson was quite enough.

He still was middleweight champion of the world and the chances are that he would have remained out of the ring until he felt the want of money which he scattered to the wind as if it had been the dirt from under his feet.

Oddly enough, he sent home to Belmont, Michigan, for the 22-gauge rifle which ended his stay on earth. His brother Leon had bought the rifle and when gophers began to plague the Dickerson crops, Ketchel sent a wire to Leon asking him to send on the rifle to Conway.

* * *

DIPLEY had had words with Ketchel over Dipley's common-law wife who was waiting on table at the ranch. Dipley was working as a handy man around the place and Ketchel had been kidding his lady fair.

Ketchel was seated at the breakfast table, with his back to the door, something unusual for him. Somehow he always was looking for a sudden end and he NEVER sat with his back to a door.

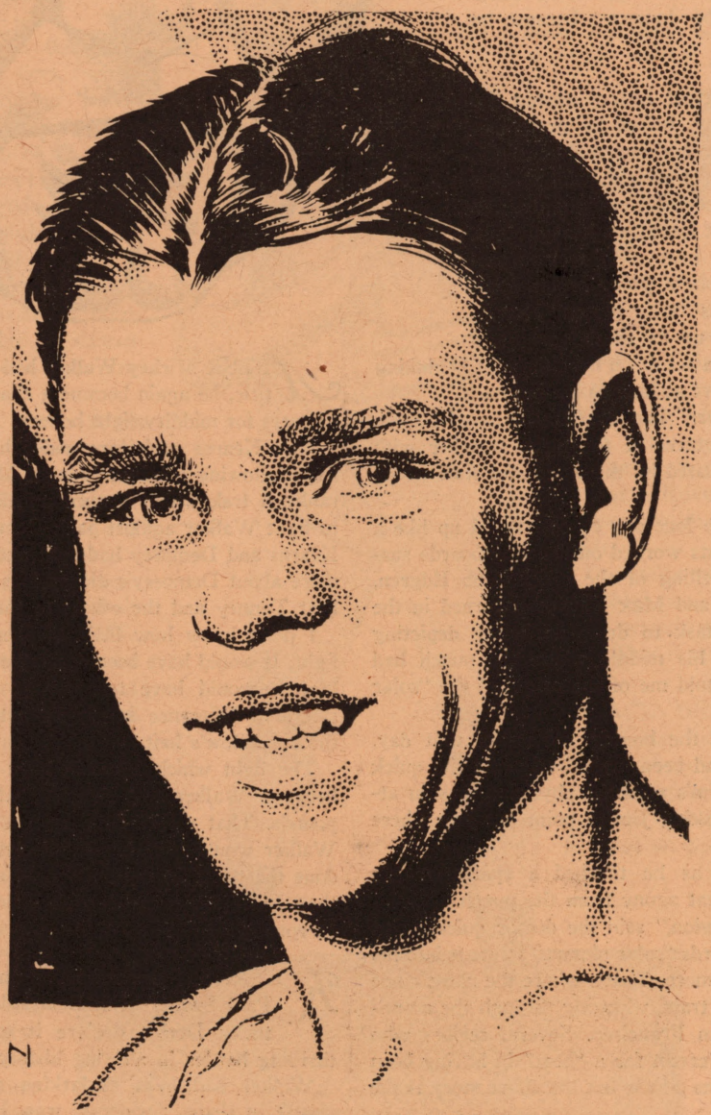
"Hype, I'll die before I'm thirty, quick and fast," he often told me.

Dipley walked into the cookhouse with the 22-rifle in his hands. He had slipped into Ketchel's room and got the gun. Ketchel did not hear him and leveling the gun at "Steve's" broad back, Dipley fired. The bullet, so tiny, penetrated Ketchel's lung and he died several hours later of an internal hemorrhage, after having been taken on a special train to another town to be attended by the best surgeons obtainable. He died in Dickerson's arms. His last words on earth were:

"Dick, take me home to mother."

Dickerson, who loved the boy as a father, offered a

(Continued on page 41)



Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog.

PHIL ZWICK, *Sharpshooter with Glove and Gun*

By BERT COHEN

(The Ring correspondent in Johannesburg, South Africa)

Zwick and his guide stopping at the side of a giant zebra, which the American lightweight bagged on his shooting trip in the Bushveld, South Africa.

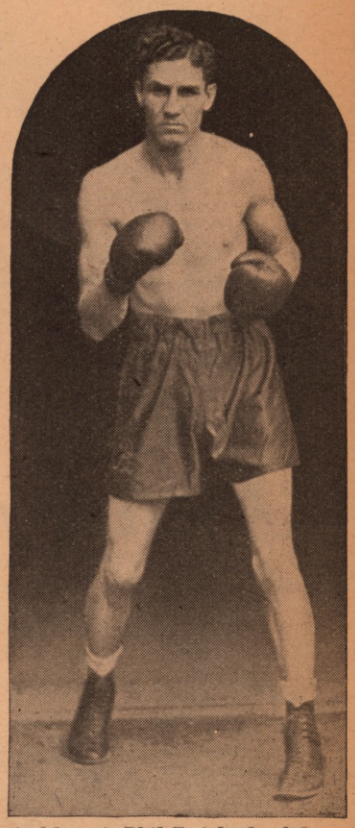
PHIL ZWICK, the young American lad who made good in his bouts in South Africa, may be widely known in the States for his good fighting qualities, but down in Johannesburg, the fight fans have begun to recognize Phil as hunter as well as fighter. Phil, we have come to learn, can shoot a punch as well as he can shoot a bullet as Laurie Stevens found out. In his fight with Laurie, the recognized lightweight champion in our neck of the woods, Phil landed a quick right to the jaw and Laurie hit the boards. Stevens, however, got up, and won the fight, but the water buck, the lion, the koodoo and the zebra were not so fortunate. When they were hit, they remained on the spot where they fell and thus Phil realized the ambition of his life—to bag big game in the African jungles.

The Wisconsin Flash, whose gallant display against Laurie Stevens at the Wanderers is still fresh in the memories of Johannesburg fight fans, returned recently to Johannesburg after a three weeks' shooting trip on the Portuguese border with plenty of game.

Phil Zwick came to South Africa with the avowed intention of "nailin' Laurie Stevens and baggin' a lion." He dropped Stevens for a count, but it was not long enough to help him much and the punch injured his right hand. He has, however, got his lion which, with an express rifle bullet through the brain, took the full count.

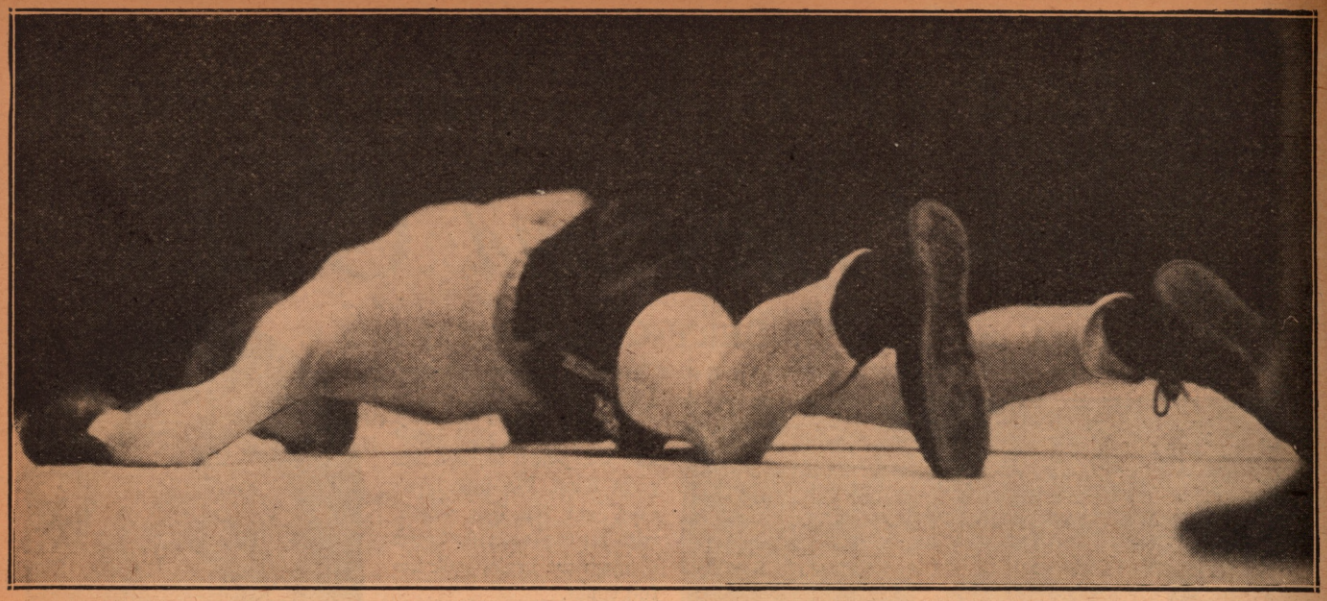
Ever since he was "knee-high to an ant," Zwick has combined shooting with boxing and his trip into the wilds of South Africa was by no means his first experience of hunting. But it was certainly his best.

"I ain't never enjoyed a huntin' trip as much as this," he told me. "It wasn't just the shootin', it was seeing all those animals in that grand country. We went through the Game Reserve and I liked takin' movie shots of the animals even more than I did nailin' that lion. We saw most every- *(Cont. on page 44)*



And here is Phil Zwick, the fighter.

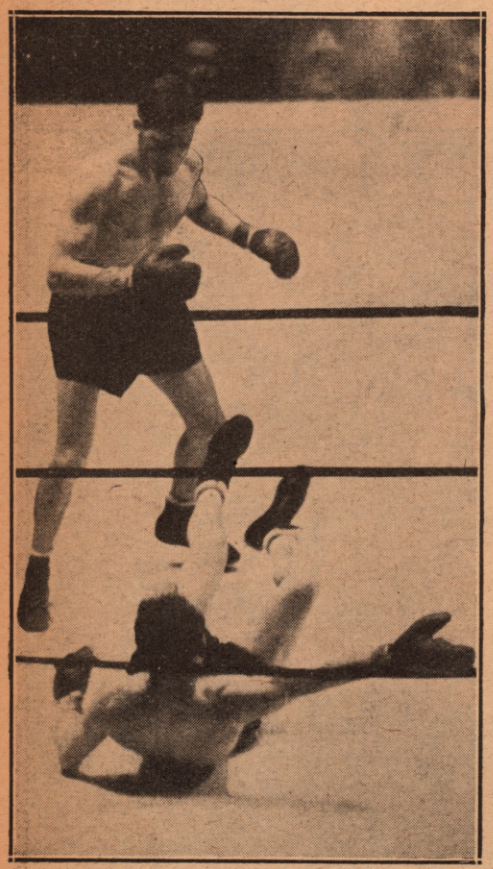
Phil gets his lion. Here we see the American fighter surveying his prey, after his express rifle had laid low the king of beasts on the Portuguese border in the African jungle.



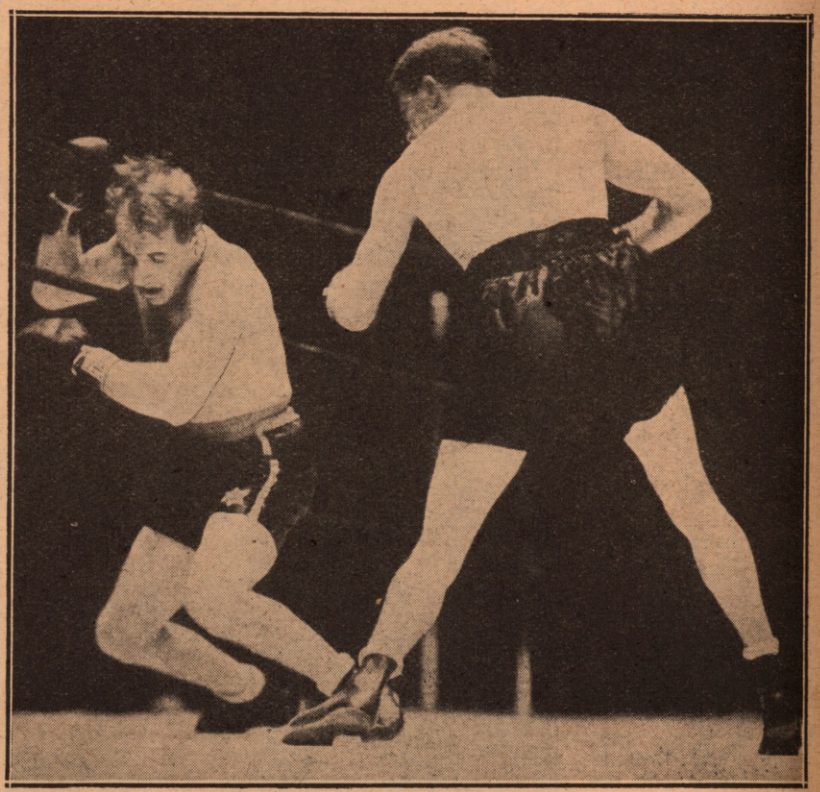
Above we see Seelig stretched full length on the canvas after Balsamo's right caught his chin for the second knockdown.

Hailed as New K.O. King

THE photographs on this page show how Harry Balsamo, the railroad worker of New York City, put the skids under Eric Seelig, German middleweight king, in the New York Hippodrome. The blond brakeman took exactly one minute and four seconds to belt Seelig out of the picture.



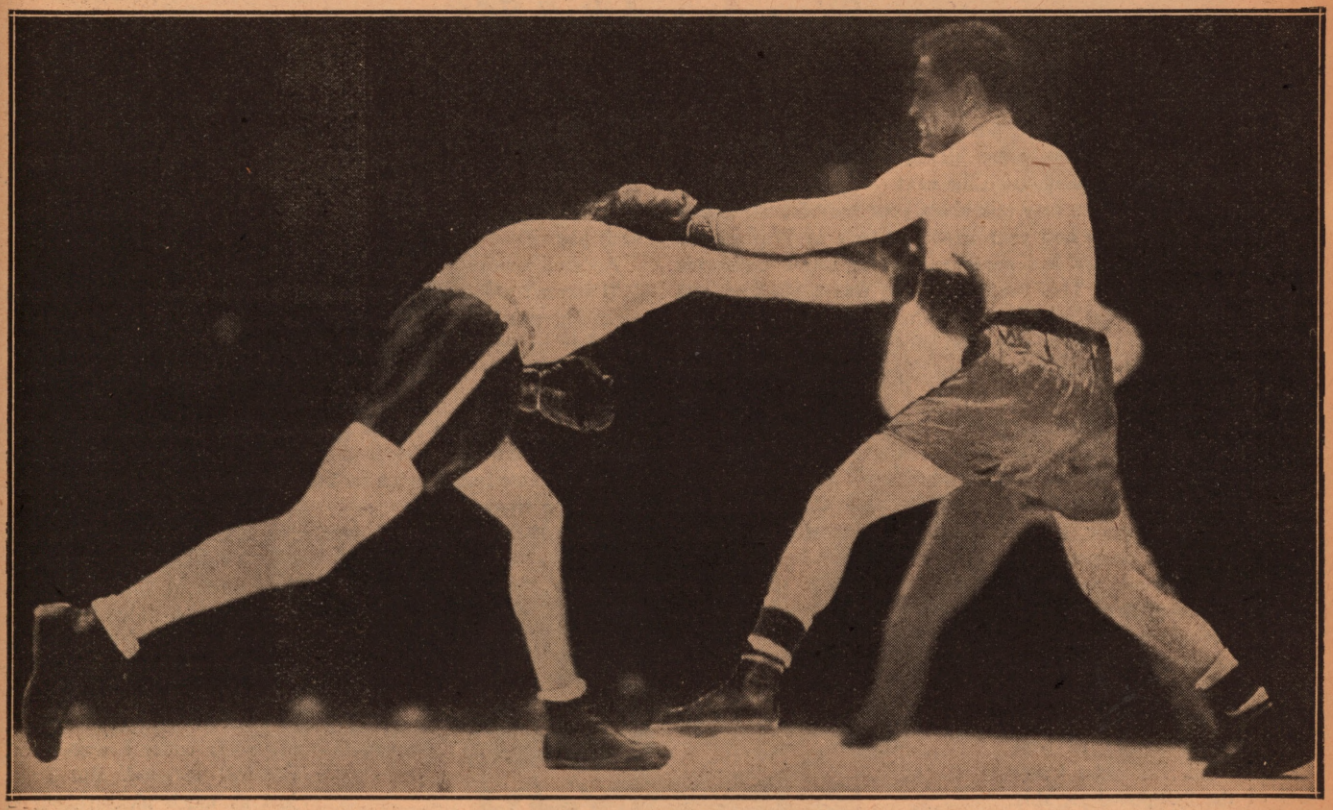
This picture shows how Seelig landed against the ropes as a result of colliding with Balsamo's right shortly after the bell started the fight.



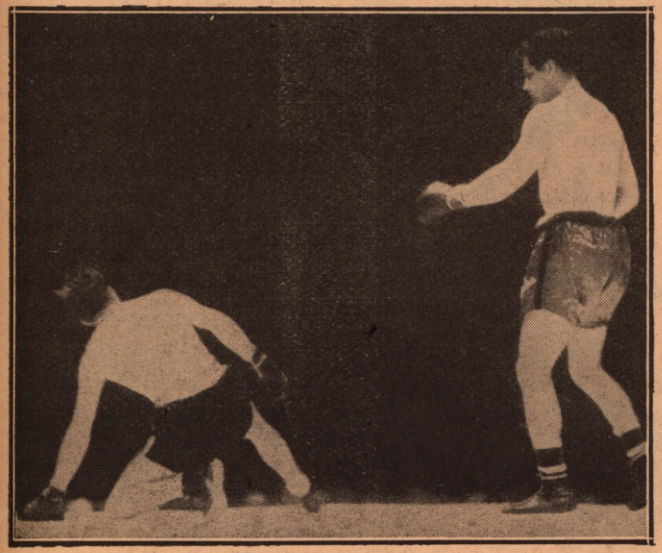
And here we see the end of the bout. Erich Seelig is hanging on the ropes in a dazed condition with Balsamo ready to crash his right over. He didn't get the chance, for Referee Johnny Marto jumped between the fighters and stopped the milling.

The Firecracker Explodes

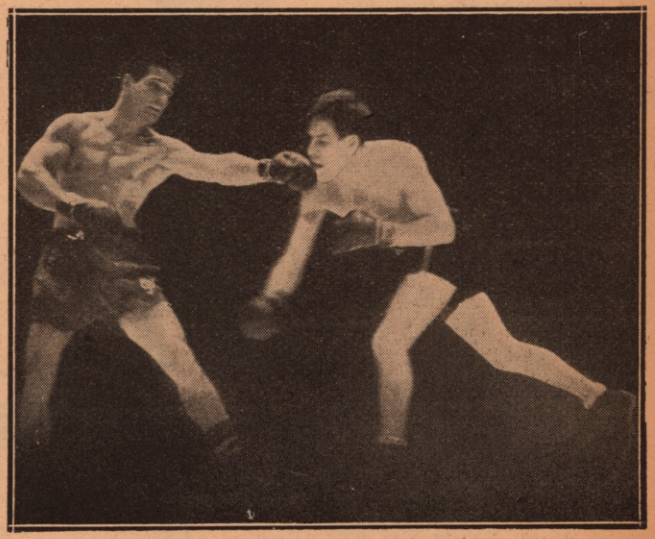
CONTRAST the photographs on this page with those of the previous one. Here we see the new kayo king floored after Risko's right nicked Balsamo's chin in the fourth round. Harry landed on his knee and jumped up before the count was started. The fight between Babe Risko and Harry Balsamo proved that Harry is a tremendous right-hand socker, but lacks all the assets necessary to make a great fighter. He can hit, to be true, but he also can be hit, as Risko showed by taking every one of the ten rounds of their fight at the Hippodrome.



This photo shows the wild swinging Balsamo and is a good illustration of how he looked in practically every round. He tossed his right, missed, and Risko battered away with counter blows.



And this photograph shows Balsamo on one knee in the fourth round.



Here is another typical scene showing how Risko repeatedly landed while Balsamo missed by miles.

Coast Fans Rave Over New Middleweight Find— FRED APOSTOLI

He Can't Dance, But Oh, How He Can Hit!—Worked as Plasterer and Bell Hop

By HARRY B. SMITH

(Dean of California sports writers and Sports Editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*)

CALIFORNIA, the home of many former champions and ring stars of a little lesser fame, boasts of a middleweight who, from all appearances, is likely to be the next American champion. You may talk about your hard-hitting Harry Balsamo in New York and your Freddie Steele in Washington, but I doubt that either has anything on our latest California socker, Fred Apostoli. This young lad, who was a plasterer and a bell hop among other jobs he held, is no false alarm. He looks and acts every inch the fighter, as Lou Brouillard and Babe Risko, former middleweight king, can well testify after the licking each received from him.

Apostoli, San Francisco boy, born and raised, has just one dream he would like to see come true. Above all else, this kid, who has had more than his share of hard work and of the tough knocks in life, would like to be the middleweight champion of the world. For that honor, to win that title, he is willing to sacrifice all else; to postpone the pleasures of life and the comforts of a home that he may land the crown he covets.

If Apostoli can win his way through the American title held by Freddie Steele, if he can go still further to beat Marcel Thil, European kingpin of the 160-pounders, this California lad will consider life has done well by him.

When the middleweight title is mentioned, Apostoli's face lights up. There's a shine in his eyes as he says, "Oh, if I can only get that chance. If they will give me an opportunity of meeting Freddie Steele, that's all I'm going to ask.

"Of course, Steele isn't the world champion. There would still be Marcel Thil. I'd rather fight him in this country, because I think I'd get a better break. But I'm willing to go to Europe and take a chance if I have to do so."

Nothing else but the middleweight crown cuts any figure with the boy who won the amateur title for the Olympic Club. Money isn't his god. It's part of the game, to be sure, but not the big thing.

Howard Brodie, in an adjoining chair, as we were carrying on a talk about Apostoli and his career, asked an important question:

"How about getting married, Fred?" he said. "Have you any such plans?"

Apostoli almost flushed.

"I haven't any girl," he said. "Of course, I have gone out with girls, but usually when a friend has asked me to go out. And I certainly haven't any plans for marriage. I don't believe a fellow ought to get married as long as he is in the fight game. After he's through with fighting is time enough."

The man who stands head and shoulders above all challengers for the middleweight title, in the estimation of Coast scribes, likes the fight game just because he likes it. And that is half the battle in being a champion.

"Since the days when I was in a home for boys," he told me, "I've had a fancy for the fight game. I like to fight. I like to watch fights and I like to study other fighters in the gym, for that is where I get pointers from them.

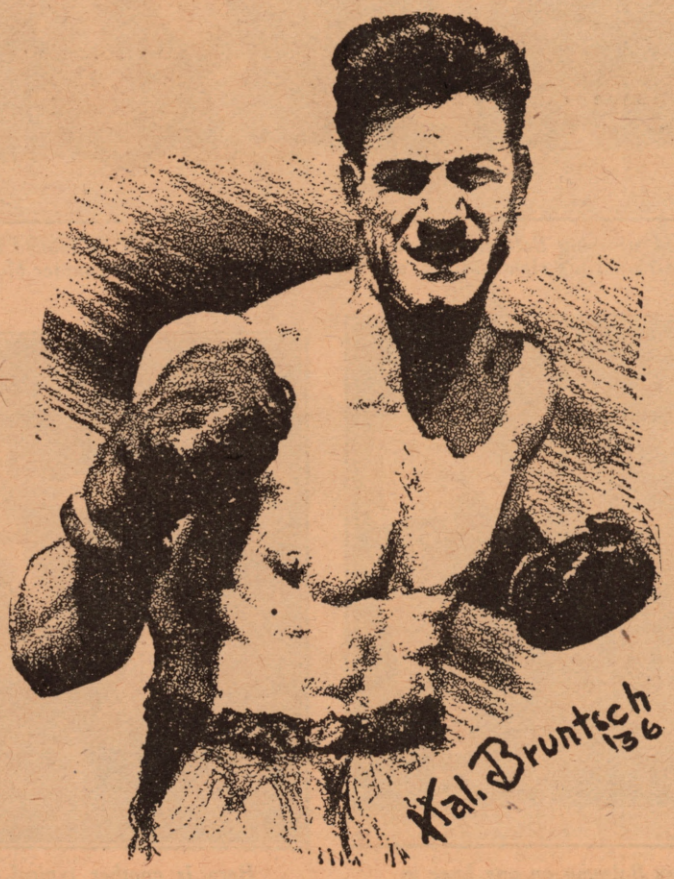
"Football is a good sport. I played it when I was a kid. Baseball is good. But I get just as much pleasure out of going to see a fight when there are good fighters in action. I don't mind training either. Road work doesn't bother me and when it comes time to go into the gym, I'm not bored to death as some fighters seem to be."

* * *

SO there you have a boy so wrapped up in the fight game, so thoroughly engrossed with the future that he cares for little else. If that sort of desire, plus physical trim and strength, doesn't get Apostoli far, then I don't know what is going to count.

As for myself, I think he has the ability, the will power, the boxing skill and the needed strength to put him right on top. Since having learned my

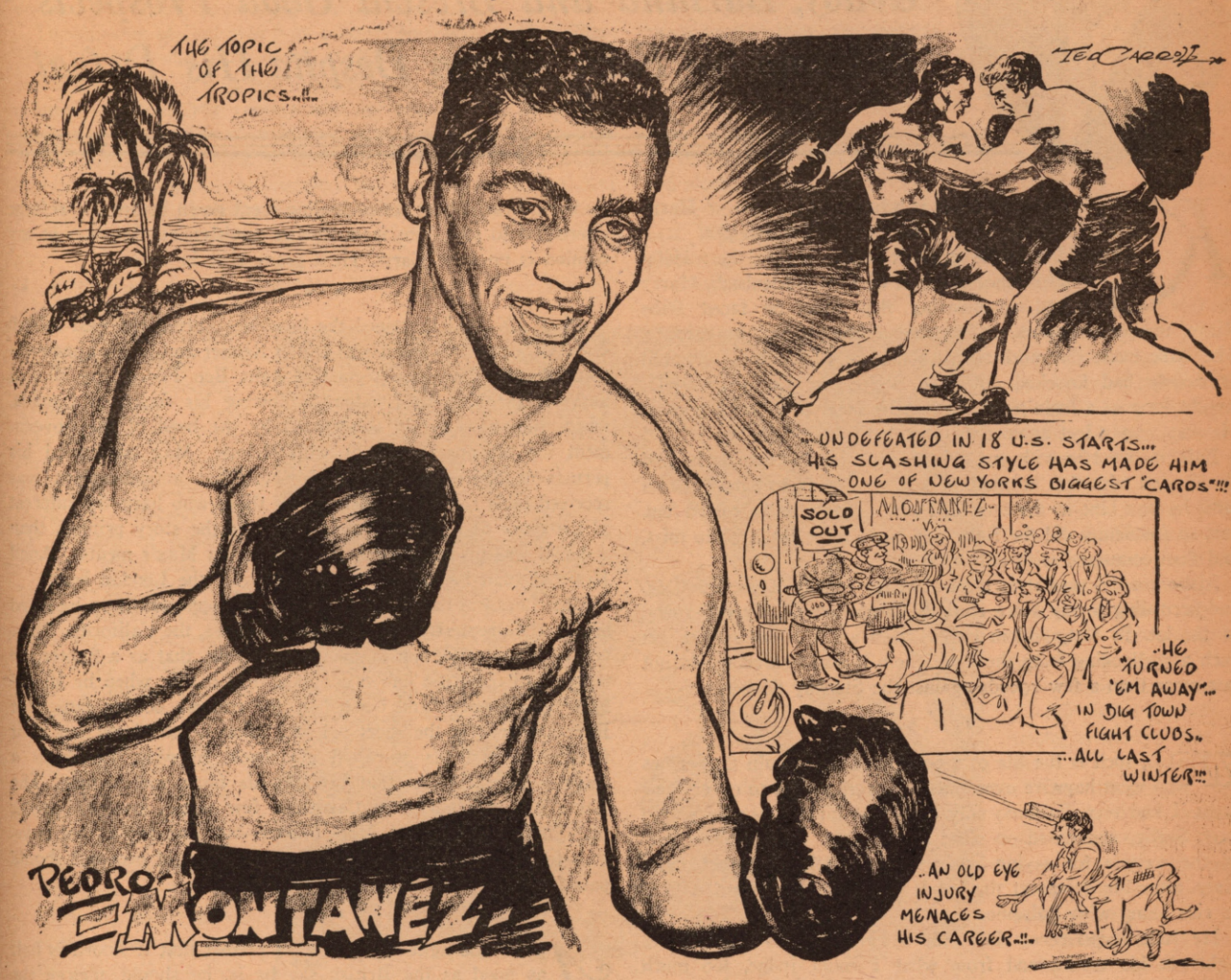
(Continued on page 48)



Fred Apostoli, hard-hitting Coast middleweight.

PEDRO MONTANEZ,
The TROPICAL TERROR

By TED CARROL



HE'S the topic of the tropics—this Pedro Montanez—who has come out of a sun-baked Porto Rican village to create the greatest stir among the lightweights in many moons. The Spanish speaking races worship their fighting men with greater fervor, perhaps, than any other, and not since the stylish Kid Chocolate was parading his dapper figure up and down Lenox Avenue, has that bit of Spanish speaking territory that lies in the southernmost tip of New York's Harlem, taken an idol to its heart with the frenzied enthusiasm shown Pedro Montanez. Don Diablo—the Devil—lower Harlem senors and senoritas call the swaggering Pedro—an apt cognomen for his actions in the ring, but hardly fitting his likeable and pleasant personality out of it.

Pedro's career had its inception in the broiling and squalid streets of Cayey, Porto Rico, where the heat of the equatorial sun is only matched by the temperature of Latin tempers. Fights were easy to find in the alleys of Cayey, and one day a youngster of twelve, while engaged in the leading pastime of the village, Pedro felt a sharp pain above his left eye where a flying brick had come to a sudden halt. That ended the day's fighting for Pedro and he repaired to safer quarters for first aid.

The wound soon healed and in a week or so the embattled Montanez was again holding forth against parties of marauding youngsters from other parts of the town. He had heard vague reports that people were sometimes paid for fighting but refused to believe that so popular and pleasurable a pastime could actually bring monetary rewards.

His doubts were dissipated when Sixto Escobar, a henchman of Pedro's in the street soirees of Cayey, produced actual proof of fighting's desirabilities as a profession in the shape of good American dollars. This convinced Pedro, and off to Venezuela he sailed, intent upon pursuing a pugilistic career.

He easily won his first two fights by knockouts but the expected wealth failed to materialize. He continued barnstorming throughout Central America and Porto Rico with much success but little financial return until 1933, when hearing glowing tales of the land of his ancestors, he set sail for Barcelona, Spain. Young Montanez proved something of a sensation in sunny Spain, where he flattened seven opponents in short order—including the champion, one Jose Mico.

* * *

PARIS, according to Pedro's informants, would prove still more lucrative for one of his abilities. The wandering Pedro listened carefully, then turned his steps toward the French metropolis. He scored a slashing six-round kayo in his first showing there and his free wheeling, spectacular style caught the eye of Lou Burston, Jeff Dickson's man Friday. The canny Lou saw great possibilities in the bronze invader and before he knew it, Pedro found himself headlining *(Continued on page 42)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Foreign Heavyweights Keep Division Alive
Godoy, Barlund and Brescia Good Prospects
Balsamo No False Alarm Despite His Defeat

KING for a day! That is what may be said of Harry Balsamo, New York hard hitting middleweight.

Heralded as the greatest socker among the middleweights since the days of Paul Berlenbach, Harry proved an amazing flop when he faced Babe Risko, former champion, in his second Hippodrome appearance. The Babe made the much-touted Balsamo, who only a fortnight previously had knocked out Eric Seelig, the German middleweight king in a little more than one minute, look like a sucker. He was simply lost against the superb boxing of Risko.

Balsamo went in with one objective—to tag his man as he had Seelig, and with that in mind, he kept tossing right hand punches until he was blue in the face, and just as often as he tossed 'em, just so frequently did the Babe step back, force Balsamo to miss, and then countered with telling effect.

Risko got the verdict at the end of ten rounds of good milling, and according to my score card, Balsamo earned only one round of the lot. In fact, seldom have I seen an odds-on-favorite get such a shellacking from the man whom it was figured would not last more than a few rounds against the Subway Socker.

* * *

WELL, such is the life of a boxer and once again the scribes who went haywire over Balsamo, were forced to cover their faces. I had seen Balsamo only once—the night when he scored over Seelig, and based on what he did then, I don't blame any of the writers for saying what they did following that fight. Even after his defeat at the hands of Risko, I still am willing to ride along with Balsamo.

He lacks experience. He's only a kid with less than twenty fights to his credit, and from what I could judge, too much praise has made him too cocky. That Risko victory is certain to do more good than harm. It will make Balsamo forget some of that praise and realize that it takes more than the possession of a terrific wallop to make a great fighter.

He'll still land close to the top if he doesn't become discouraged and forgets about trying to land the haymaker and win the fight with one punch. I disagree with those who having praised Balsamo to the skies, tried to take the heart of the youngster with their tirade following Harry's loss to Risko. If Harry possesses a quarter of what these same scribes said of him before his defeat, then I'm pretty certain he'll live up to their original expectations after he learns a little more about the game.

We shouldn't be too harsh on a young boy just because he fails to stand up for us against an opponent with heaps of experience and caginess. That isn't fair. We all have our off days and perhaps Balsamo had his when he clashed with Risko.

Balsamo in that fight, started off by boxing his man instead of attempting to annihilate him with one blow and when he soon found that boxing against a man like Risko didn't do him any good, he began to toss punches and the majority missed by a mile. It was pitiful to see him swing and hit the air ever so frequently.

Contrast this fight with the one which gained Balsamo international fame—that with Seelig. In that Seelig battle, Harry leaped from his chair and before the battle was a few seconds old, he had Eric groggy. The sheer ferocity of his attack, took Seelig by surprise and before the German could get set, he was on the canvas. Three times Seeling went down before the referee interceded to save him from further punishment. Balsamo in my opinion is no false alarm. He'll prove that in time.

* * *

MAX BAER gained the headlines during the past month both in his fight with Dutch Reimer and in the announcement that he had been signed to fight Ben Foord, the British heavyweight king in London. Following his fiasco in Canada, where he was severely condemned by the head of the government for his unsavory bout with Reimer, Max announced his permanent retirement from the ring. That announcement was received with rounds of applause by those who have the interest of the game at heart, but no sooner was the story printed, than a denial was made with the statement from Max's mentor, Ancil Hoffman, that he had agreed to terms for the London bout.

Max Baer has had his chance. With an opportunity to be rated among the greatest fighters of modern times, the California Playboy took his profession in such a light vein, that as a fighter, he has passed from the public eye at a time in life when he should have been honored and toasted by the nation's boxing fans. But Baer has been in the sport only for what he could get out of it financially, and his so-called comeback, likewise, has been a travesty on the game that brought his fame and fortune. The last straw was pulled in Canada a few weeks ago. Following that phoney, Livermore Max retired—but just for a few days. It is to be regretted that such a fine heavyweight prospect should pass from the picture at so early a date.

* * *

AS for the fight with Foord, I predict that if Foord is half as good as the British say he is, he should emerge the victor on points. Max is all in. He cannot fight more than six rounds hence unless he lands the haymaker on Foord—a thing Big Ben can avoid—the Great Lover will never go the limit.

According to Paul Damski who signed Max to the articles for the British promoter, the former champion is to get $22,500 and four round trip tickets. Not bad at all for one who is picking up $500 or less for his exhibitions in America where the public has steadfastly refused to pay good money to see a burlesque.

* * *

THE past few weeks saw the continued rise of foreign fighters. Not in many moons have American followers of boxing seen three such heavyweight prospects as those who gained the applause of the spectators in New York recently. In Jeorge Brescia of Argentina, Arturo Godoy of Chile and Gunnar Barlund of Finland, the foreign boxing corps now performing in this country has a trio that is certain to cut quite a figure in the heavyweight division, particularly Barlund. This Finnish giant is the most likely looking heavyweight contender we have had from abroad since Max Schmeling made his bow locally. He possesses every asset of a good fighter and is not of the type who will let victory get to his head.

Only Schmeling of the foreign invaders in the last six years, has shown so much stuff as the Gunnar possesses. His straight left is a perfect shot and his downward right hand chop, is a pip. It lands in much the same manner as did the famed corkscrew of

Kid McCoy although it differs from that, in that Barlund does make the twist that gives the screw effect. Barlund's victory over the tough Abie Feldman was very impressive.

As for Godoy, he showed that he can toss punches and can take 'em. He lacks science but is a hard hitter and a consistent one and as such, is certainly a welcome addition to the American heavyweight ranks. His bout with Leroy Haynes was a corking good one. It was replete with action, and ended in a draw, a good verdict, just as did his bout with Al Ettore.

The showing of Godoy in both contests was well received. Thus Mike Jacobs, who is bent on building up new talent, has succeeded, in his first month's operation at the Hippodrome, in bringing out four new comers who not only are the means for stirring up new interest in boxing here, but are going to give Uncle Mike several good money making shows. It will enable him to develop plenty of material for his outdoor shows, and thus his venture is bound to bring excellent results.

* * *

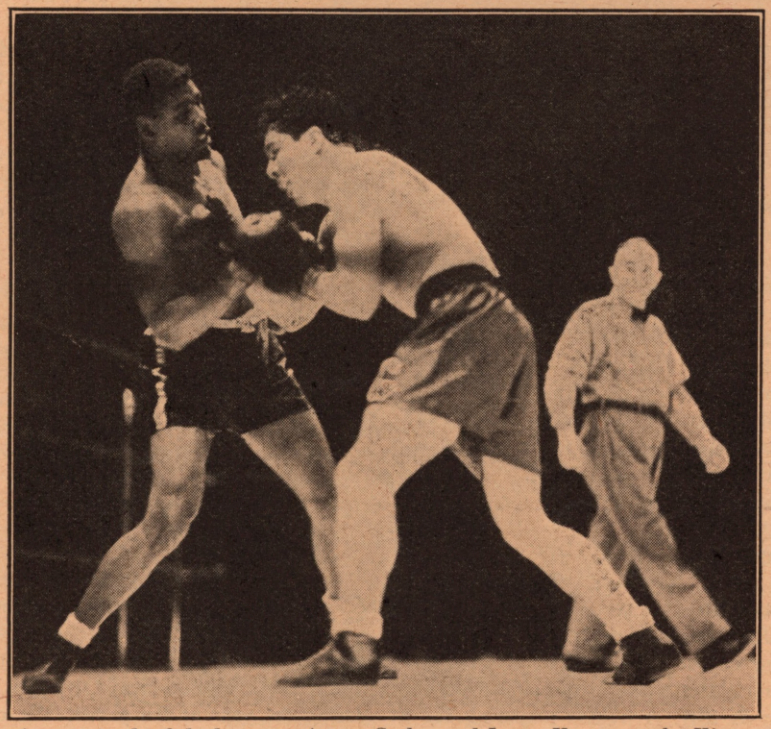
"SHOCK of Son's Knockout Fatal to Old Time Boxer." That was the headline that attracted my attention while reading a paper recently," writes Vincent Woodbury of Timmins, Ontario, "and after reading the article, I thought that there was sufficient food for thought to comment on it. I know that your editorials are widely read and therefore I'm taking the liberty to ask you to publish my comment for others to digest. Here is the article:

Allie De Freest, 17, an amateur boxer, mourned a double knockout yesterday. His own defeat in a bout at the armory in Paterson, N. J., Thursday night was easy to bear, but not the death of his father, Eugene De Freest, who collapsed at the ringside.

Funeral arrangements were made yesterday at the home in Midland Park, N. J., where the elder De Freest left his widow, Edna, and three other children, Raymond, 16; Eugene, 7, and Frank, 4.

The knockout was delivered by Alex Pielak, of Passaic, in the third round. When young De Freest was counted out, his father slumped in his seat and died on the way to the Paterson General Hospital. Doctors called it heart failure.

The father was a boxer in the regular army in his youth and often visited the gymnasium to watch his son's workouts.



A scene in the fight between Arturo Godoy and Leroy Haynes at the Hippodrome, which ended in a draw. Godoy's fighting qualities met with the approval of the fans.

* * *

"PLEASE note the clipping and pause. Here is food for thought. It at once jerks me back to a year or so ago when I was watching the contests put on by the U. S. boys, as I remember at Fort Sam Housten, in San Antonio, Texas. Admission was free—the Army doesn't charge for these contests—but in two of them, there was rank criticism from the crowd—yelling and booing at one of the contestants. After the match, the Colonel came to the front of the platform, and I recollect his remarks fairly well as he said:

"'You knockers down there. You poor sports. Either shut up or get out, but before you do either, I invite any of you right now to come up here, and the loser of this match, no matter how tired he is, will take you on. Now, you poor sports, step up and show what you can do.'

"He waited five minutes and not one fellow came up.

"I tell you, Nat, while we go to a fight to see a winner, let's give a thought for the one less fortunate. Who is hurt worse? In addition to being defeated, the lad suffers keen disappointment, and probably dollars he badly needs. Perhaps a family is waiting for that coin to help them along. Perhaps it may buy someone a much needed dress, and that one likely his wife, or his best girl, whom he expects to marry with his winnings. Why prolong the agony, the heart-breaking realities a loser has to face? Anyone who reads this sentence and knows anything about fighting can record much more than I have touched upon here.

"In the above clipping, we find the victim was a Dad. What son would not fight for his Dad! The mere fact his Dad is there to see him fight is sufficient inducement for the boy to give his best. He gave all he had, but it was not enough. His father sat there and took it, saw his son knocked out. It broke his heart.

"That is a lesson we should all take home, and the bigger a man is, the more he will absorb the lesson.

"We must not let this pass without notice, Nat. It should serve as an example for all fighters—for the winner as well as for the loser. We should not break a boy down who is in there doing his best—one who is taking it though he can't give. Let's not think only of the thrill—the satisfying kill—the knockout! Let's not clamor for a victim. Be fair to the boy who is trying so hard to give his best.

"One can get the thrill out of a fight without yelling for murder. Noise does not add to the high power your heart is in or your nerves are exalted to—noise is a safety valve, it lets out, but don't use it to let the other fellow down.

"It is all right to pay three bucks for a seat—get comfortable—and pull on a smoke, but it does not entitle anyone to feel he knows more than the boys in the ring, or to tell them how to fight.

"Some of the finest fight men are the most gentlemanly. The less you have of the gutter pup in a man who tries to be tough just because he happens to pay to see a fight, the better it will be for boxing.

"The greatest cowards in the world are hoodlums. That variety of tough guy who thinks he's real tough, and afraid the whole world won't know it. He's cheap at any price. He gangs up because he's afraid to be taken alone. The more protection he has the tougher he is. He's too cheap to be bought for a penny. The old boxing and fighting crowd had bums such as this years ago, but today the sport is of that dignity and pride that spectators have risen as a crowd to where you are ashamed of a very few of them.

"So it is not amiss here to give the hint—be as fair as possible both to the loser as well as the winner. We should have a lot of respect and admiration for both. A hand, then, for those that lose, and our wishes they have better luck next time.

"You know a definition for a good sport? One who gives a loser a break and a boost either in the ring or out on the broad walks of life."

Fine words, Mr. Woodbury. I appreciate your sentiments and I'm certain that most followers of boxing agree with you. Perhaps, Mr. Woodbury, you are not aware that many of our readers are clergymen who from time to time inform me that they have used some of our editorials as sermons for the youth of their parish. I feel certain that it won't be long before I receive word that your fine sermon on good fellowship, clean sportsmanship, fair play and manly courage will find its way to the pulpit.

* * *

RECENTLY I visited Baltimore, where I was the guest of Joe Tipman, former star Oriole lightweight, a fighter of the days of Gans, McGovern and others of that school, who ranked with the best of the division. Joe's tavern, like that of Jack Dempsey's in New York, is the rendezvous of the sportsmen, and his walls, like those in the tavern of the former heavyweight king, have pictures of all the fistic and theatrical celebrities. Once you start fight talk in Tipman's Tavern, you're good for several hours of gabfest.

I had just seen Portney and Furr fight for the Southern welterweight title, and following that battle, with Tipman as my guide, I went to his Tavern to enjoy his sea food and ale. On that card at the ball park, one of the preliminary boys had injured his hand and Joe, who had made a study of bandages, gave a mighty fine, instructive discourse on the subject of injuries. So much did I think of Joe's observations that I have decided to use his statement.

* * *

"YOU can place the blame on hand injuries to two things," Tipman said. "The more important, of course, is the fighter. He is not properly trained. He is not taught how to hit, and doesn't know the first thing about the fundamentals of the ring.

"Back in my days in the ring you never heard such talk about hands. We were taught how to protect them when we landed a punch. Today they throw blows that land on the top of the head or on elbows. No wonder so many hands are injured.

"The fighters who made ring history in the good old days, such as Young Corbett, Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Packey McFarland, George Dixon and the like, knew how to land a punch. They picked a target—body or head—and they usually landed on the spot they selected.

"Imagine a boxer of today sitting for hours with his hands in a brine solution to toughen them," Joe added. "They would call the health department, or take steps to send him to the booby hatch. That's what we did. Our hands were ready and fit for fights.

"We used a bit of tar tape on our hands, but all of this crazy stuff they now have in training camps and in the ring when the actual fight gets under way is silly. A fighter preparing for a match today looks like a football player. He dresses in a head gear, uses protectors for his teeth and wears heavy cups. His hands are bandaged and raw cotton is used to protect them.

"I don't care how much raw cotton and bandage is wrapped around the hands. If the fighter doesn't know how to land a punch he always will be subject to injuries. The main thing is preparation and ring knowledge.

* * *

"THE make-up of commissions today doesn't figure to help the sport," he declared. "When there are three members of a body in charge of the sport, there certainly ought to be one practical man among them.

"A recent appointment is one of the outstanding cases. This commissioner admitted he never had seen a boxing match. How in the world can he sit as a judge? How does he know if hands are properly bandaged, or if a fighter is overmatched?

"A bank president should know something about the banking business. A boxing commission should have at least one member who knows something about the game from a practical standpoint."

Tipman, who fought Terrible Terry McGovern and other leading fighters back in the rough-and-ready days, is still an ardent fight fan. He has had a ringside seat at every big fight in New York in the last ten years. When Louis was training for his fight with Schmeling, Tipman accompanied me to the training camp of each and he tried, after seeing both work out, to induce me to switch to Schmeling. Tipman tipped Herr Max to win, and then kidded me for refusing to listen to him.

* * *

I SAW Spike Webb, boxing coach of Annapolis, and had a nice little chat with him on his trip abroad and the poor showing of our boys in the Berlin Olympics. Spike is the man who brought the American lads through successfully in four Olympic Games, only to be cast aside at the last contest, with the result that Uncle Sam's boys made the worst showing they have made in years. Spike only recently returned from a summer cruise with his boys, a cruise that took the Annapolis lads to many parts of the world, and during his stay abroad, Spike had an opportunity to study and to compare amateur boxing in this country and in foreign lands. Webb was very much interested in the statement of the United States Olympic coach, who, having failed to bring out a winning team, blamed it on his material.

"In a year from now, our squad would be the best in the world, but this year the boys are too green," said the coach. "If last year's A.A.U. championship team had remained intact during 1936, we would have cleaned up."

"That's true," said Webb. "There can be no doubt that we didn't have the calibre of amateurs this year that we have had in the past, but we never will have a championship team of one year remain intact for the next, if I know my boxing game. That's the trouble with the fighting game everywhere—in every country—and if our Olympic coach thinks that we alone suffer from that, he's all wrong. Even during my best days, I had to face the same problem. And we will have to face that problem in all future Olympic Games.

"The urge of the amateurs nowadays is to turn pro as soon as they win a crown. Times have changed. The collegians who had plenty of coin, find now that they can use some extra money and if the opportunity arises, they turn in their amateur card and go after the dough. Likewise the club fighter. As soon as they are thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals of fighting, they want to quit the Simon-pures for the money-chasers. And who can blame them? That is the lure that probably originally started them in the game as amateurs.

* * *

I THINK Spike Webb has hit the nail right on the head. That condition will not be changed in the next Olympic Games, hence it behooves us to make the best of things and realize that the talent that will uphold the prestige of our country in the next Olympics at Tokyo must be developed during the year of the games. We cannot and must not depend on boys who are in the spotlight a year or two before the contests, because if any of those lads are good mitt flingers, it's dollars to doughnuts that they'll be gobbled up in the ranks of the pros before they get a chance to go to Japan.

The average good amateur competes in half a dozen tournaments at most, and then thinks that he is better than most of the pros whom he has seen in action. The next step is to fling aside his A.A.U. card and first thing we know, there he is fighting his first pro battle as a preliminary boy. There he gets his real taste of fisticuffs and often wishes he had stuck to the Simon-pures. He soon learns that the pro game is far different from the amateurs, and often, after taking a few batterings, he quits for good—a wise move.

Only a handful make good. For every one former amateur star who makes the grade, one hundred fail to get beyond the stumblebum stage. Why? Because of the poor training they receive as amateurs, a training that must be all undone, and by the time that is accomplished, their fighting days are numbered. You've seen the numerous cases, and so have I.

The best fighters nowadays are those who thought they could fight, placed themselves in the hands of good boxing instructors and started from scratch with a fairly good knowledge of the art of fisticuffs. The average amateur knows little but thinks he knows much, and when he gets his baptism of fire, he wilts badly.

(Continued on page 44)

Southern Middleweight King

By DAVE P. GLAZER

FOR five years Kenneth Edward Overlin has fought them all. From the day when he got his first job—a bell hop in a hotel in Decatur, Illinois, until the day he enlisted in Uncle Sam's navy and then walked proudly down the gangplank after four years' service, his ambition has been the world's middleweight championship.

As the years went by, that ambition became a flaming obsession with Ken Overlin. There's probably nothing that life offers on this sphere that is more welcome at this time to him than a shot at the title.

Boxing pundits sing the praises of Babe Risko and Harry Balsamo, latest of the middleweight meteors around and about New York, but down in the not-so-sunny South, the name of Ken Overlin outshines the field.

Ken Overlin, twenty-six years of age, a handsome and likeable chap, was recently named No. 1 middleweight contender by the National Boxing Association and now he thinks firmly in his own mind that he will be the next champion. He is not alone in this belief. Newspapermen and fans alike are agreed that he is championship timber.

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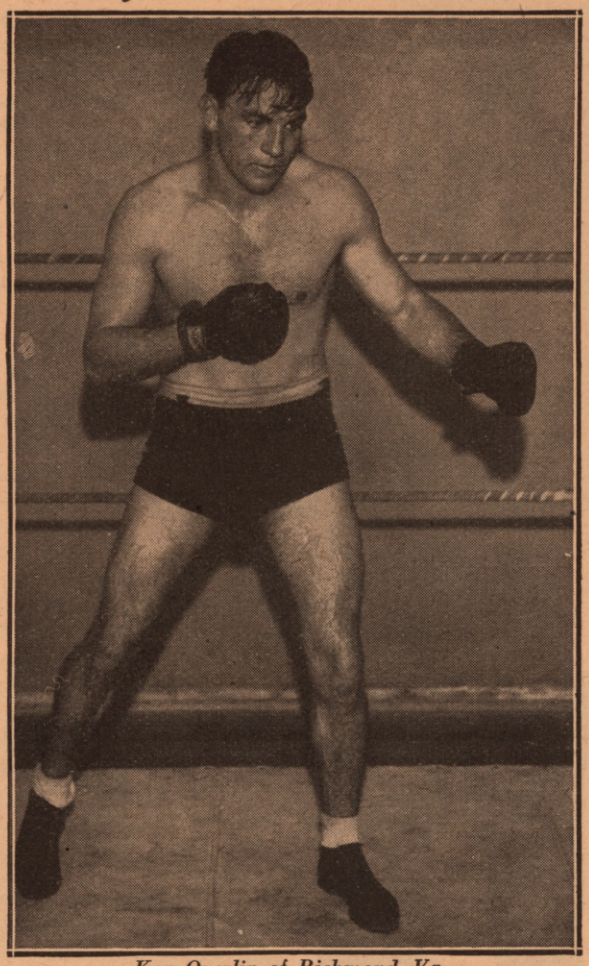


Ken Overlin of Richmond, Va.

A BRIEF history of Overlin's career in the ring shows that he has won thirty-five consecutive bouts in the past two years. Out of a total of sixty-six contests, he has won sixty-three and lost but three. Included among those on the defeated list are some of the best known names in boxing.

Overlin's first service in the squared circle was in the United States Navy. He fared well there, but his success was to come after he had completed four years' enlistment and carried his fistic endeavors throughout the width and breadth of the nation.

The turning point in the career of Ken Overlin was the day a little more than three years ago that he was taken in hand by Chris Dundee, a shrewd boxing manager, who had come to a small fight club in Portsmouth, Va., with a few of his proteges. Dundee, a former trainer of Midget Wolgast, once flyweight champion, saw possibilities in the sailor stationed at the Navy Yard in Portsmouth aboard the U.S.S. Idaho.

So enthused was Dundee with his new prospect that he changed headquarters from Philadelphia to Norfolk, where he could follow the budding youth.

Soon Overlin finished his service in the Navy and was signed by Dundee with the greatest of dispatch.

At the time he was taken under the wing of Dundee, Overlin had done most of his campaigning in the small fight clubs of Virginia. He was undefeated and was bursting with ambition.

After several "breezers," in which Soldier Johnny Skrinan, Reds Journee, Eric Lawson, and Walter Kirkwood fell before his flailing fists, Ken began taking in a little more territory. Then came thrilling battles with Tommy Rios, K. O. Burns, Dan Hassett, Billy Ketchell and Al Diamond. All succumbed to Overlin's masterful boxing.

* * *

IN 1934, Overlin's fistic kite was flying high, wide and handsome. He was the new star, and it shone brightly. So brightly, in fact, that promoters in Philadelphia brought him to the Quaker City to meet Ben Jeby, former holder of the middleweight bauble. Manager Dundee thought his boy was ready for them all. And rightly so, too, for hadn't he mowed through the fistic field like a lawn mower?

So off to the wars went Manager Dundee and fighter Overlin. When they arrived in Philly, they were told Jeby had been injured and a substitute, some unknown, Paul Pirrone of Cleveland, had been put in the spot.

It was O.K. with Ken. But it did not turn out O.K., not by any means. For with Jimmy Johnston, Madison Square Garden's promoter, at ringside, Overlin took a pretty good lacing in Convention Hall. Pirrone rushed out of his corner at the bell and floored the gentleman from Virginia. Overlin managed to stay the limit somehow or other, and merely shook his head when they raised Pirrone's hand at the conclusion of the bout.

It was a heartbreaking defeat for Overlin. His biggest chance had hit the shoals.

But this loss didn't stop him. It merely gave impetus to his titular aspirations. He whipped two or three minor foes and then solemnly said: "Get me Pirrone."

* * *

THAT'S just what they did. And this time out it was the hand of Ken Overlin that was raised in token of victory after ten torrid rounds in Norfolk's Bain Field.

The early part of 1935, Jack Dempsey noticed Overlin's progress. Along with Max Waxman, the "Old Manassa Mauler" became part-owner of Kenneth Edward.

Dempsey thinks Overlin will go far. "He ought to win the title," Jack said in a recent interview with the writer.

The defeat by Pirrone, one at the hands of Vince Dundee and another inflicted by Jimmy Smith are the only three on the wrong side of Ken's ledger.

Recent triumphs for Overlin number Oscar Rankin, Georgie Black and Tony Fischer as victims. Carmen Barth also ran into a stone wall in Ken.

Kenneth Edward Overlin believes *(Continued on page 43)*

BLOOD and

By
BILL DOHERTY
(One time heavyweight champion of Australia)
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

The Author as he looks to-day.

WHEN I read Nat Fleischer's article in the August RING on the Schmeling-Louis fight, my memory went back nearly 40 years to a night in Kalgoorlie when I faced a man against whose right hand I had as little defence as Joe Louis had against the right hand of Max Schmeling.

Louis got off lighter than I did. After my fight, I had to be stitched up like an old gunny sack and poulticed and bandaged for a month or two into the bargain. The cause of my tribulations was Peter Felix, a West Indian Negro, taller, tougher and faster than Joe Louis and the possessor of a left hand that was positively deadly. I knew that left only too well, having experienced it in a previous fight, a 20-round draw, and on this occasion I made up my mind to avoid it at all costs.

I avoided it according to schedule but in my over-anxiety, left myself wide open to a right, a circumstance which was taken full advantage of by Felix, and in the course of half an hour or so he administered a terrific hiding to me, the punishment that I received being as great as any ever taken in the time since the days when champions fought with the cesti iron-shod.

* * *

THE first right to connect caught me on the temple, a glancing blow that sliced deep into the flesh, put the eye out of action and all but put me out as well. That single punch in fact went far towards winning the battle for Felix because it upset my judgment of distance and made me weak in defence and uncertain in attack.

I lashed out at him fiercely, however, and managed to get home a good many times so that by the third round he was bleeding almost as freely as I was. But in this round I missed him with a regular pile-driver, and hit the corner-post of the ring (unpadded in those days) and put my right hand out of action as a weapon of offense. A busted hand, a bunged eye and a gashed temple from which the blood fairly poured were what I got out of the first three rounds.

That was only the beginning. In the fourth, when ducking low to avoid a flailing right that would have laid me out for keeps if it had landed, I bumped my head against Felix' raised knee, and emerged from the collision with a scalp wound bone deep and several inches long.

Blood! some of the spectators said afterwards that I looked as if I had been gored and savaged by a bullock, and that the ring, slippery with blood, looked like a slaughter-yard. Felix was bleeding from nose and mouth but his injuries were nothing compared with mine. I was blood from forelock to toes and from back hair to heels because the scalp wound was bleeding down the front and the head cut down the back.

* * *

NO one made any attempt to stop the fight. I was still hitting hard with my left and the diggers hoped that I might win. They did not have much love for Felix, who was a flashy dresser and addicted to blowing his own trumpet. There was no prejudice on account of his colour—those same diggers fairly idolized Peter Jackson who was also a West Indian Negro—they just did not like Felix, and would not have liked him if he had been white. They watched and hoped and cheered at every punch I let go knowing that I had scored many a knock-out victory and might do so again.

But their hopes were not realized. In the sixth, another right, a chop of vicious speed and force caught me under the eye and laid the cheek open as though it had been slashed with a razor, and in the resulting flurry and scurry a good deal of the blood that was flying about got into my one good eye and made it almost impossible for me to see at all.

At the end of the sixth, or the beginning of the seventh, I forget which now, I misjudged the position of Felix's classic countenance by half a foot and broke the knuckles of my left hand on his hard skull. At the end of the seventh Pat O'Toole and my brother Joe who were in my corner saw how things were and threw in the towel.

A chemist in Hannan Street, a big tall Irishman who was doctor, vet, chemist and three or four other things as well, rendered first aid to my wounds, expressing the greatest astonishment at their extent. On learning that they had been received in a fight he shook his head and said more in sorrow than in anger:

"Ah, you young fellows, why don't you fight like gintlemen with boxing gloves instead of with sticks and stones and bottles!" He simply wouldn't believe me when I said that I had been "fighting like a gintleman with boxing gloves."

Revenge is sweet. A year later, Felix and I met in Sydney and there I gave him a terrible beating in a 20-round fight that carried with it the championship of Australia and a purse of $1500. A Sydney newspaperman, commenting on the battle wrote thus:

"Felix was unlucky in not being knocked out long before the end—it would have been a merciful release. Doherty who is a punishing hitter had him looking like a surgical exhibit in a medical school, and a pretty ill-used one at that."

I don't know what would have been the comment of that writer if he could have seen the exhibit that Felix made of me in Kalgoorlie! He probably would have changed his mind about me and my punishing hitting. He would have been shocked, no doubt, to see me after Felix got through with his job.

Joe Goddard as he looked at the time when he fought Dooley.

PUNISHMENT

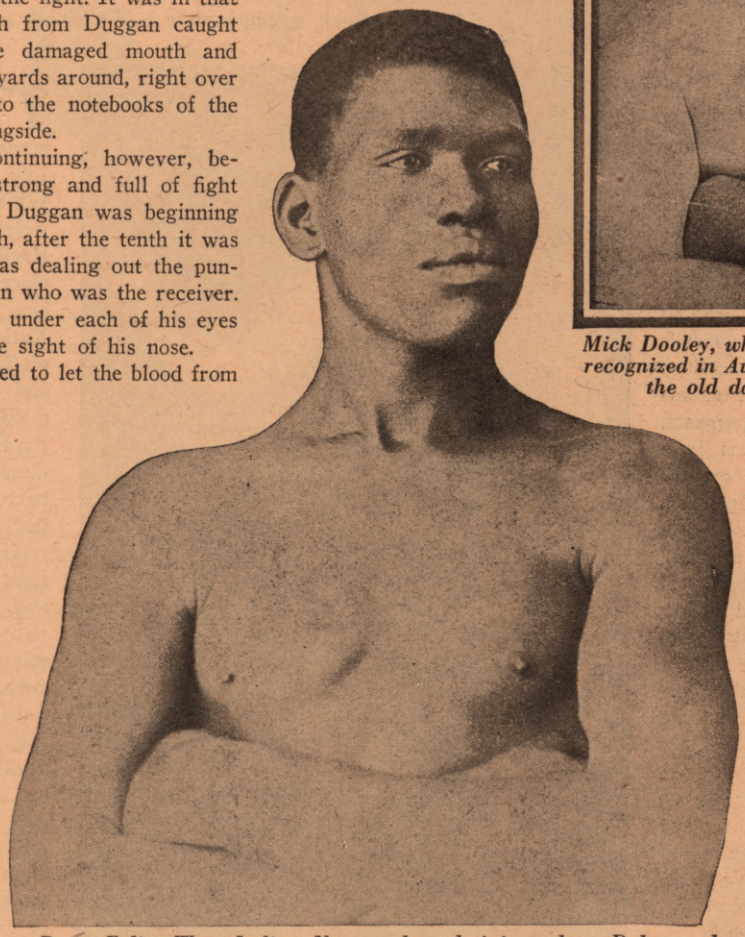
Hard Fights in the Long Ago

THERE was blood aplenty in the two fights that I had with Tom Duggan for the middleweight championship of Australia before I went to South Africa. The second fight was the fiercest. For the first half of the 20-round battle Tom gave me an unmerciful lacing, but in the second half I took the lead and gave him a belting no less severe.

Heavy blows to the face cut my cheek and lips badly in the early rounds and in the seventh I looked so bad that attempts were made to stop the fight. It was in that round that a punch from Duggan caught me square on the damaged mouth and splashed blood for yards around, right over the ropes and on to the notebooks of the reporters at the ringside.

I insisted on continuing, however, because I was still strong and full of fight and could see that Duggan was beginning to tire. Sure enough, after the tenth it was yours truly who was dealing out the punishment and Duggan who was the receiver. I raised a "mouse" under each of his eyes and made a terrible sight of his nose.

Fiercely he refused to let the blood from the nose flow, but drew it into his mouth and spat it out on the floor coming in the while and sparring up like a game-cock for more punishment. Duggan was like that—tough—one of six brothers, Paddy, Mick, Walter, Harry, Tom and Nicky, all of the same bent, the history of whose battles and sporting activities would fill a book. By the same token there were six Dohertys—myself, Ned, Austin, Joe, Josh, and Charlie and in the brave days of old the Duggans and the Dohertys clashed many a time.



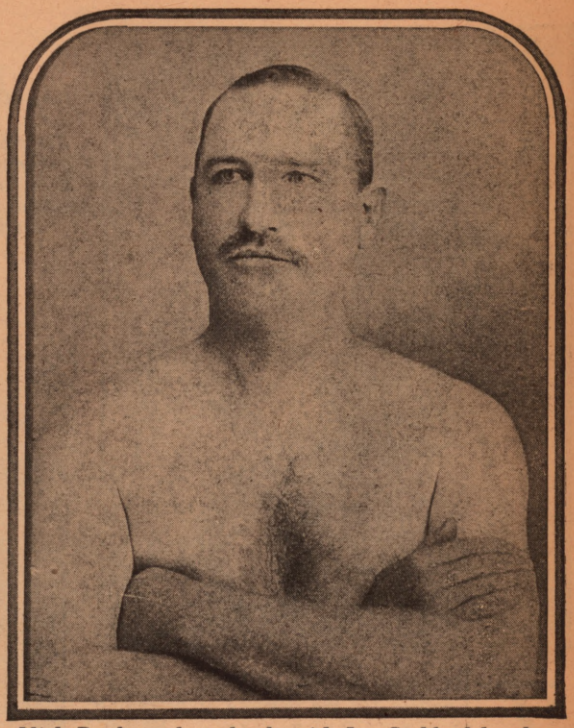
Peter Felix, West Indian Negro who administered to Doherty the worst beating he had ever received in ring combat.

In this particular fight, Tom got the decision by a narrow margin, and I had to wait several years to get my own back—until we were both in South Africa, where I beat him by a knockout in five rounds in a battle billed for the "middleweight championship of the Southern Hemisphere." Kid McCoy was there at the time.

* * *

PERHAPS the hardest battle ever fought in Australia under the Marquis of Queensberry rules was the historic bout in Sydney in 1889 between Joe Goddard and Mick Dooley. They still talk about that fight. It created a tremendous amount of interest because it was a straight-out test between professional skill and natural ability.

Goddard had never been taught to fight whereas Dooley had learned the game from Foley and Mace and had boxed with Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons and other masters of the art. It was generally believed that the scientific Dooley would polish off the rough untaught fighting navvy and win convincingly.



Mick Dooley, whose battle with Joe Goddard has been recognized in Australia as one of the toughest fought in the old days in the land of the Kangaroo.

But Dooley failed to win, although he hit Goddard with every known type of punch and a good many invented on the spot. At the end of 21 rounds Goddard was figuratively speaking "cut to pieces" but he was still there, and Dooley, who was also badly marked and who had broken his hand on the Barrier champion's iron chin, threw in the towel.

Modesty was the keynote of Goddard's attitude towards the fight. Asked on his return to Melbourne how he had got on in Sydney he replied "I fought Dooley up there—I got two black eyes and the money."

Dooley's comment on the bout was also short and expressive. To people curious to know why he had failed to beat Goddard, he had a stock reply: "I didn't have a tomahawk!"

Goddard could "take it" I suppose as well as any man who ever entered the ring. So great was his fighting spirit that he seemed to be armed against knockout punches.

I saw him in the dressing room after his second great fight with the American Choynski. He put a hand to his chin and on drawing it away saw that it was smeared with blood. He then peered in the looking glass and said in a surprised tone of voice, "B'God, he's cut me!" and seemed mildly annoyed as though he had cut himself while shaving. The gash on his chin was 1½ inches long, a long deep red furrow, with the white of the bone showing at the bottom!

Goddard held the opinion for *(Continued on page 48)*

AMERICAN FIGHTERS

John C. Heenan, first American to compete in a great international fight in England.

THE visit of John Henry Lewis to England for the purpose of defending his title against Len Harvey, recalls the tours of other good American fighters to foreign lands in quest of ring adventure or for vacation or theatrical purposes. American pugilists and ring champions have won honors in almost every civilized country in the world. In England, France, Australia, South Africa and South and Central America, our boxers have been on parade. As in baseball, boxing follows the American flag, hence in every nook and corner of the world where Uncle Sam's service men have been stationed, pugilism has taken a hold. Fights in far off China between American and British sailors, have been frequent of late and it won't be long now before we'll have the Chinese and the Japs occupying a high spot in the sport.

John Henry Lewis' fight with Harvey brought back to the English press the story of the famous battle between John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, and Tom Sayers back in 1860, a contest that set the fistic world ablaze because of the manner in which it ended. Although in recent years many American Champions have appeared in the British Isles, to Heenan goes the credit for being the first American title holder to don the mits on British soil. Since the fall of John L. Sullivan in 1892, practically every champion in the heavyweight ranks and many crown wearers in the other divisions have paid a visit for some reason or other to England.

John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney have been seen abroad but of these, with the exception of Johnson and Sullivan, none has appeared in actual ring come back. Exhibitions and theatrical performances have occupied their time. But not so, however, with the champions of other divisions and many top-notchers among the heavyweights.

The British will long remember the sterling performances of such famous ring gladiators as George Dixon, Tom Sharkey, Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Johnnie Buff and Mickey Walker among others. Even the poor performance of Maxie Rosenbloom in his fight with Milligan will be remembered by the British if for no other reason than because of Maxie's position in America.

Heenan who was born in West Troy, on May 1, 1834, of Irish parents, was one of the handsomest men who ever pulled off a shirt inside the roped square. It was his fine appearance and his excellent manners that brought about the match between him and the beautiful Adah Isaacs Menken, the most noted actress of that period and it was also his gentlemanly manners that caused the ill feeling between the British and Americans following his fight with Sayers, to be patched. Of that fight, much has already been written, pro and con, and regardless of what side our readers may take, the fact remains that it was the first great International battle and one of the most talked of fights of all time. It therefore holds a unique place in the history of fisticuffs.

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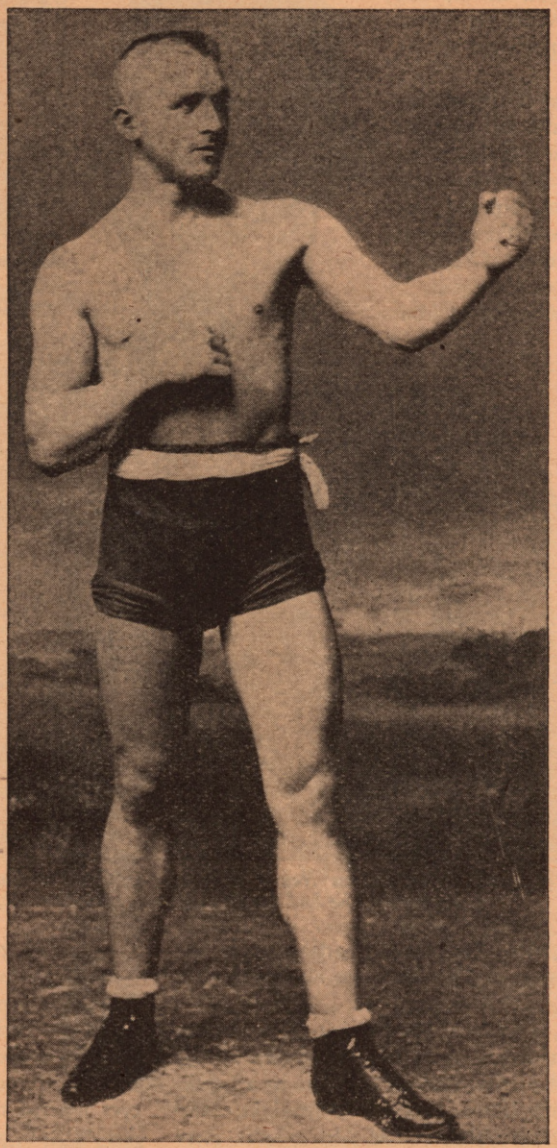


George Kid Lavigne, whose victory over Dick Burge amazed the British.

THE clever Kid McCoy took a dash across the Atlantic in 1895 and met Ted White, then the middleweight champion of England. The bout took place before the members and guests of the National Sporting Club of London and at the end of ten rounds, the decision was given to the British fighting king despite protests on the part of McCoy that he had won. The ringside reports showed that the fight was a close one and McCoy later admitted that the decision might have been rendered either way.

But for a time the Kid, the inventor of the corkscrew punch, was so chagrined, that he quit England in a huff and decided on a trip to South Africa where he knocked out Bill Doherty, the middleweight champion of South Africa. That was back in nine rounds in 1896, and Doherty, grand old man of the prize ring, is still doing his chores for the sport by writing his reminiscences for RING readers from his home down in Fremantle, Australia.

McCoy, after that bout, decided on another trip to England and when he got there in 1901, he found himself matched with three opponents. First he tackled Dave Barry, who he knocked out in two rounds. Then he faced Jack Scales and put him away in one round and in his third engagement, Jack Madden was put to sleep in four rounds. Thus McCoy avenged his previous defeat and he made certain that he wouldn't get what he thought was the works, by singing a lullaby to

ABROAD

By NAT FLEISCHER

each of his rivals.

* * *

PROBABLY the best little man who ever left the American soil to do battle abroad was George Kid Lavigne, former lightweight king of the world. In 1896 he was matched with Dick Burge, the English champion. When Sam Fitzpatrick introduced the Kid to John Flemming, Lord Lonsdale and other celebrities of the National Sporting Club of London, they were thunderstruck.

"Why," said Flemming, looking the American Champion over, "this cannot possibly be Kid Lavigne, the title holder."

"What's the matter with him? Doesn't he look the goods?" asked Fitzpatrick, closely scrutinizing the faces of the Britishers.

"Oh, he's so small, only a bit of a lad, and I fear he's not half big enough for Burge," replied Flemming.

"Don't worry about his size," snapped back Fitzpatrick. "I think that Burge will soon find the Kid big enough when they get in the ring."

When they weighed Burge in for the fight, he scaled 136 pounds and Lavigne was 134. The Englishman was a hot favorite at three to one and the interest in the bout was tremendous.

The articles called for a purse of $3,500, with a $2,500 side purse, and a world championship at stake.

In the first round, Lavigne dashed in and landed many heavy blows. He tried the same in the second round but Burge dodged and Lavigne went headlong into a post, injuring himself severely.

This did not stop the Kid's aggressiveness. He drove Burge all over the ring, never for a moment letting up the attack. The British were amazed by the American's wonderful fighting, and they simply could not understand how a small fellow like Lavigne could give such a trouncing to their great champion. In the seventeenth round, Burge was knocked out by a right hand wallop to the jaw.

* * *

GEORGE DIXON, before he was a featherweight champion, went to England in 1890 when he fought Nunc Wallace before the Pelican Club for a purse of $2,000. Dixon won in eighteen rounds and through that victory, he gained considerably in prestige.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien visited England in 1903. He called himself at the time the American middleweight champion and he trimmed several Britishers quite easily. The Britons thought O'Brien was the real article because of his cleverness, and they took a liking to him, the Britishers naturally favoring science over brute force.

Tommy Burns, who, although a Canadian by birth, was a native of this country by adoption, will also be remembered for his triumphs in England. His victories over Gunner Moir, Jem Roche, Jack Palmer, Bill Squires and Jewey Smith enabled him to clean up the European contenders for heavyweight laurels and paved the way for his fight with Jack Johnson in Sydney, Australia.

Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis, Frank Moran, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Sam Langford, among the old-timers, were frequently seen in contests abroad, especially in France, and in more recent years we have had Lou Brouillard, Frankie Genaro, Vince Dundee, Young Zulu Kid and Midget Wolgast in action in the leading countries of Europe.

It was on July 7, 1914, that Freddie Welsh was awarded the decision over Willie Ritchie in twenty rounds in London, Freddie thereby winning the world lightweight crown.

On December 6, 1897, Jimmie Barry clinched the claim to world honors by scoring a knockout over Walter Crott, the British champion, in twenty rounds in London.

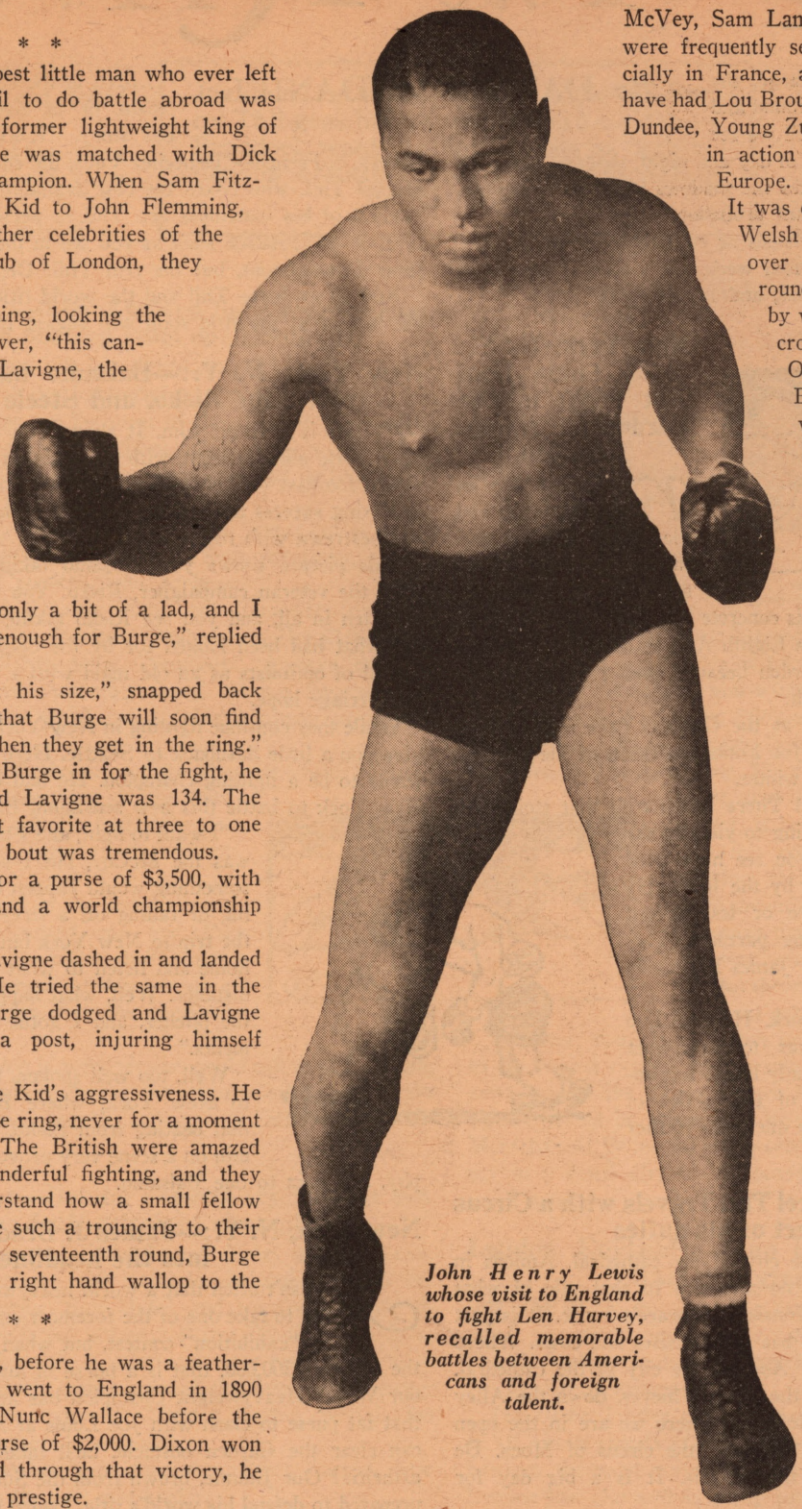
Of course, the many contests in which Al Brown took part in Europe are too well known to stand review here. Although Brown was born in Panama, he can be listed as an American.

* * *

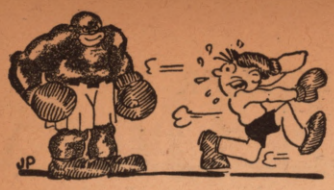
THE general trend nowadays is for boxers who have made good in this country to seek additional glory in other parts of the world. Only a few weeks ago, when St. John Dean, secretary of the Transvaal Sporting Club of South Africa, was my guest at my summer home, we discussed this phase of boxing, and as the result, I am now acting as the American agent for his organization in securing good fighters to compete against the leading talent in Johannesburg.

Within the next fortnight, Petey Sarron, the recognized world featherweight king, who won his crown from Freddie Miller, will sail for Johannesburg, where, on January 5, he will meet Laurie Stevens, the lightweight champion of South Africa. Sarron may not win that bout, but he is certain to give the Johannesburg fans a thrill for their money. Laurie was also scheduled to clash with Lew Feldman of New York on December 5, but Lew backed out of the match on the day when the boat was to have sailed.

Likewise during the past two years I have sent many good boys to Australia. Among them were Wesley Ramey, Phil Zwick and Jack Portney. Such an international arrangement is an excellent thing for boxing. First, it helps to bolster good will in sports, and secondly, it protects a club in far-off countries from having foisted upon it a bunch of palookas who are certainly not representative fighters from America. If the foreign promoters would avoid such practice, they would receive the thanks of their patrons.



John Henry Lewis whose visit to England to fight Len Harvey, recalled memorable battles between Americans and foreign talent.

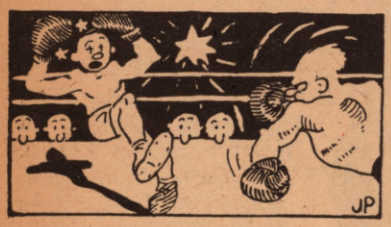


The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

LIKE the world at large, the boxing world goes 'round and 'round, and as we roll we see changing pictures of day and night, shadows and sunshine. Some months the shadows have the advantage, some the sunshine is in pleasant profusion.

How goes it this month? Shades or sunlight? Let us go over the flicker history of the past four weeks and note just where we stand as we verge on Christmas, and the new year.

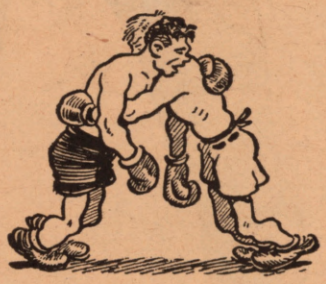


New York, N. Y.:—Joe Louis Does Not Fight in the Garden for Jimmy Johnston

YOU first see in this glittering and glamorous film an authentic view of Madison Square Garden. Much fun has been poked at this concrete pile. It is called Madison Square Garden because it is on Eighth Avenue, far from Madison Square. And it is called a garden because among the flowers it grows weeds, and even spinach.

Yes, this is what is known as the Garden. Take a good look at it. Because that is all that Joe Louis has taken of the Garden. He is not fighting in it this winter.

Take a good look at Louis! There he is, with that stoic puss of his, the Indian in him refusing to yield to the smiling Negro. The picture you see here is of Louis in New Orleans, down by the levee. He fights, or encounters in more or less ardent mingling, a couple of sparring partners. This is to fill in while he waits for James Braddock, the great arthritis patient.



Back we swing to New York. Here is Bob Pastor, heavyweight who was to have met Louis in the Garden, and not only hasn't but apparently won't. The burden of this series of views is to bring to the fore a question. Wither away with Joe Louis?

Amiens, France:—Marcel Thil Travels with a Circus to the neglect of his duties

ANCIENT Amiens. The city of the cathedral. Amiens in romantic France. Pay no attention to that pile of what you may call it in front of Monsieur Boncare's house. It is just decorative and Mons. Boncare has many hosses and cows. Where were we? Ah, oui, in ancient Amiens, the city of the cathedral.

We go down the Street of the Forty Thieves, down the Alley of the Sick Dwarf from Toulouse, and here we are in the open country. Farmhouses. Piles. And now, the circus of Mons. De Crainquille—the Big Circus from Paris. It is a big day for Amiens and the circus.

Here is a glittering, lurid broadside in front of a booth. It is a raw picture of Marcel Thil, the middleweight champion. Mons. Thil is the champion of the world. But here he is showing with a circus.

"Voila, I am touring the provinces, getting what you call the three round meals a day, and the pay is high, as this is not what you call one donkey circus," says Marcel for the world to know.

There comes a time in the life of every man when he wishes he were with a circus. Sometimes that encompassing desire comes when he is a lad. Sometimes it does not take hold of him until he is past adolescence. It has seized Thil at an age when he seemingly ought to know better. But who is the Globe Trotter to tell a man when he ought, and when he ought not to join a circus?

Listen to the barker. In France, or in Spain, or in Keokuk, he is the same old story. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he hollers, in French—"Depechez Vous, the champion of the worrrrld Marcel Thil, who boxes the best available talent in a grand exhibition of his matchless art. Thil in person. Not a motion picture, or an imitation such as you see in the lousy circus of Monsieur Passepartout, but the real Thil. Depechez Vous."

And so we leave Thil and the world title with the circus, with the hope that the title soon will regain its old dignity.

New York, N. Y.:—Balsamo takes a shellacking from Babe Risko, and Steele is vindicated

THIS is a tragic film. It shows you one Balsamo. A New York middleweight with a sock, but a hot house product, forced too fast for the paying, fastidious market. The royal road to boxing success takes time. It is not an avenue paved with gold and bestrewn with roses.

This picture shows you Balsamo taking a royal shellacking from the veteran campaigner, Risko. You see round after round, with ten in all, and you see Risko taking nine of them. This is not what had been looked for by the optimists. And the ring is as full of optimists as an old maid with a squint and bow legs is of marriage hope.

While they continue fighting in New York, let the Globe Trotter give you a little flashback to Seattle. Here is Freddy Steele, who wants to be a fighting champion. He had been urged to come to New York to battle this new sensation, Balsamo. Listen:

"I want to fight, and I hoped this here Balsamo was the McCoy, but I sorta had a hunch that something would happen to him, like a shellacking or falling off a street car, so I don't make the trip to New York but decide to stick around home and listen to what happens over the long distance. Well, what happens? Balsamo is outta the pitcher, and I gotta wait for new developments."

Well, too well spoken, Frederick. We go back to New York, where Balsamo still is taking that beating from Risko, and we lower the curtain on a scene very provocative of fistic philosophy, and pain to one Balsamo.

New York, N. Y.:—James J. Braddock gets himself into the headlines

IT isn't often that a world heavyweight champion is willing to take one of the foremost contenders for his title in an "exhibition" contest, but when such a match involves the sum of $300,000, that is a horse of another color. Yes, folks, our World Heavyweight Champion has actually been guaranteed that fat purse to clash with Joe Louis at Atlantic City, and if he can clear the Garden obstacle, he'll take the match. Who said arthritis? Our Jimmie, brown from the Southern sun, willing and prepared to defend his world's title, loaded with vigor and vitality, winks his eye as the fight fans ask, "Will he fight Max Schmeling?"

Arthritis? Sure, he had it, but he says it is gone. Where did it go? Why, the same place that your lap goes to when you stand up. It did not affect Mr. Braddock's appetite. Nor did it affect the appetite of his manager, Mr. Gould, who confesses that for a while after the postponement of Braddock's defense last September, he did not eat for some three or four days.

Mr. Gould is eating

GLOBE TROTTER

again, and that means Braddock will have to go out and defend that title.

Eating, especially eating along the lines viewed in the camp of a fight champion, is expensive business if carried on with regularity.

Joe Louis refuses to fight in Garden—Marcel Thil goes barnstorming with a circus—Braddock wants to fight Louis in "exhibition" in Atlantic City—Boxing writers toss up the sponge.

Philadelphia, Pa.:—Lew Ambers, lightweight champion, takes a beating from one Eddie Cool

WHAT have we here? It is a fight between Lew Ambers, the new champion of the lightweights, and one Eddie Cool, a local product. Cool has not been out of the stable in six months, and he takes the fight for pork chops, while Ambers strolls into Philly to pick up a little soft sugar and give the natives a look at his manly, titular torso.

It is a ten-rounder, over the title weight. But Cool is a real lightweight. It is a most interesting and most surprising contest, and sort of bears out reports about Ambers.

After Ambers takes the title from Tony Canzoneri, there are interesting pictures in the gazettes. "Ambers and His $3,000 Car." "Ambers Rides to Town with Chauffeur." Ambers this and Ambers that—but never Ambers training. Always busy at some extra-curricular activity which has nothing whatever to do with getting into shape.

In other words, Mr. Ambers is not attending strictly to business, and the picture we show you of the fight with Cool bears that out. Cool gets the decision. Ambers looks logy, tired, without snap or spirit.

The jaded champ, out of the jaded atmosphere of the three grand car and the chauffeur, the bored title-holder stuffed with pate de fois gras instead of lean from a scarcity of ham and eggs. It is the same old story.

However, the situation is not what one would call critical. Young men learn fast—sometimes. And so we go back to the film of the fight. Yeah, the guy winning is Cool—a cool Eddie and a bothered Lew.

New York, N. Y.:—Boxing experts try to dope out who is the featherweight champion

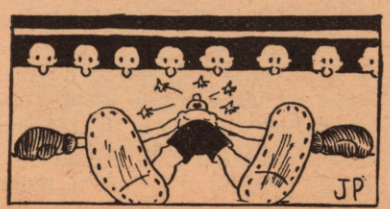
THIS is Broadway and Forty-Second Street in New York. A nice, quiet, private spot, ideal for an argument. In the background is the Sitting Bull Hotel, and we see a couple of buggies drawn by flea-bitten hosses roll by. There is Old Mrs. Smiggens going for the mail. A quiet spot, very rural.

The dozen birds which gather around the pump are Boxing Experts. The topic for today is: "Button, button, who is the featherweight champion of the world?"

The better informed hombres insist that Petey Sarron, who beat Freddy Miller, is the real title-holder.

Some holler that Henry Armstrong, Pacific Coast Negro, is the real magogga.

Recently Armstrong beats Mike Belloise, whom the New York Commission recognizes as the champion, in eight out of ten rounds. The fight is not at the New York Commission's title route of fifteen rounds, and so we discover that the New York Commission does not recognize the Armstrong victory.



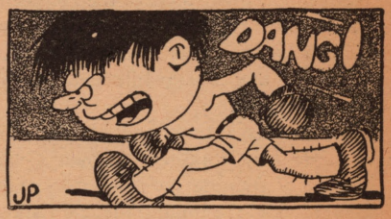
Sarron beats Miller. Armstrong beats Belloise. The experts argue and argue. You note they are getting hotter and hotter under their collars.

Finally one guy steps out and says, "Why not have Sarron and Armstrong meet right here in the Garden or the Hipp, and stop all this foolishment?"

So somebody asks, "What about Belloise? He still is the New York champion."

So the experts go out for lunch to think that over.

Edinburgh, Scotland:—Native boxing experts ask why their Maister Lynch is overlooked



IT seems that sessions of Boxing Experts are all the go. Here is a conference of Slap Students in the ancient and honorable city of Edinburgh, which very likely is the last place in the worruld you would look for a meeting of that sort.

Scots are slow to anger. But once aroused, they raise Hell. The gents in the film are aroused. You see them in the public square in Edinburgh gesticulating. They are organizing vehement complaint that their man, Benny Lynch, flyweight, is being neglected over on this side.

In this country we labor under the impression, correct or otherwise, that the best fly in the universe is one Small Montana. We recognize the abilities of Maister Lench, but we seem to believe that if Small met Maister Lench, there would be nothing much for Lench to carry oot of the reng.

However, there is no justice in just supposing. It is suggested to the boxing experts on this side that they get together in some private spot, like Times Square in New York, or maybe Union Square would be better, and holler for a match between Small Montana and Benny Lynch to settle the large question of supremacy in a small division composed of little fighters of a rather small world.

London, England:—John Henry Lewis proves Len Harvey a great promoter

HEREIN we show the most amazing and dextrous fight in which John Henry Lewis, the American Negro, defended the light-heavyweight title against Len Harvey, the English promoter.

The Globe Trotter really hates to bore you with an exhibition of all fifteen rounds of this monumental scrap which drew some fourteen thousand persons in the first world championship fight Lunnon has glimpsed in many years.

While Lewis won this fight, and got twenty thousand dollars as his end, he pulled a big boner. He was offered one-third of the total take, and in Lunnon that means the inclusion of car parking and concessionaire fees. Had he taken the third, he would have got himself at least ten grand more.

However, as you see from the few rounds which we flash on the screen, Harvey wins one round and loses some fourteen others. Harvey is urged on by Mrs. Harvey, who is the lady you see rushing to Len's corner from time to time. She is not telling Mr. Harvey to throw in a sponge or a towel. She is urging her husband to throw in more and more vigorous punches.

However, as you see, the American Negro clearly outclasses Harvey, who demonstrates two *(Continued on page 48)*

Australian Heavyweights

By T. W. McNIEL

THE heavyweight division is in a whirlpool of seething activity, thanks to the sudden rise of warriors like Joe Louis, Red Burman, Al Lenglet, Leroy Haynes, Ben Foord, Phil Brubaker, Al Ettore, Abe Feldman, Eddie Mader and several others. With the woods filled to overflowing with ex-champs trying to regain their once royal robes, there is no lack of heavy competition, although the material is mediocre. But as one scans the fistic horizon, there is one pitifully lacking feature that once added zest and interest in the beak-smearing business among the big fellows. A vacant chair in the family circle, so to speak.

And that, gentlemen, is the complete lack of a first-rate Australian heavyweight. I've often wondered, and the mystery is still as deep as ever, why Kangaroo-land has stopped giving us any worthwhile fistic material among the beef and brawn brigade.

There was a time, and it's not too many years back either, that the tiny continent "Down Under," was a most prolific breeder of fighting men. By that statement, I mean truly great fighters, too. Not only the big fellows, but the little ones as well. I don't think there is a more brilliant picture in pugilism's ancient album than that of Australia two-score years ago.

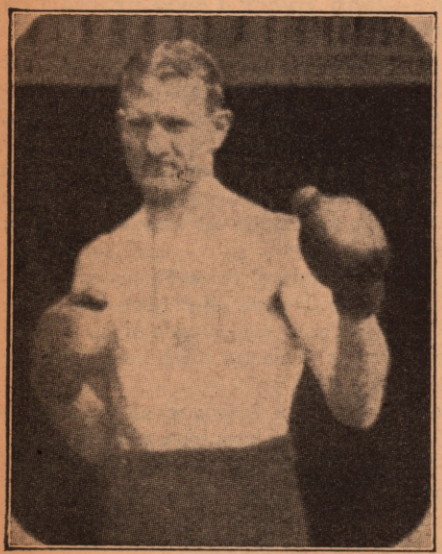
Even those of us of the modern generation who are prone to think and argue that the "old-timers," were grossly overrated, are forced by sheer necessity to admit that warriors like Frank Slavin, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Goddard, to mention only a few, could have swept through our modern fistic ranks like a Kansas tornado.

Others who blossomed in that same golden era of Australian fisticuffs, was that hardy rock-ribbed blacksmith, Bill Farnham, flashy Steve O'Donnell, Dan Creedon, Bill Doherty, Billy Murphy, Young Griffo, George Dawson and of course, Mick Dooley and Harry Foley. No wonder then, that Australia occupied the top-notch pinnacle in pugilism forty years ago.

* * *

THEN the decline set in. The years came and went, and old Father Time reached out, nabbed the whole hardy crew. Some lasted longer than others, but by the turn of the century, all but old Fitz was done for . . . . and he was on his way out. And in their place? Well, the replacement forces were both inferior in quantity and quality.

Perhaps the best of a none too good a lot were a trio of heavyweights. Peter Felix, Bill Lang and Bill Squires. Squires was a terrific hitter. He had beaten every fighter of any repute in his homeland to a bloody pulp. Fight critics all over the world were lavish in their praise of him.



Jack Carroll, an Australian topnotcher, who compares favorably with the best welters in the world.

In the burly Aussie, they visioned a worthy successor to Jackson, Slavin, et al. The championship was in more or less a muddle. Jeffries had retired and Tommy Burns, the squat Canuck, had assumed the title. Then came the chance of a lifetime for Squires. A championship battle with Burns.

Les Darcy, who ranks highest among Australian fighters developed since 1910.

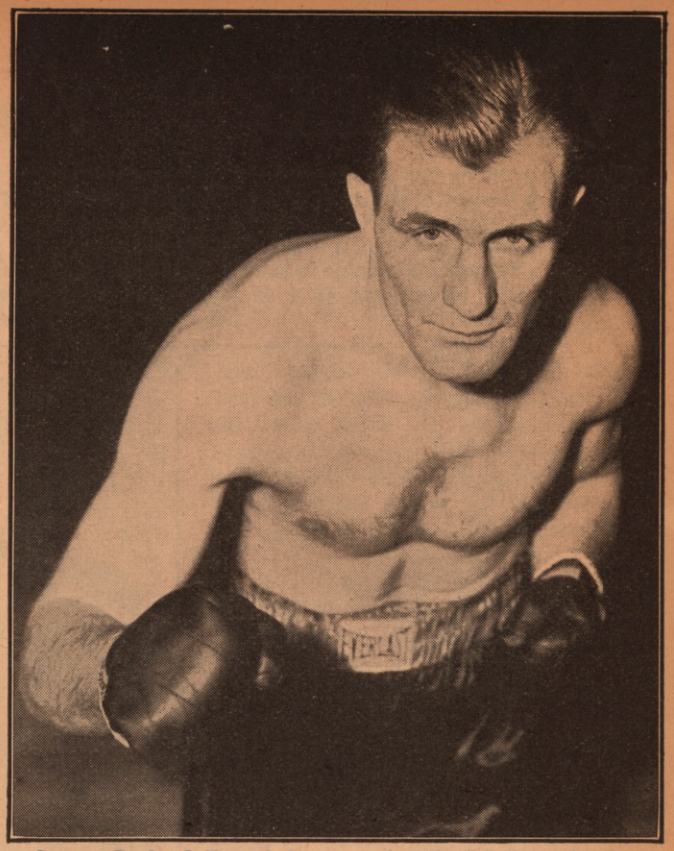
A favorite in the betting and with every physical advantage in his favor, the Australian muffed the opportunity in a most deplorable manner. He had won seventeen straight knockouts and had never lost a ring engagement. No wonder that he was favored over the uncertain Canadian.

The pair came together in the battle-scarred arena at Colma, Calif., on July 4, 1907. (Ah, the battles that were staged there in the years gone by.) At the opening bell, the Australian lashed out of his corner and slammed a right-hander to Burns' jaw that almost put the champion down. Here Burns showed his true championship class. He staggered into a clinch and began kidding his opponent about his lack of hitting powers. Squires became demoralized. He couldn't feature anyone questioning his hitting ability.

(Continued on page 42)

Heavies in Spotlight

By DAVE CAVADAS



Gunnar Barlund, Finnish heavyweight, who has created a fine impression in this country.

THE East and the West are the scenes of plenty of activity in the heavyweight ranks these days. While New York is having its fill of thrills through the performances of Gunnar Barlund of Finland, Arturo Godoy of Chile, Jorge Brescia of Argentina, and others who are flocking to the Land of Milk and Honey from the war-torn European countries, the Far West and Northwest are having their share of heavyweight bouts with good performers as the contestants. In the East, Barlund is the outstanding heavyweight prospect, and in the Northwest it is Sonny Buxton.

Gunnar Barlund, brought to this country by Paul Damski, seems destined to make considerable noise in the boxing realm. In fact, right now he looks like the best heavyweight in captivity among the younger element—the newcomers. This husky, hard-hitting, accurate-timing Finn, has had only seventeen fights as a pro, yet he has taken the measure of the British heavyweight king, Ben Foord, and Abie Feldman, one of New York's tough boys.

Other victories that have made the name of Barlund prominent include defeats of Gustav Limousia of Belgium; Don Cocarelli, the light-heavyweight champion of Italy; Hans Shoenrath of Garmant, and Arno Koelledin of Germany. He also boxed a six-round no-decision affair with George Godfrey two years ago. It was Godfrey who called Damski's attention to the Finn, with the result that Paul bought his contract and brought Barlund to America.

Gunnar is the first professional pugilist ever developed in Finland. Like most Finnish athletes, Barlund was a distance runner when Pavvo Nurmi was at the height of his career. It was Nurmi who suggested that he give up running for a boxing career. Boxing at the time was purely an amateur sport in Finland and Gunnar won 104 out of 106 bouts as a Simon-pure.

He started his amateur career in 1932, and after about a dozen bouts, he was entered by his country in the Olympics, in which he reached the finals of the heavyweight division before being eliminated. He drew as his first opponent the lad who came through eventually to win the crown.

* * *

OUT in the Northwest, they are singing the praises of Buxton, just as they were singing the praises of Jimmy McLarnin a few years ago. The Canadians are strong supporters of a boxer in whom they have faith, and that's why the latest heavyweight sensation of Victoria has an army of followers up in British Columbia. Sonny Buxton quit the Army to try his luck in fisticuffs and he hasn't done poorly at all since making the change.

He is only twenty-four years old, and like Jimmy McLarnin, Sonny comes from a big family. Jimmy, it will be remembered, had ten brothers and sisters, but Sonny—well, he boasts of a family of three more than McLarnin. He is one of fourteen children, and like three brothers who have figured in the mitt game, Sonny decided on following that for a profession. It isn't often that four boys in one family take up boxing, and still less frequently do we hear of such a fistic combination in Canada.

Although he can make the light-heavyweight limit, Sonny prefers to fight heavyweights and chop them down to his own size. Guess who Sonny picked for his first professional fight? He decided to fight Ford Smith, the big Montana cowboy, who was at that time the fifth ranking heavyweight in the world. This fight resulted in a draw, and two weeks later, in a return match, Sonny gave Smith a terrific lacing.

That same year Buxton fought Young Jack Gibbons when Gibbons invaded the Northwest. Sonny, still green, went into the fight with only three days of training and lost a close decision.

Here is a partial list of some of the boys whom Sonny Buxton has beaten in the Northwest: Ford Smith, Bob Frazier, Art

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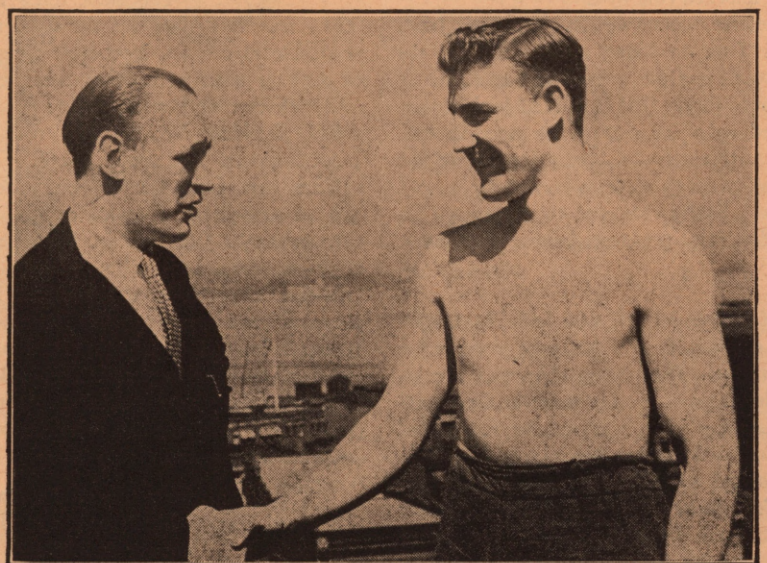


Sonny Buxton of Victoria, Canada (right), and his mentor, Ted Moore, former star British middleweight.

World's Worst Fight

Herewith The Ring prints another installment of the story of Joe Humphreys, the famous fight announcer, who is dead. Just before Joe passed away, Nat Fleischer and he collaborated on this story, and as it was finished, Humphreys passed away. Humphreys' story is one of the most interesting available in boxing. It is history, it is humor, it is the story of championships against the background of wide and varied experience. Joe was an announcer, but he also was one of the shrewdest fight judges we yet have had.

IN this day of carefully regulated boxing, of commission rule and able and honest referees, the sort of thing I am about to tell you could not happen. But, it did happen—in the old days, when the world was less careful about things in general and, I am afraid the ring wasn't so critical.

The yarn I am going to spin has for its hero a referee. Maybe he should be called the villain. But any guy who will pull what he did in the face of the situation he was confronted with really could not be called a villain. He had plenty of the old commodity we still like to call guts, even if some folks do not like the term. Incidentally, just what is wrong with guts? To me, there is no substitute noun.

I should use names in this story. But I really can't. At least one figure is still alive. Anyway, it would not improve the story and it might embarrass somebody, so why not let me tell it without names? Okay? Well, let's go!

It took place some thirty-six years ago in the West. I wasn't there. I am glad I wasn't because it would have been a great temptation to squawk. Later on, when I toured the West with Terry McGovern, I got the low-down and insofar as I am aware, perhaps nobody else except that one man I have mentioned is around to give you the real dope.

Two of the best known heavyweights in the country were engaged in this fracas. As the contest went along it was easy to see that one of the boys was outclassed.

Finally the good one let go a perfectly clean, honest punch and the other bird hit the boards. As he lay there, knocked cold by a legal knockout punch, the referee, whom we shall call Tom Jones because his name was not Tom or Jones, announced that the fighter who had taken the count was the winner on a foul.

"Now, let me tell you this one." A daguerreotype of Joe.

Those who saw it will never forget that day. Hell broke loose. An ugly yelling mob rushed upon the ring. Guns were flashed. Chairs were thrown. Murder threatened in every jostling of the crowd. That ring was a mighty tough place to be in.

The referee and the others finally managed to get away, but for a time they looked like first class prospects for the undertaker.

* * *

IT was the case of a young clerk who had juggled his employer's funds, speculated, lost and took a desperate long chance to cover up. This young chap was a relative of Jones, as I called the referee. At any moment the shortage might be discovered. Looking for a way out, he thought of the big fight. And he appropriated another big sum to bet on it.

He told Jones about this and so the thing was fixed. Jones thought of the young clerk's wife and kiddies, who would suffer most if he were found out. And throwing caution to the four winds, Jones went through with his game and gave the decision to the fallen fighter in order to save his relative and the family who depended on him.

As I said before, it was the worst decision ever given. The fans who witnessed the bout knew that and so did everybody else when the matter was later dragged into the courts. The referee was condemned as no fight official ever has been, before or since.

Whatever any one may think, let's give the referee credit, at least, for having gone through with the decision that he thought would do the most good—or better, perhaps, the least harm. And keep in your mind the fact that he did go through with it, knowing mighty well that he would be in danger of his very life when the howling mob got the bad news.

I wonder who will say that there wasn't some little bit of justification for his act, after all. Figure it out this way, for instance: the loss to the cheated fighter wasn't so terribly great—just a sum of money and maybe a chance at the title, at the most. He could get both back in a return bout. Furthermore in the eyes of the fans, he was the winner, regardless of the decision. But if the decision had gone the other way the loss to the young clerk, and most of all, to his family, could never have been made up. A reputation and to all accounts a life were at stake there.

Can any of you ringside regulars imagine anything like that being put over in a bout these days? Heaven protect the poor, misguided bird that ever tries it. If anybody needs money that bad it will be a lot safer for him to buy a nice, new toy pistol and stage a stick-up at the United States Treasury.

* * *

YES, you run into a lot of stuff, serious and funny, as you go through life. One important thing in your relations with your fellow man is to find out the temperament of those with whom you come in contact. You must weigh sense of humor, and lack of it. You must know that some kidders cannot take kidding, some jokers cannot stand joking.

Once I kidded Tex Rickard, and I learned a valuable lesson. I never kidded Tex again. It cost me plenty.

Years ago, when Rickard was practically an unknown in New York, he sat at the ringside in the old Garden while Terry McGovern fought Jimmy Britt. It was a brilliant contest and ended in a newspaper decision for Terrible Terry.

A month or so later I received a telegram dated Goldfield, Nevada, and signed by this stranger who called himself Tex Rickard. Instead of being printed out like a regular wire, this one was scrawled in pencil. This looked queer to me. And—what made me still more suspicious—it came collect and I had to plank down $4.80 for the privilege of trying to puzzle the thing out. It read something like this:

"Will give fifteen thousand dollar purse for finish contest between Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt at Goldfield Nevada. Wire answer immediately."

Because of the looks of the telegram and the fact that I had to pay for it, the whole thing looked phoney, especially when I

DECISION PACKED DRAMA

By JOE HUMPHREYS

Joe Humphreys' Posthumous Story Tells About Referee Who Pulled Terrible Trick to Protect Young Defaulting Bank Clerk

considered the size of the offer. I was convinced that somebody was being funny at my expense. I had never heard of Rickard and so far as I was concerned, Goldfield wasn't even a freckle on the map. So naturally I was good and sore.

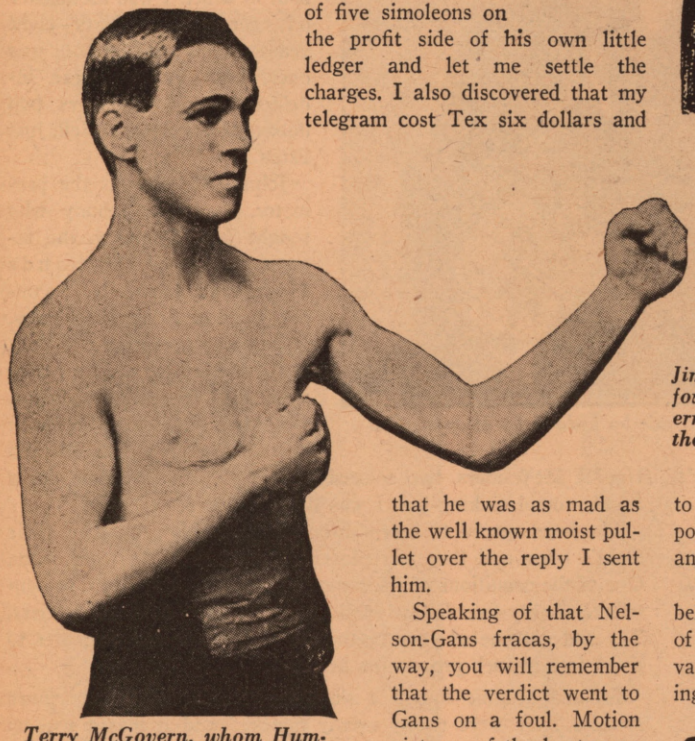
Accordingly, I decided to take a chance on giving this practical joker a good dose of his own medicine. After some deep thought I composed the following and sent it collect to Tex Rickard, Goldfield, Nevada:

"Your telegram received with $4.80 charges, what's the big joke, never heard of the Goldfields of Nevada but am personally acquainted with the Greenfields of Virginia. Morris and Jake. If you are on the level with this offer let me know."

* * *

NOT so long after that the newspapers came out one day with the announcement that this Tex Rickard person had signed up Battling Nelson and Joe Gans for a fight at Goldfield with the world's lightweight championship at stake. Incidentally it developed that their battle drew the fattest gate that had been taken in up to that time. My little joke had backfired.

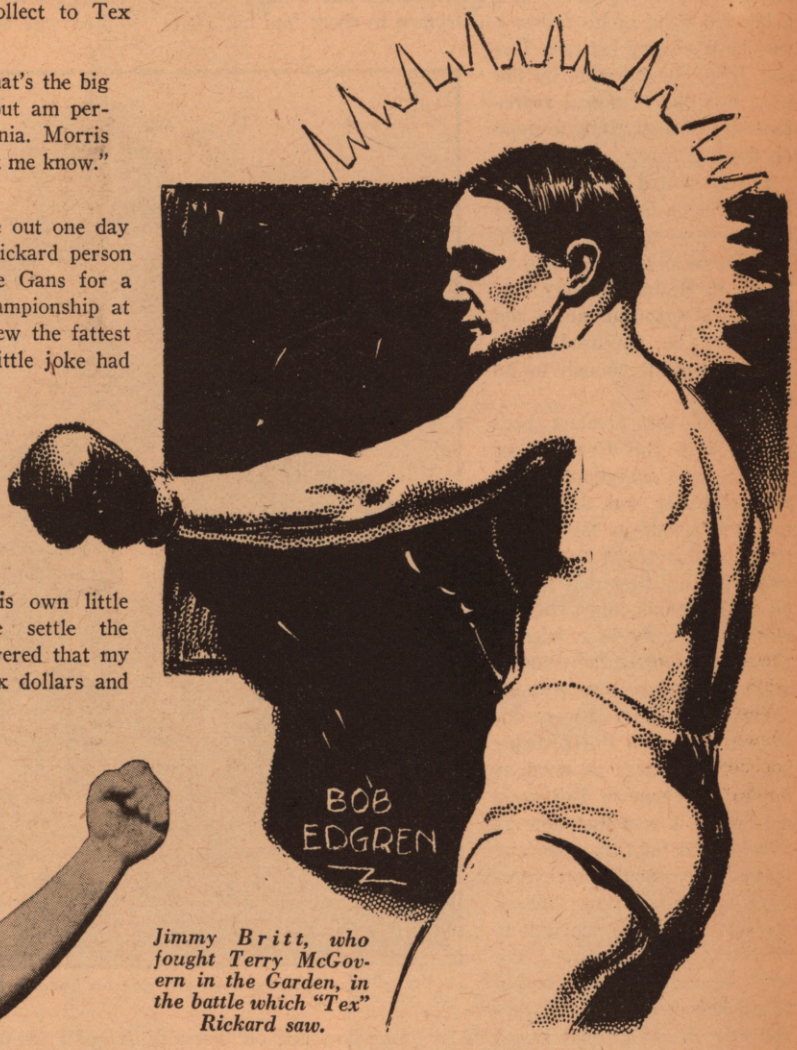
I found out later from Tex that when he sent that wire to me, he had given somebody a five-dollar gold piece to pay for it. I would have liked to meet that messenger, whoever he was, and bend a piece of iron pipe over his head, for evidently he had made an entry of five simoleons on the profit side of his own little ledger and let me settle the charges. I also discovered that my telegram cost Tex six dollars and that he was as mad as the well known moist pullet over the reply I sent him.



Terry McGovern, whom Humphreys managed.

Speaking of that Nelson-Gans fracas, by the way, you will remember that the verdict went to Gans on a foul. Motion pictures of the bout were shown all over the country to give the general public a chance to decide for themselves whether there was really a foul blow or not. I can give you some interesting inside stuff on that point.

Gans, who was a great friend of mine, told me some time afterward that he was disgusted with what he felt was the unfairness of Billy Nolan, Nelson's manager, in forcing him (Gans) to weigh in at the ringside with his complete fighting costume on, even including the gloves which weighed five ounces apiece. As the fight went along, Gans said, he was getting punch-drunk under the heavy attack of Nelson and he felt himself beginning to slip. Consequently, he watched his chance and at the first opportunity, claimed a foul. George Siler, the referee, allowed it and awarded the decision to Gans.



Jimmy Britt, who fought Terry McGovern in the Garden, in the battle which "Tex" Rickard saw.

The famous colored fighter told me in all earnestness—and I believe what he said—that had it not been for the Shylock tactics of Billy Nolan, he would never have thought of thus taking advantage of a situation but would have preferred to take his licking and lose.

* * *

THIS story has to do with the trials and tribulations of the wrestling game as it was a couple of decades ago. In those days wrestling wasn't much of a business from a box office standpoint. A good many of the bouts took place in theaters as side attractions and only the top notch engagements were rated as headliners.

While a great many fans undoubtedly associate my name chiefly with boxing, I had a good deal to do with mat attractions. In fact during a period about 16 years ago I promoted seven wrestling shows in Grand Central Palace. Billy Muldoon, one of the best known men in the sporting world and head of the New York State Athletic Commission, refereed all of these

bouts out of compliment to me and to help me put wrestling on its feet. Bill, by the way, is one of the best friends I ever had, and a prince among men.

During the period of which I am writing, Ernest Roeber was heavyweight wrestling champion. Other popular stars and contenders included such huskies as Tom Jenkins, Jim Galvin, Dan McLeod, John Parelli and Leo Pardello, who is the hero of this yarn. Frank Gotch, Americus and others were just coming along.

Leo Pardello, who was known as the Italian heavyweight champ, was a great character and a big favorite with the Italian people. Whenever he performed he was always sure of a big following of his fellow-countrymen to cheer him on. There was keen rivalry between Leo and John Parelli, who, by the way, was the first real representative of sunny Italy to show on the mat here.

If you wanted a good wrecking job done on any hall, and the scenery well messed up, Leo Pardello was the man to handle it. He had a merry way of tossing opponents about and whenever he appeared there was excitement enough to go around.

One of the greatest promoters was Bill Crowley, of Hartford, Connecticut, who you remember, was the man I told you about in the second story of this series as having given me my first real job as professional announcer. He, too, was one of my best friends. Contracts, written agreements and such like were superfluous documents when you were doing business with Bill Crowley for his word was as good as his bond. Whenever Bill made a promise it was the same as fulfilled and for that reason he was mighty popular with everybody who knew him. One of the biggest affairs marked up to Bill's credit as a promoter was the famous championship battle between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett in which the latter knocked off Terry's crown.

"Tex" Rickard, who would not be kidded by Humphreys.

In those days Sam Austin's office in the old Police Gazette was a clearing house for challenges and matchmaking of all kinds. Every sort of sporting character including foot racers, strong men, boxers, wrestlers, heel-and-toe hikers and such-like sooner or later presented themselves before Sam. I remember one time while I was in there a lad appeared who had waltzed—not walked or pedalled—but waltzed, mind you, all the way from California. He waltzed right into the Police Gazette office and made his bid for everlasting fame. All the nuts were not in sundaes!

Very frequently Bill Crowley, because of my friendship with the leading performers and my knack of locating them at almost any time, asked me to bring one or another down to Sam's office to meet Bill and sign up to compete in one of his shows. On this occasion, Crowley asked me to get Leo Pardello down there so that he could book him for a match. I located Leo and had him there at the appointed time. The big Italian and Bill immediately went into a debate with Bill offering a percentage proposition for him to meet a picked man at the Coliseum in Hartford.

Pardello balked at the idea of a percentage. It seems that at one time or another he had dragged down about $1.98 somewhere for a hard night's work and he was wary of this scheme of doing business. The promoter, however, began to talk about the big gates some of his other attractions had brought.

"How much?" asked Leo bluntly.

"Well," said Crowley, thoughtfully, "John Drew played to $1200 the last time he was there."

Just a grunt from Leo.

"Now take Chauncey Olcott," went on Bill, "he drew $1400."

"Olla-cot he draws $1400?" said the Italian, showing signs of interest.

"The best one was Henry Irving," said Bill quickly. "Irving the last time he was there played to over $1900."

Leo was now thoroughly impressed.

"Now I tella you whata you do, Meesta Crowl'," he said, "you go getta deesa Henry Irving and I wrastla heem!!"

* * *

WITH this story off my chest, I think I can get a laugh or two out of THE RING readers with a story about present-day high finance as compared to the finance of the fight game thirty-five to forty years ago. The cash demands of some of the present-day fighters make Wall Street high finance look like a game of marbles. If you don't think so, just listen to this story of a bout in which I was the master of ceremonies thirty-eight years ago. When that bout was over, both fighters were indebted to the promoters two dollars apiece. How? Well, just listen.

Johnny Regan was the promoter, the same Johnny who fought Jack Dempsey, the famous Nonpareil, at Sands Point, Long Island, N. Y., under London Prize Ring rules. Regan was operating the Pelican Athletic Club at 55th Street and Third Avenue, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y. For this show, he matched Ed Darrell and Hughie McWinters, two colored lightweights of that time, for a twenty-round socking bee. I was the announcer.

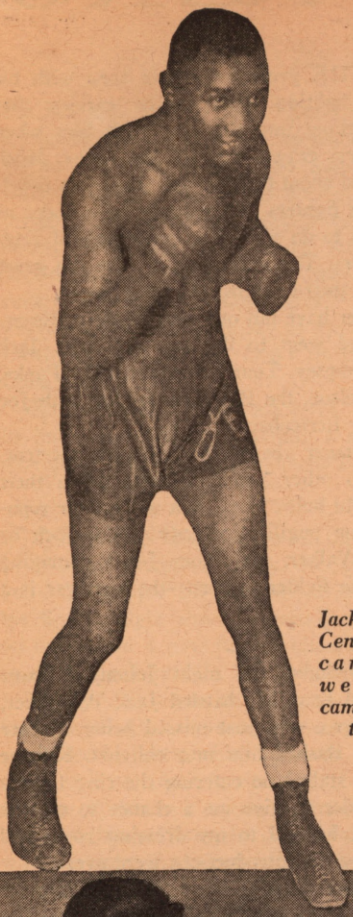
The boys agreed to accept fifty per cent of the gate for their night's labor and they were to cut this fifty-fifty between them. One of the conditions of their contract was that they were to contribute twenty-five dollars each to pay off the semi-final battlers. Try and get one of your up-to-date cauliflower ear magnates to listen to any such proposition as that!

Ed and Hughie fought a slam bang battle for twenty mean rounds. They were pretty evenly matched and it was a toss-up who had the better of the bargain. But after the fight the promoter handed both of them the most painful sock they had felt during the whole evening, when he slipped them the glad tidings that the total gate added up to ninety-two dollars. This gave the two fighters forty-six dollars to divide between them, and out of this they had to pay Johnny Regan twenty-five dollars apiece for the appetizer. You won't have to hire an accountant to figure out that this left each of them owing Johnny Regan two dollars.

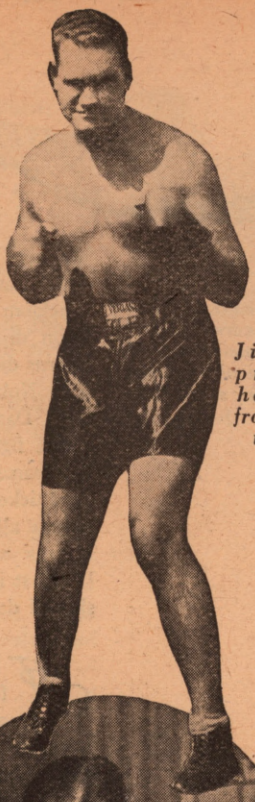
I guess that I've had more laughs out of the boxing game than any other individual, and I'll come back with at least a few more for you in subsequent installments.

(To Be Continued)

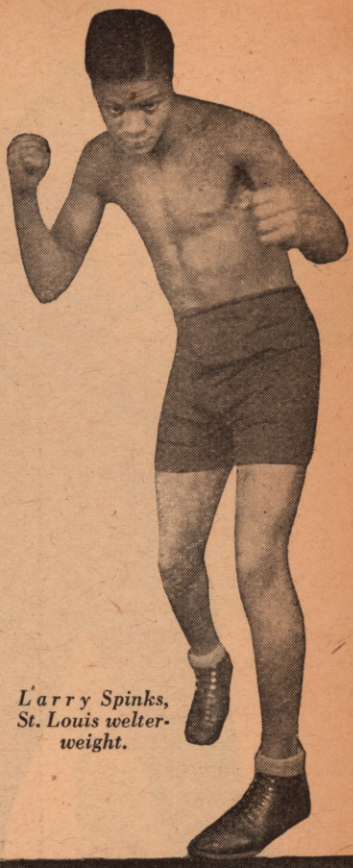
Making the Grade



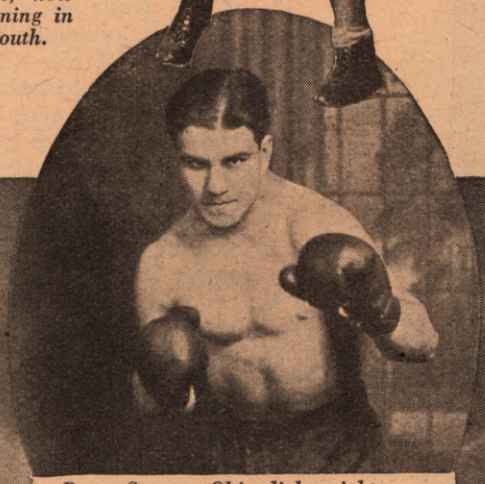
Jack Elverrillo, Central American welterweight, now campaigning in the South.



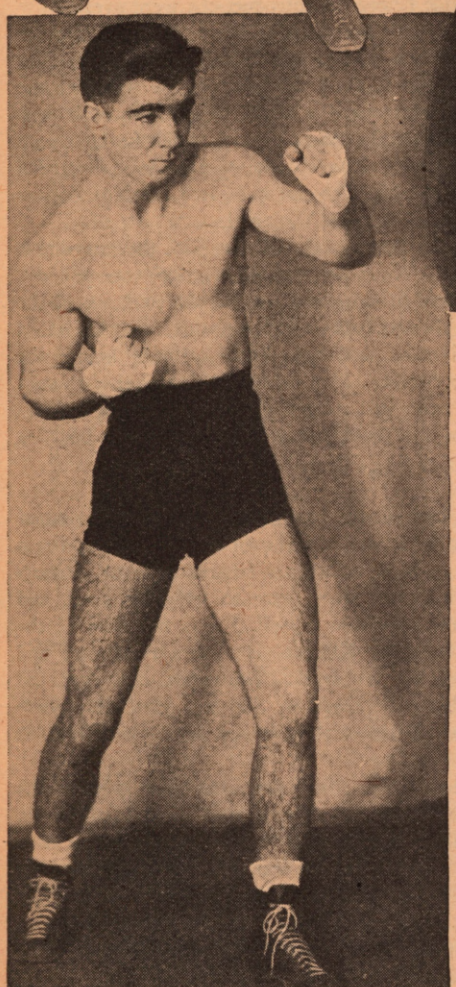
Jim Grose, promising heavyweight from Huntington, W. Va.



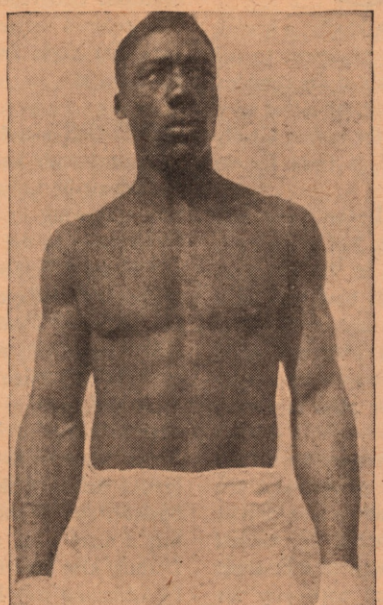
Larry Spinks, St. Louis welterweight.



Patsy Severo, Ohio lightweight contender, handled by Bud Creesy of Andover, Ohio.



Elly Davenport, one of the South's leading welterweights.



Oscar Matthews, Tallulah, La., heavyweight prospect.

Buddy Knox, rapid rising heavyweight from Dayton, Ohio.

FIGHTERS

Mexican Joe Rivers, great drawing card in the old fighting days of California.

THEY walk down the hall of memory, a kindly, a brutal, a naive and a scar-faced crew. They represent to me the unspoiled primitive, with just enough of the complex to make them interesting. Since making my *début* as a writer, I have met many of the leading artists of the nation. Gladly do I confess it, I would turn from nearly all of them for an evening with a company of bruisers.

For I, too, have traded wallops for bread. If the bread was bitter at times, it was only because the poet in me had a weakness for caviar. And caviar is a food which grows in the valley of boredom. Now, a tired writing person with eyes that have seen rather a trifle too much, I would trade a great deal of the glory to be once again a roughneck Irish lad with a whalebone body and a granite jaw. But then, I spoiled my career as a bruiser by watering the sprout of a writer in my head. The ideal is always just over the hill.

Life has always been a circus to me. It is smeared with the tawdry and the beautiful . . . . the intelligent person and the motion picture actress. I have heard childless club women chatter about the joys of motherhood. I have seen a harlot cry herself to sleep over a rag doll. I have heard scenario writers talk about their art—and I once met a young intellectual with pity for life.

But the bruisers are waiting . . . . their gloves all laced.

THE great bruiser is born with his fighting quality. He carries that something into the ring with him when he first crawls through the ropes. Much is said about trainers and managers developing fighters. They really have about as much to do with it as professors of English have in developing writers. The great bruiser, like the great writer, must always be on his guard against the little people.

Seldom does a manager ever have but one great fighter. Jimmy Dunn discovered Kilbane and went to the top with him. Jack Kearns did the same with Dempsey, Tom Jones with Billy Papke, Billy Nolan with Battling Nelson, the Baltimore barber with Joe Gans, Dan Hickey with Paul Berlenbach, and so on.

The fighter makes the manager always. If this were not true, the managers would develop other young fighters when their meal tickets are punched full of holes. Once in a while their reputations allow them to pick up pugilists already made—such as Kearns managing Mickey Walker, and Tom Jones managing Wolgast in his prime. But the fighter is born—the manager is a slob of destiny.

* * *

I BOXED the semi-windup the night Johnny Kilbane fought his first main bout. He battled Jack Whittaker, a lemon-colored Negro, who just missed being another Joe Gans. The wily Kilbane slashed him into oblivion. Kilbane and I were good friends. He stalled on entering the ring for his match with Whittaker, in order to give me a chance to see the opening round of his bout. I hurried to my dressing room and was back at the ringside before the introductions were over.

He entered the ring with the poise of Hugh Walpole late for tea. Whittaker, the lemon-colored master of boxing, eyed him from his corner. Kilbane ignored the master. He wore at the time a black cotton sweater and a smile of confidence. It was as if he saw the featherweight championship, which he later won and held for eleven years. The cotton sweater was discarded afterward for a robe of silk. The purse of two hundred dollars later grew into one of seventy-five thousand.

The gong rang for the first round. Kilbane, with the inscrutable smile, walked forward. No blow was struck for two minutes. Then Whittaker worked in close and was, in the parlance of the ring, tied into knots. He was held in such a position that his hands were useless. He might as well have been lecturing before the National Geographic Society. This continued for twelve rounds. The colored master, who just missed greatness, learned a great deal that night from the youngster with a genius for bruising in his head.

* * *

THREE months later I was again, by accident, on the same card with Kilbane. I was training in Findlay, Ohio, for a main bout in Lima. A week before my contest in Lima, Johnny was appearing in Findlay. I went there to train his rival, and incidentally to get into condition myself. I was not fond of the lad whom I helped train for Kilbane. He ran a restaurant and saloon and charged me for my drinks. The meals, of course, did not matter. I liked his wife, however. She was kind. But when Kilbane came to town I immediately joined forces with him. It was the only thing to do.

On the night of the contest I was prevailed upon to enter the ring with Young McGovern, whose opponent failed to show up. I was reluctant to take a chance with McGovern. He was a dangerous man. All the same, I had no fear. But my reasoning was businesslike. Should I lose to McGovern I would automatically lose a main bout, at much more money, the next week in Lima. I would also gain nothing by whipping him. He would gain much by whipping me. Pugilists are never conceited.

I stated my reasons to the promoters. They talked to McGovern. He promised to be good. Kilbane said to me, "Go on, Jimmy—you

I REMEMBER

By JIM TULLY

can lick him. He's a cinch." But I was not so sure. Kilbane was a pugilist genius and I was an embryo writer.

The story would end here had McGovern been "good." He wasn't. He came out of his corner, his leather mallets of agony flying. I never endured such a round. Plainly I was in for a double-cross, that thing which Arnold pulled on Washington. McGovern had beaten me to the getaway and I went to my corner, a blood-mad young mick.

Then I heard Kilbane say to me, "Keep on top of him, Jimmy. Battle hell out of him. Don't let him get set. He's out for the Lima date."

His voice was as soft as a girl's. A keen intuitive psychologist, he knew better than to irritate a man who was facing trouble. The gong rang and in a moment I was gone.

* * *

WE collided in the center of the ring. There was never such a half-minute of agony. McGovern backed away. "Come on you—and battle! I'll hang the cross around your neck!" I saw his lips go tight shut. He was the superior boxer. But I kept on top of him. I gave him no chance to get set. As a result I had to carry the fight at a heart-breaking pace.

I fought like a maniac . . . . the crowd stood . . . . I can still hear the thunder of its applause as I write. Kilbane had to get ready for his bout, which followed mine. Jimmy Dunn, his manager, took his place in the ring. An old ringster, who had held Freddie Welch to a twenty-round draw, his touch and his voice were soothing. "Keep in close, Jimmy—don't let him nail you with his right. And once you get in—battle like a fool. Step fast or he'll get a draw or maybe the decision."

He threw a spongeful of ice water on my back as the gong rang. It was like an electric shock. I ran clear across the ring and nailed McGovern in his corner. Never before had I been keyed up to such an elemental pitch. The sting of the double-cross hurt me. I won the bout in McGovern's corner in that round. I never again asked my fighter to be good in the ring.

Kilbane won that evening—I won in Lima. Our ways diverged.

A year later Kilbane was matched with Joe Rivers in California. I had preceded him to the Coast.

No man had ever stood in front of Rivers fifteen rounds. Kilbane, the lithe lad from Cleveland, faced the Mexican under a torrid sun. The scheme was, at the time, to railroad Rivers into the featherweight championship. Save for the cog that was Kilbane, the wheel of his life ran smoothly.

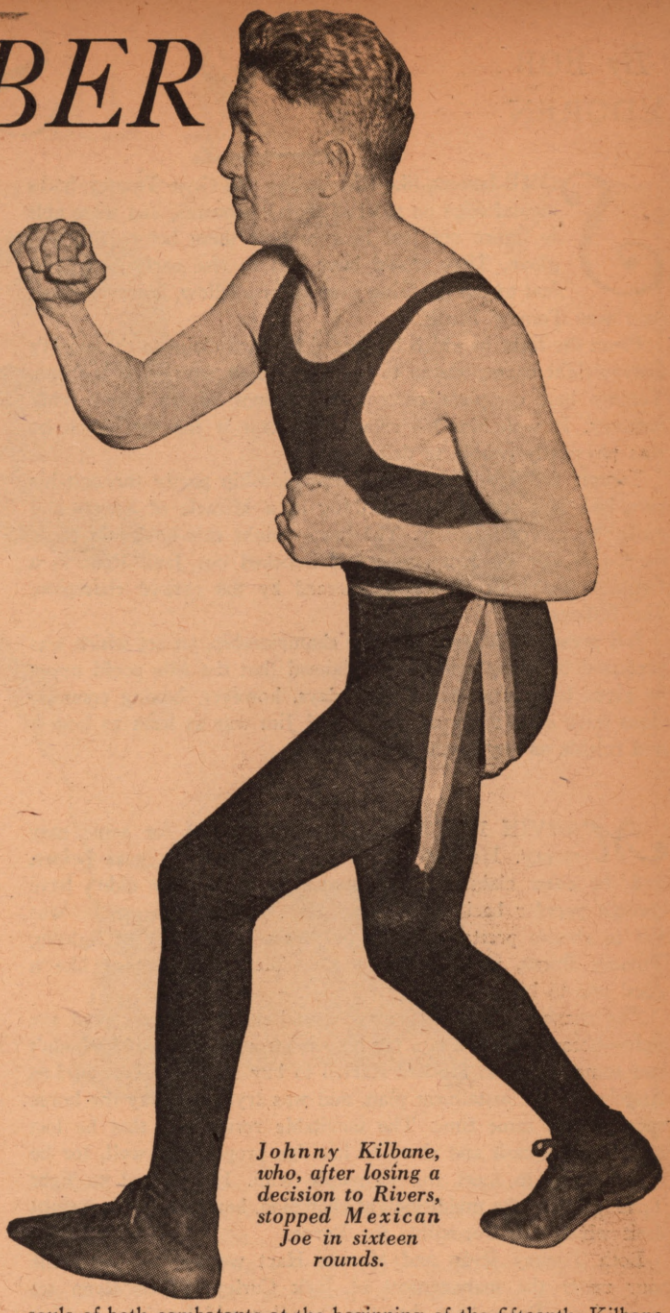
Charlie Eyton was the referee. Tom McCarey was the promoter. Nothing went as per schedule. The tiger that was Rivers had met his master. I heard McCarey say at the end of a heart-breaking round for Rivers, "I'll bet five thousand dollars I kin make him lick him." It must be remembered that Rivers was the greatest drawing card that ever fought in California. So McCarey had his reasons.

* * *

THERE was drama at the beginning of the fourteenth round. Could Rivers stop Kilbane as he had every other man before that period? He tore out of his corner, his lips skinned back, his muscles bulging. There was the roar of twenty thousand voices as he worked his way inside Kilbane's guard with a terrible uppercut. The blood gushed from the future champion's teeth. His brain was befuddled. The instinct of genius remained. Breast covered with blood, head woozy, his frame shattered with the impact of blows from one of the greatest infighters alive, he yet managed to save himself. And during the last half-minute of the round he was on top again.

The stillness of desert midnight came at the end of the fourteenth. Kilbane, the challenger from Cleveland, had survived. Both bruisers trekked wearily to their corners.

Something deeply and differently psychological entered the souls of both combatants at the beginning of the fifteenth. Kilbane seemed to feel that Rivers could not stop him. And Rivers seemed to feel that he could not stop Kilbane.



Johnny Kilbane, who, after losing a decision to Rivers, stopped Mexican Joe in sixteen rounds.

The Irishman held a bloody left in the Mexican's face. It worked like a piston rod. Rivers shook his head and rushed. Kilbane's right streaked upward and caught him in the pit of the stomach. Rivers staggered backward. The crowd stood again. The inscrutable smile blended with a sneer on Kilbane's face.

He held his mastery till the end of the twentieth, and last, round. Then he knocked Rivers down. Eyton hesitated and held Rivers' hand up, indicating that Rivers had won by a decision. Kilbane cried in his corner.

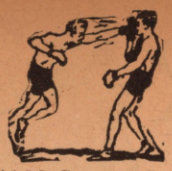
* * *

THE irony of it all was the aftermath. Eyton's unfair action did not get Rivers any closer to the featherweight championship. It ruined his chances for the lightweight crown as later events will prove.

Kilbane was forced to meet three men before he was given another chance at Rivers. He met and defeated Joe Coster, Patsy Kline and Frankie Connelly. On their second meeting, he knocked Rivers out in sixteen rounds. Two months later, he defeated Abe Attell for the championship, and remained champion eleven years.

After Eyton had robbed Kilbane of the decision, Lightweight Champion Wolgast and his manager, Tom Jones, came to his corner, where a few of us consoled him. Wolgast said very slowly, "That's the rawest deal I ever saw. Eyton'll never referee another fight of mine while I'm champion." *(Continued on page 43)*

By BOB EDGREN



SMART

SOME boxers, like Kid McCoy and Gene Tunney, had a mental edge on most of their opponents, and were able to figure out just how to beat them before lifting a glove. They would have had to rise early and think fast to put anything over on one fellow, however. That man was Tommy Burns.

From the fight in which he gained his first claim to the world's heavyweight championship to his losing bout with Jack Johnson, Tommy had complete control on account of his clever ring strategy. It won him his crown and kept it for him when he was physically unable to defend it.

Tommy fell into the world's championship partly through his own bad luck—which is something of a Miracle of Sport—and partly by clever planning. The heavyweight title-holder in those days was Marvin Hart, who had knocked out Jack Root in a twelve-round bout at Reno, refereed by the retired champion, Jim Jeffries.

Jeff presented Marvin with the championship, an act which was protested by many critics who claimed that the title could never be given to anyone. Since those days, however, boxing commissions have done the same thing, and Jim was at least as honest and reiable as any boxing commission.

* * *

MARVIN HART began looking around for some easy money. He had beaten Jack Johnson the year before, and the other claimants to heavyweight supremacy didn't have enough popular backing to force Hart into a fight—so he was left to choose pretty much as he pleased. The idea of fighting Tommy Burns, who was only a middleweight, seemed like a good one to him.

The chances are that Tommy would never have accepted the fight—because Hart was a far bigger, stronger man—if he hadn't had some bad luck. He had started to buy some property in Los Angeles on the instalment plan, and was trying to play the horse races at the same time. The inevitable result was that he lost all his ready cash and stood to lose his property as well, for he had nothing to meet the payments with. He wanted to fight Tommy Ryan, the middleweight champion, but Ryan set a weight limit which was impossible for Burns.

Both Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart were on a vaudeville tour under the management of Jack Curley. When Ryan set terms for a Burns bout that the Canadian middleweight couldn't meet, Hart talked Curley into trying to arrange a fight with Burns for the heavyweight championship.

* * *

PROMOTER TOM McCAREY in Los Angeles was wired to get Burns' consent. He found Burns at the race track, thinking about that property, and convinced him that he should take the fight. Tommy wouldn't be convinced until McCarey agreed to split the purse fifty-fifty or sixty-forty. In those days, the winner's end was customarily much bigger than the loser's, and this arrangement was somewhat novel.

McCarey wired Curley that Burns had accepted the fight. The papers were full of it. Shortly before the night of the bout, Curley and Hart arrived in Los Angeles, and refused to sign the articles unless the purse were split seventy-five per cent to the winner and twenty-five per cent to the loser.

Burns was very angry at this new turn of events, but he couldn't afford to back out of the fight because there had already been so much publicity about it. He signed, and immediately began figuring ways and means of winning . . . . and taking home that seventy-five per cent!

* * *

HE sent Frank Lewis, his trainer, to visit Hart's training quarters. Lewis brought back a report that Hart was big, strong, and game, but very short-tempered.

That immediately gave Burns an idea. On the night of the fight, the two men clambered into the ring and made an immediate contrast. Hart was big, hulking, powerful. Burns was little. He was so much shorter than Hart that it looked as if he had no chance; although the fact was that Burns had a phenomenal reach for a man of his size and was quite well able to take care of himself.

Burns had a lot of extra bandage on his hands, which he had wrapped on for a purpose. Hart came over to his corner, looming big above him, and vigorously objected to the bandages. "You've gotta take some of that off!" roared Hart.

Burns said, mildly, "But it's the same amount of bandage I always use against middleweights . . . ."

Hart growled, "I don't care. Take it off."

Burns kept talking to Hart in a very soft-voiced way, until he had the attention of every fight fan in the house. When he sensed that the right moment had come, Burns pushed Hart away. "G'wan," he shouted. "Go back to your own corner!" And then he ducked, as if Marvin were threatening to take a punch at him.

* * *

THE little by-play had exactly the desired effect, and everyone in the arena, convinced that big Hart was trying to bully little Burns, rose up and booed. Hisses and catcalls rained down on the champion's head. Hart took one startled look around the ring, then a look back at the cunning smile on Burns' face, and completely lost his temper. He blew a mile high. Burns had his goat at the start, which was a very important thing in his plan.

He wanted Hart to rush in wildly and waste his strength, because he felt that it would be easy for him to avoid wild rushes, as he was much the faster man.

The plan worked beautifully. Burns kept Hart angry all during the fight by taunting him. He closed Hart's right eye in the fifth round, and by dancing around to the blind side landed some blows that nearly put Hart out in the fourteenth. From then on, his seconds instructed him to box carefully for the decision. He won, the "world's heavyweight championship" title going with the bout, and the seventy-five per cent end of the purse.

* * *

TOMMY went on to beat Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the other leading claimant to the title in America, and then he knocked out Bill Squires, the champion of Australia, and Gunner Moir, the champion of England.

Squires nearly put him away with the first punch he swung. Burns was practically out on his feet. He leaned on Squires' shoulder, holding on, and whispered: "Say, Squires, what's the matter? Can't you fight, or won't you?"

Bill was so astounded that he backed away, lost a chance to nail Tommy again, and fell a victim to Burns' right in that same round.

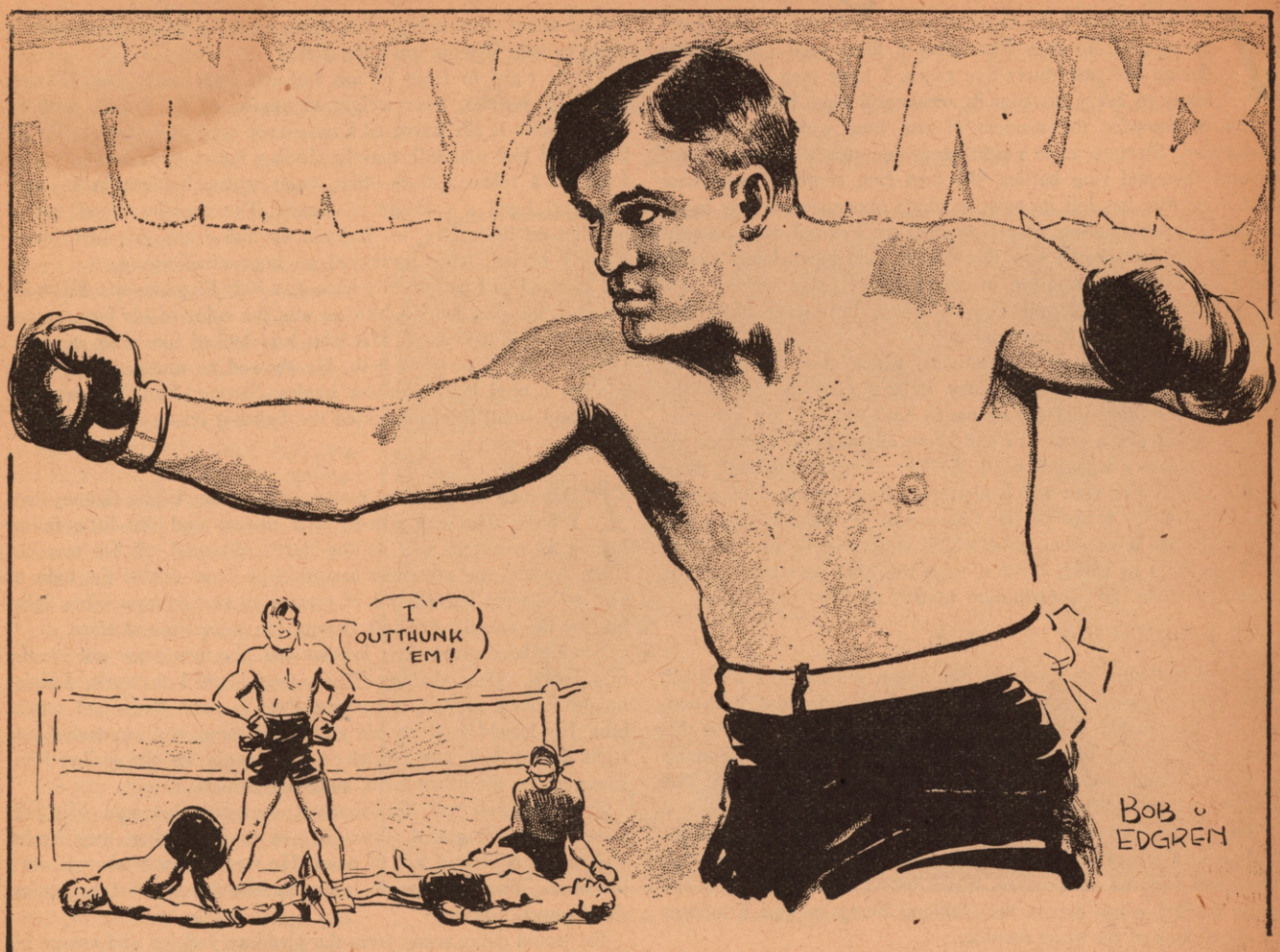
"I swung it with everything I had," said Burns afterward. "If I had failed then, I don't know what would have happened. He had a terrific wallop."

* * *

GUNNER MOIR was another victim of Burns' psychology. The Gunner was a big, tough customer. He looked the part of a scrapper. Fourteen pounds heavier and a head taller than Burns, he seemed like a hard proposition. Before the opening gong, he sat in his corner and glowered ferociously at Burns. Tommy gave him one casual, contemptuous glance, and leaned back against the ropes, thoroughly relaxed, and chatting lightly with his seconds. At the bell he came easily from his corner, with a cool, taunting smile, and toyed with his opponent as if it were only an exhibition.

That smile and that calm assurance had completely robbed Gunner Moir of his confidence. His backers, who had expected to see him rush in slugging for all he was worth, were amazed to see big, battle-scarred Moir backing away apprehensively,

FIGHTERS



watching Tommy's right. With his opponent in such a state of mind, Tommy let the fight go about as far as he wanted it to.

Some say he put over his smashing right to the jaw early in the tenth round because he saw the referee's coat go sailing out of the ring into the first row of committee seats.

Tommy had insisted that the referee should be handed the full purse—the equivalent of $5000—in Bank of England notes, and should keep it on his person in the ring to be paid to Burns immediately upon conclusion of the bout.

Eugene Corri, who was referee, found it was much too warm a night to be wearing a coat, and just before the tenth round tossed his coat over the ropes into the committee seats!

It was as safe in those seats in the National Sporting Club as it would have been in a bank vault, but Burns may have had his doubts. At any rate, he smacked the Gunner on the chin and that was that.

* * *

BURNS fought Squires again, in Australia, under conditions where he had every reason to expect defeat. Yet once more his quick thinking pulled him through.

The fight was the first of the promotional ventures of Hugh McIntosh. Hugh figured that the presence of the American fleet in Sydney Harbor on a visit would mean a great crowd if he could arrange a fight between Burns and the Australian champion.

He sent Burns a cable, to England, promising him $14,000 if he would fight Squires in Sydney. Burns accepted. When he arrived in Australia he went right into training and soon got into shape. Just before the fight he came down with a bad case of influenza; and you know how bad that can be when it strikes hard. If he hadn't been an athlete in the peak of condition, he couldn't have stood on his feet.

The night before the fight he was examined by Sir Herbert Maitland, one of the greatest doctors in Australia, and Sir Herbert ordered him not to go through with the bout. He was in no condition to fight.

The fleet was making a short stay, however, and Burns wanted that $14,000. The next afternoon, he climbed through the ropes ready to fight the Australian champion, before an Australian crowd. If he had expected any support from the American sailors, he got a great shock when he went into the arena, for there wasn't a sailor in sight. A rumor had gotten out in the fleet that the fight was going to be a phoney, and they had determined to waste no money on it. The gatekeeper afterwards said that two American sailors, both pickled, were the only visitors from the ships.

* * *

SQUIRES was a murderous puncher, strong as a bull, and fighting for the world's championship before a crowd of his own people. The title was in his hands, and he didn't know it, because no news of Burns' illness had yet leaked out.

If he had rushed in, he could have bowled Burns over in short order and taken the title. But he didn't. And here's why:

In the first round, both men came out slowly. Squires was cautiously watching that right hand of Tommy's which had put him to sleep before. He gingerly tried a left hook, and then clinched.

Burns whispered in his ear: "Take it easy, Bill. Don't worry. I'm gonna carry you along for a few rounds!"

Bill, quite convinced from his former experience that Tommy could end the fight whenever he wanted to, mumbled something like "Thanks, Tommy . . . ." and his chance for the title went soaring away.

He stalled and sparred along for thirteen rounds, when Tommy caught him wide open for a right hander and let him have it. Down went Squires. Down and out.

FITZ-JEFF FIGHT

IN my travels from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from New York to San Francisco, I have seen many fights during the past thirty-five years. I have seen most of the kings of every division in action and have had an opportunity to compare the masters of our time with the stars of yesteryear. Strange as it might seem for one who has viewed several thousand ring battles, the first ring contest I ever saw is the one that has left its most indelible impression on my mind. Recently, after reading an article in THE RING, I was brought back to the day when I saw this contest, and how vividly everything in that bout stood out in my memory! Gone are the days of Jeff, Fitz, Corbett and Tom Sharkey, but never will their memorable battles be forgotten!

In the story on Bob Fitzsimmons, which started me on my reminiscences, the weight of Ruby Robert, given as 162 by the writer, is the thing that caused me to hunt through my souvenirs and to bring out a program and some clippings to convince me that my memory was still good. As I've already remarked, there is not a fight I've seen which impressed itself on my mind as did the Fitz-Jeffries battle on the Coast, and in order to get a few of the details before the public which were missing in that story in THE RING to which I refer, with the kind permission of the Editor, I make this contribution to this glorious publication.

* * *

WHAT a fight that was in San Francisco on July 25, 1902, between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries for the championship of the world! If you recall, it was two years prior to this event that Jeffries had won the championship from Fitzsimmons at Coney Island, and the return match was the attempt of old Bob to stage a comeback and restore the crown to his bald head.

To me, the return event was electrical. It caught me at Lake Tahoe in California. I hurried down the Sierras to catch the Overland Limited at Truckee, which brought this wild-eyed and pulse-thrilled youth across the Oakland Ferry to San Francisco at six o'clock of the same evening.

A cop told me to buy a ticket at Harry Corbett's saloon on Market Street. Harry was a brother of Jim Corbett, the former heavyweight champion. He also had been one of the big league star pitchers. He had a "rep" all his own along with brother Jim, and he also owned and ran a splendid saloon.

"How much are the seats for the fight tonight?" said I with as natural a voice as possible to control nerves already on a spree.

"Ringside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifteen dollars," Corbett replied.

I took that ticket with something like the respect one holds for the Bible, pocketed it securely away and made for the arena.

The fight was held in a huge tent. In placing the center pole, a hole had been torn in the top, and as the contestants entered the ring, I looked up to see the moon looking us over.

* * *

MUCH has been written of Fitzsimmons' scant weight and what a giant Jeffries was. As a matter of fact, for this contest, the Australian scaled 172, and the Californian 225 pounds, but it was from the waist up that Bob carried most of his weight. He was shaped like a "V." For instance, Bob's waist was thirty-two, while Jeffries had a thirty-five waist. Yet at the shoulders there was nothing to choose between the men.

Fitzsimmons entered the ring first. He took the corner opposite me. He had thrown over him an ordinary bathrobe. As he sat in his corner alone and unsmiling, he looked to me like some Scotch-Presbyterian deacon ready to pass the plate.

A few seconds later, a fellow for all the world the looks of a big tough, threw himself over the ropes in my corner. He had on a soiled blue suit, black sweater and sport cap. He stood a moment awkwardly as though figuring out what to do, and then removed his pants, coat, sweater and crumpled the cap into the bundle, looked about uncertainly, wondering what to do with it, when a voice called, "Throw 'em here, Jeff."

There, right in front of me, not ten feet away, was Jeffries, James J. Jeffries, heavyweight champion of the world, with as much power in his frame as I have ever seen in any man. To me he looked like that tall, massive Indian figure you used to see in front of a tobacco store—that great statue holding in its outstretched hand a package of cigars. The muscles stood out in bunches on his calves, his hairy body and arms. His hair black, slightly curled, truly portrayed an impressive figure.

I glanced half pathetically across at Bob Fitzsimmons. His robe was off, his skin ivory white, as was the color of his face, accentuated by his bald head. His lean legs looked like whip cords of bone covered with scant flesh. He showed no muscles, unless the patches behind both shoulder blades. Strong, lean, his powerful body and small head expressed the fighting frame of a thoroughbred.

* * *

THE men came to the center of the ring. Eddie Graney was referee. He was attired in a tuxedo and the little fellow looked as smart as silk as the lights glistened off his starched shirt. And let me say right here that he came out of the fight as neat as he went into the job of governing two heavyweights fighting for the world's greatest charm. He looked immaculate.

Having been given their instructions, the men came out for the first round. After shaking hands, they started to work. Jeffries fought from a crouch, a position that Tommy Ryan had taught him. He leaned over to his right, left hand well extended and right drawn back like a rattler's head ready for the strike. Fitzsimmons, on the other hand, stood up straight.

From the first bell, Fitzsimmons went after his man. His jabs were fast and frightful. Travelling but a few inches, they landed with a zip that was full of snap. He would clinch after landing his blows, break at the referee's command and start his quick, short punches again.

He would dance away from the plodding Jeffries and escape his lunges, and then suddenly dart in again, ripping his fists to the big fellow's face. By the third round, Jeffries was bleeding from mouth, nose and cut face. The blood would gather on his hairy chest and there was a smear on Fitzsimmons after a clinch, but the immaculate Graney had none of it. He stood off to one side, called "Break," and at his word, the fighters would obey and break clean.

In the fifth round, after a clinch, Fitzsimmons let go a tremendous uppercut that grazed Jeffries' chin. It was so close the crowd breathed a loud "Ah." It threw Bob completely off balance so that his right, missing the chin, sailed upward arm's length, while Jeffries was that startled by his close call he did not make a move. Had that punch landed, there would have been no doubt of a regained championship.

* * *

HOW power presses, so slow, sure and confident it is. Well are huge war ships called dreadnaughts. Yes, when mass gets under way, it is almost cruel in its calculating power.

I won't say more as a warning to you, but this started in the sixth. Jeffries began crowding Fitzsimmons. He had been leaning heavily on him in the clinches throughout the fight, and when the men broke, he had been pressing him step by step.

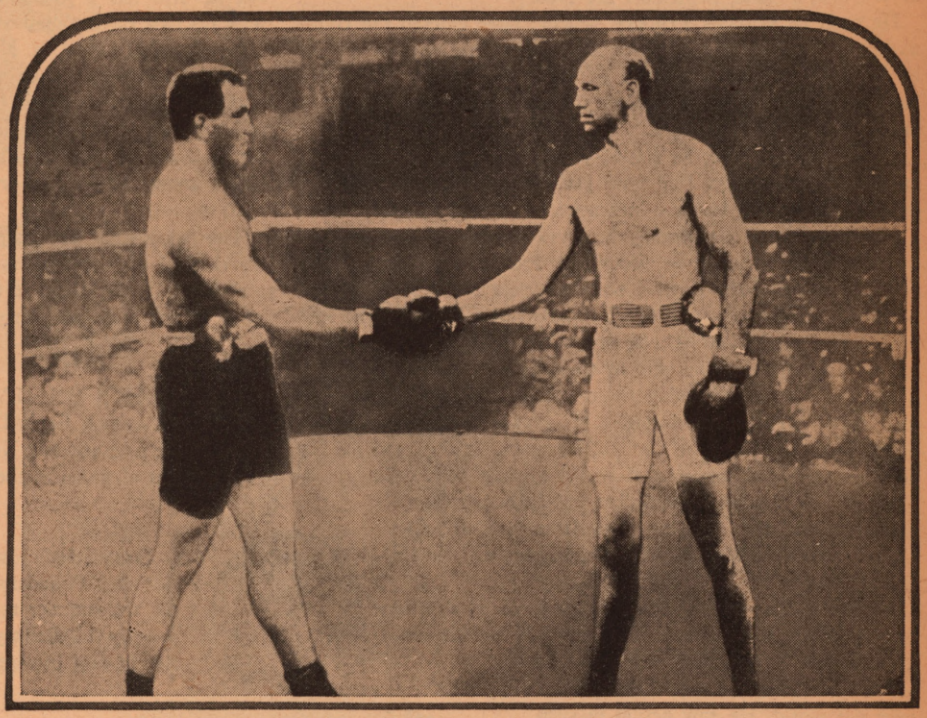
As Bob drove in his jabs following with a clinch, Jeffries would dig his right at that moment into his mid-section. I could see Bob compress his lips and knew those blows hurt. He began taking more care keeping away from Jeffries. He would drop his hands when cornered, dodge and dance away from the dark giant, and when in the clear, would bring his hands up again.

The fight had been magnificent up through that round. A man well nigh forty years old was more than holding his own with one of twenty-five in the full flush of his strength! He was doing better than this! He was carrying the fight to the youth!

RECALLED

By VINCENT WOODBURY

Canadian Sportsman Gives Vivid Description of the First Bout He Had Ever Seen—Names Leading Heavyweights



Ruby Robert and Jim Jeffries shaking hands before the start of their second bout.

You could have heard a pin drop during the rounds, but between the rounds, the crowd was so thrilled that it let loose with rolls of yells that resounded throughout the great tent like the roar of a forest fire. During the fighting, you could hear the men breathe, but between the rounds, you cut loose like a college maniac with his team on the five-yard line with two downs to go. I've seen many fights since this, my first one, but never one of such tense and dramatic intensity. It seemed like one great coordination between men and crowd.

In the seventh there was no question that Jeffries was getting in his slams as Fitzsimmons came to close quarters and that the blows were definitely wearing down the Australian. While the giant's face was badly punished and a mass of blood, still I could see no apparent weakening in his frame. He kept continuously after Fitzsimmons in a clumsy sort of way, advancing flatfooted and taking it in order to get close and give some.

On the other hand, Fitzsimmons had been fighting at top speed. He had done some beautiful feinting. His leg work had been marvelous for a man his size. He kept dodging out of corners, sidestepping and getting away from close quarters, but it had taken something out of him and his pace was slowing down.

* * *

THE eighth round came. The fighters continued, Fitzsimmons with his slams to the face and Jeffries pounding the ribs as Fitzsimmons sought his clinch. The Californian crowded the Australian closer and closer, and cornered him in the section of the ring directly opposite me.

There, as Fitzsimmons dropped his hands and started to dance away and dodge out of the troubled corner, Jeffries jumped quickly forward, hooked his left to Bob's jaw and then curled over his right to land with terrific force below Bob's heart. The blow had all the power and backing of that massive form behind it and down went the lighter man. Jeffries won by a knockout.

A few seconds later, Fitzsimmons rose. The crowd had hardly moved. The fans stood with a feeling of awe and regret as though in benediction above the still silent form of the once great and masterly Bob Fitzsimmons. The old champion rose slowly, walked to the center of the ring and called out: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my last fight," and, wrenching off one of his gloves, he flung it wildly into the crowd.

Going down Market Street on the cable car to catch the midnight train for Nevada, I passed by the San Francisco *Examiner* building, and there on the screen which had been giving the fight to the assembled crowd stood out in bold type:

"Fight faked. Jeffries wins on a fake."

I looked at the report in astonishment and found myself saying, "If that was a fake fight, let's have more of them."

Now let's reminisce a moment longer. In the first place, I surmise there is not a reader of this account who ever knew of this *Examiner* flash. It was not recorded in any other papers that I noticed. The statement of the San Francisco *Examiner* was to the effect that they had received a letter requesting it not to be opened until after the fight, and that this letter stated the fight was fixed for Jeffries to win in the *eighh round.* The *Examiner* had a reporter at the ringside and he also stated in the account reported in the paper that he had heard Fitzsimmons murmur "Hit me" just before Jeffries made the knockout.

I was not over thirty feet away at the time of these decisive blows. In fact, Fitzsimmons was facing me. I had eagerly watched every move, and when Fitzsimmons dropped his hands, just as he had done before when getting out of corners, his lips did move, but it was as to draw a breath and for no spoken word. I do not believe he said a word. I could never understand why the Hearst papers did not attempt to clear the matter after publishing that unfair statement.

Another matter of which much is written even now is that Fitzsimmons had his bandages "doctored" so that they were as hard as rocks, and which accounted for the terrible slashing Jeffries took. This seems to me a dull excuse.

Jeffries was hit and hit plenty hard. Those jolts came like pistons from a machine. Moreover, why would Fitzsimmons remove his glove and expose his bandages if anything was wrong with them? Those bandages had been examined by seconds and approved by a reliable referee, Eddie Graney, prior to the fight.

To that fair Valhalla of fighting men with brave hearts has gone Robert Fitzsimmons, while James Jeffries is now a rancher in southern California. To both men go praise and glory, for they were true and great fighters.

They kicked little about the purse but much when they didn't get a chance to fight. They, and they alone, laid the foundation for the million-dollar gate. Champions of such undoubted ability they were. May we group the leaders together, you and I: Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey, and one just outside always looking anxiously in is our U. S. sailor boy, Tom Sharkey. That's my choice of our greatest heavyweights.

JUST RASSLIN'

By NAT FRANK

ABIE COLEMAN, squat wrestler and Jewish champion, was the last of a baker's dozen family. This thirteenth child, of a family of seven boys and six girls, was born in Warsaw, Poland, September 20, 1906.

He went to Warsaw Primary School; later entered the Gymnasium, or high school as it is known here. At the age of 16, he prevailed upon his parents to allow him to travel to this land, so that he might be able to pick up a trade and eventually bring all the Colemans here.

On his arrival here, he settled in Brooklyn and got a job in an ice cream factory. For four years he toiled there and the labor made his five feet five inches frame as hard as steel.

Weighing then 160 pounds, he chose to become an amateur matman after seeing two prominent pro stars in action. He joined a gymnasium, learned the finer points of the trade and when he thought he was ready, he started out. How well he succeeded, is proved when he won the middleweight and light-heavyweight amateur championship of Canada.

Six months after winning those crowns, Coleman turned pro and started off as a heavyweight. He gradually outgrew the 175-pound class and today he scales 215 pounds. In the years he has been grappling, Coleman saw action against such great champions as Jim Londos, Dick Shikat, Ed Strangler Lewis, Joe Stetcher, the late big Jim Browning, Ed Don George, Danno O'Mahony, Gus Sonnenberg and Stanislaus Zbyszko.

So spectacular a showman, as well as a wrestler of ability was this "sawed off shotgun of wrestledom," as Coleman is frequently termed, that his services soon became in demand all over the world. He saw action in such far off places as Australia, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Europe, Africa, India, Canada and South America. It was while in Australia that Abie developed his now well copied drop-kick, a method of attack that takes his foes unawares and flattens them like a pancake. He is also proficient in the use of the flying tackle and the toe and wrist holds as well as headlocks.

Through this activity, Coleman realized his ambition to earn enough money to bring to this Country his mother and her entire brood. The Colemans today reside in various sections of the Nation, so no matter where Abie is billed to wrestle, he invariably has a reunion with some member of his family.

* * *

THE Australian wrestling champion, Tommy Nylan, is in this country to find out how good the grapplers in this section of the world really are.

Nylan, who holds the rare distinction of being the shortest matman in the world, standing only 5 feet 4 inches, and scaling 205 pounds, comes here with the record of having vanquished all of the foes in his native land and the surrounding South Seas.

Tommy, inventor of the dreaded Kangaroo Kick, which has been copied here and called the drop-kick, says he won the title from Tom Alley, of surf board fame. Nylan also conquered such men as Stanley Pinto, Joe Malcewicz, Herbie Freeman and many others of that class.

The new Australian champion is one of the showiest of matadors. Not only does he have the ability to successfully cope with the outstanding wrestlers of this vicinity, but he also has a knack of winning the audience to his side with his hair raising methods.

Nylan saw action in New Zealand, Tasmania, the various South Sea Islands, Japan and China. He not only relies on his Kangaroo-kick to win his bouts, but he also possesses a variety of holds that spell torture for his foes. Nylan is also a past master at using the popular Far Eastern style of muscale breaking, better known as Jiujitsu or Jujutsu, whichever way you care to spell it.

The "Down Under" grappler is in this country to prove that his method of wrestling is far superior to the American Style and stands ready to prove it against anyone. Tommy is only 22 years of age and has been going to the post for four years.

* * *

SIDELIGHTS ON MATMEN:

Believe it or not, Ernie Dusek, captain of the Riot Squad, is a killer in the ring and out. Nebraskans will tell you he is one of the best hunters of game in their state.

* * *

Stan Sokolis, when not wrestling, is chief supervisor for the Philadelphia playgrounds in the winter time. In the summer months, the former captain of the University of Pennsylvania football and wrestling teams is chief of life guards at Wildwood, N. J.

* * *

Can any wrestling fan picture Sailor Al Billings reading fairy tales? Yes, this mat maniac finds great pleasure absorbing Anderson's works.

* * *

Joe Cox, Kansas City Krasher, is the owner of a modern cafe in Mountain View, Mo. You guessed wrong, he is not the bouncer. On the contrary, Cox is well liked by everyone who patronizes him.

* * *

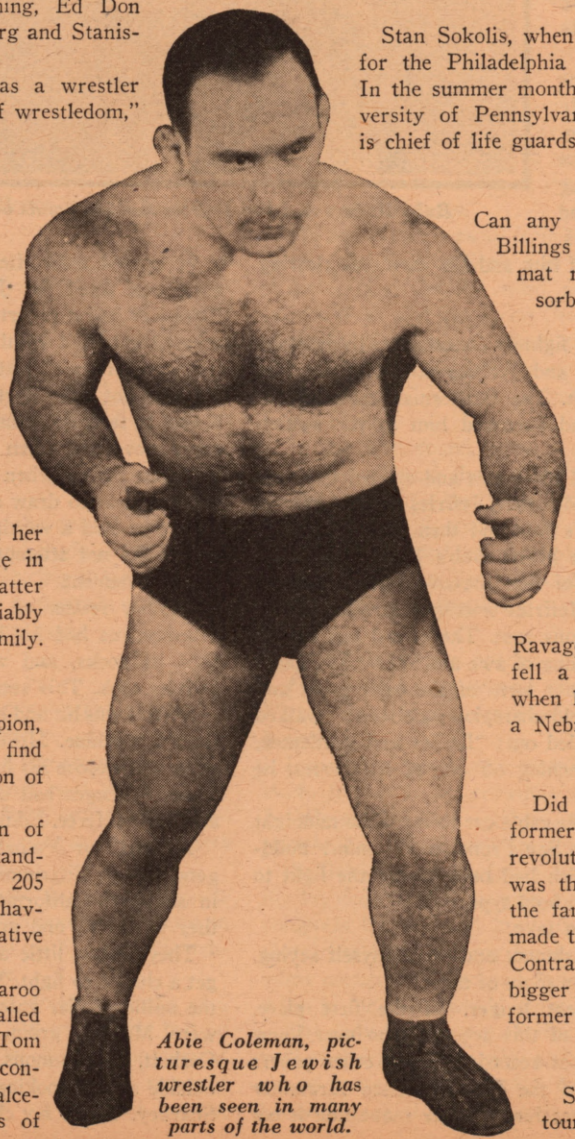
Stanley Pinto, the Ravenna Ravager, found, by accident, that he can fell a human with a forearm smash, when he knocked over a wild steer on a Nebraska farm.

* * *

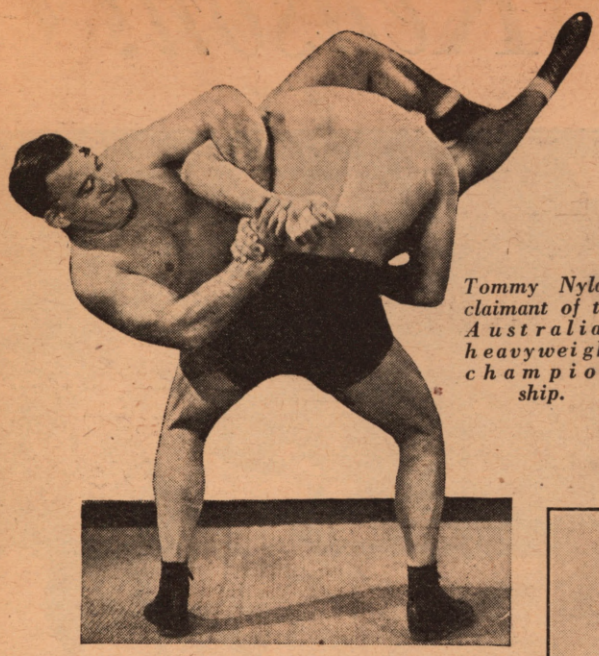
Did you know that Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, with his flying tackle, revolutionized the wrestling game? It was this means of attack that brought the fans in through the turnstiles and made the sports world wrestling minded. Contrary to belief, Sonnenberg drew bigger gates than Jim Londos, another former world champion.

* * *

Speaking of Jim Londos, he is touring the world, and at present



Abie Coleman, picturesque Jewish wrestler who has been seen in many parts of the world.



Tommy Nylan, claimant of the Australian heavyweight championship.

is engaged in a series of bouts in South Africa. Jemmy is still a great drawing card.

* * *

That scar adorning the forehead of Count George Zarynoff was the result of a meeting with Karl Pojello.

* * *

The entire Dusek quartet were pelted with every known missile for their unorthodox tactics, yet out of the ring, they are well liked by all.

* * *

Henry Piers, Holland champion, has a miniature of the huge ocean liner on which he served as second mate. This flying Dutchman can spiel off those sea yarns as interestingly as any veteran of the bounding main.

* * *

Did you know that Scotty McDougall, the barefoot grappler, has a hobby of breeding race horses and blue ribbon canines?

* * *

And that Abie Coleman, squat Jewish champion, no matter where he travels, always manages to find a relative resident.

* * *

Tommy Nilan, Australian mite, lays claim to being the world's smallest heavyweight wrestler. He stands 5 feet 4¾ inches, ¼ of an inch less than the above mentioned Abie Coleman. Both tip the beam at 205 pounds.

* * *

The leopard skin draped around the body of Matros Kirilenko, Russian Cossack, came into his possession when he slew the animal on a hunting trip.

* * *

Irish Jack Donovan was named after a popular Irish king of yore. Donovan's middle name is Brian, after King Brian Boru.

* * *

Cliff Olsen has a collection of skis and snow shoes. He is fond of the outdoor life and never misses a chance to take good advantage of his opportunities at using them when the winter season rolls around.

* * *

Chief Joe Little Beaver, Cherokee grappler, pays more attention to his valuable dogs than to himself.

Abe Yourist, former all-around star athlete who has made good in the pro wrestling ranks.

WHEN Abe Yourist, Jewish star, enters the ring, mat fans will see in this former all-around star of Heidelberg University of Tiffan, O., one of the most colorful grapplers in the business.

Yourist graduated in 1932, and he excelled as a member of the grid eleven. He was picked All-American in his last year and for three years was on the All-Ohio squad. He was an All-America basket ball player, was supreme on the baseball nine, and ranked with the headliners on the track team. He took to professional wrestling in 1934.

During 1932, he was the mainstay on the Chicago Bears football team the year they won the world title. In 1934 and the previous year, he played on the undefeated Providence Steam Rollers. Last year he was a member of the Passaic eleven, and this year Yourist is a member of the New York Yankees.

But in between, he was wrestling professionally in the West and Middle West. His head scissors and flying tackle have brought him over four hundred victories in mat competition. He is a showman extraordinary. Besides being an orthodox grappler, he can go haywire and hand out more than he receives if his foes choose to wrestle the rough way.

This Jewish star, who was born in Russia, September 9, 1909, came to this country when only four and a half years of age. His parents settled in Toledo, O., and there it was that Abe, as he aged, grew into a massive giant of six feet one and one-half inches in height and scales two hundred and twenty pounds.

Yourist's style borders on the spectacular with every move he makes. He is the type who is the correct answer to the promoters' prayers. Showmanship is his middle name—fearlessness his first.

* * *

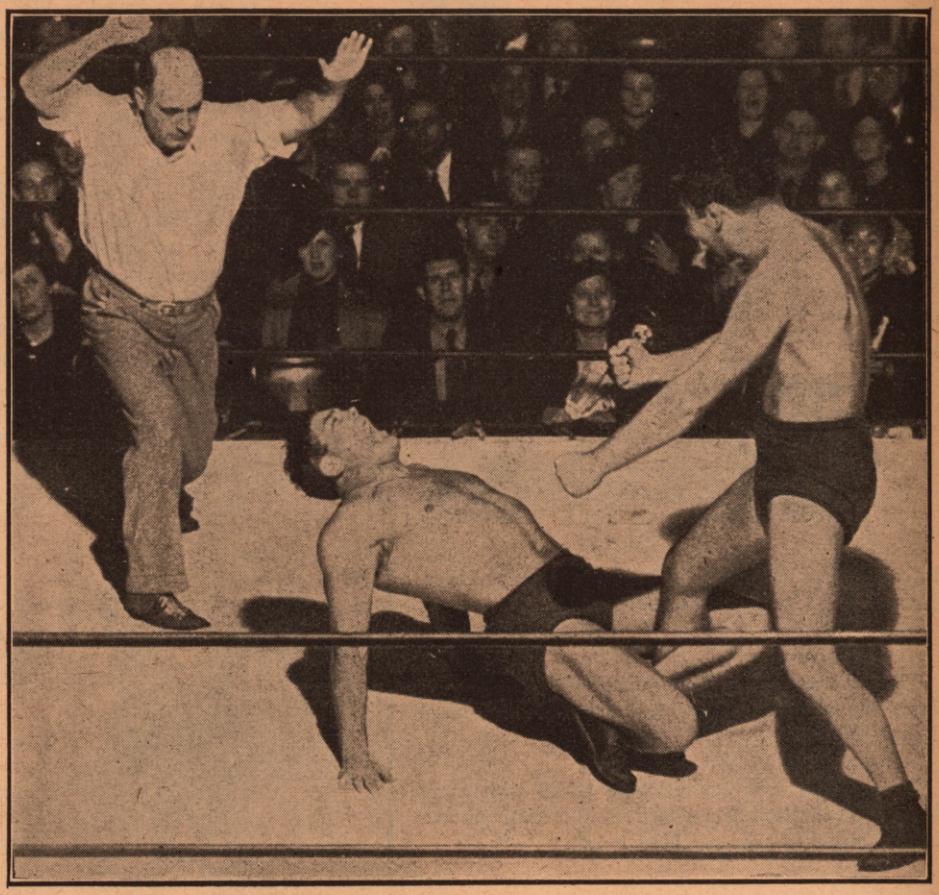
FROM Jimmy Amann of Ohio comes the following items:

Hy Albertson, Palm Beach, Florida, welterweight, is back in the running and is knocking them stiff around his native heath . . . . Albertson is well remembered in Mid-Western territory for the many fine matches he engaged in while in Ohio around 1933 and 1934 . . . . Johnny Stote is in Mid-Western territory . . . . you can put Henry Kolln, Iowa star, in No. 2 position in the middleweight ranks . . . . anyway, that's the way it looks Kolln will land in my latest release of National Wrestling Ratings . . . . Kolln is going great guns . . . . The Ratings, in which over 2,000 of the leading wrestlers from heavies to welters are ranked, can be secured from the writer at 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . the writer would like to hear from some independent wrestlers and promoters . . . . speaking of promoters, are you listed in my Wrestling Promoters' Guide? . . . . every independent promoter should be listed and every free lance wrestler should secure one.

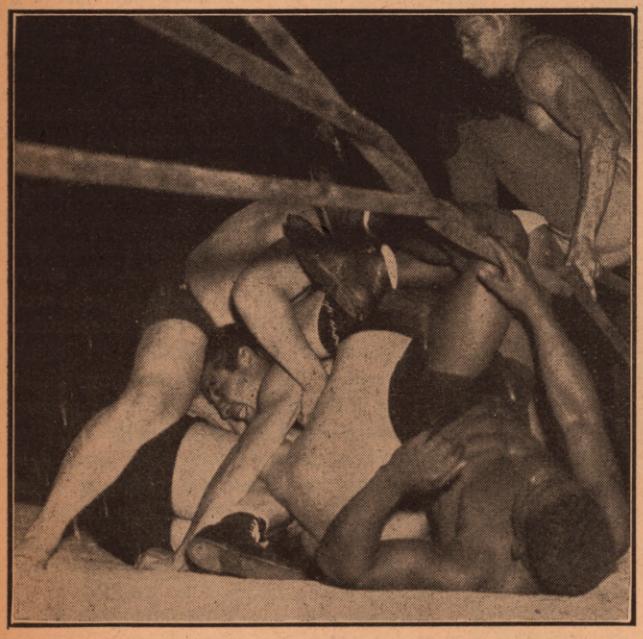
Promoters J. F. and Chester Hamilton in New Richmond, Ohio, recently staged one of their weekly programs . . . . Frankie Bowhm, former light-heavy king, and Joe Weggesser, German heavy, were the feature stars . . . . The tri-state titles are held by: Heavyweight, Jumbo Carroll of Covington, Ky.; light-heavyweight, Irish Jack McCoy of Louisville; middleweight, Sammy Klein of Cincinnati; welterweight, Blondie Black of Indianapolis.

Here's the Reason!

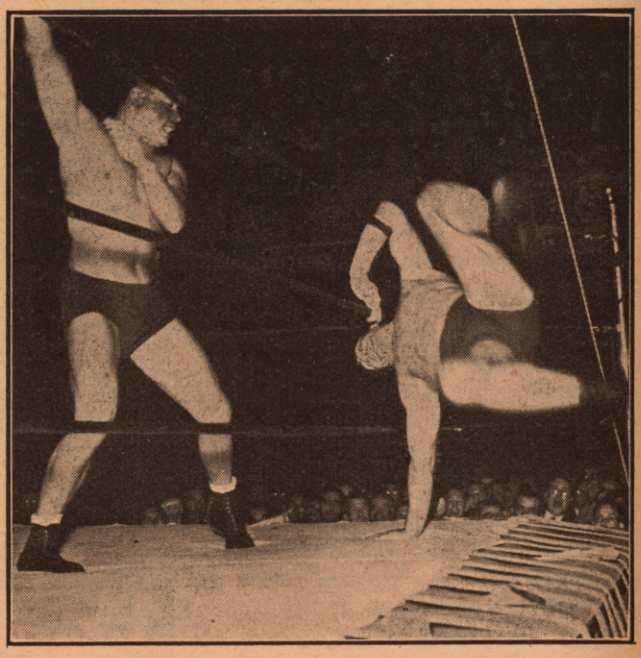
TAKE a peek at the photographs on this page and you'll learn why the wrestling fan of today won't stand for the scientific wrestling of by-gone days. He gets a kick out of the acrobatic stunts that feature present day matches. Gouging, hair-pulling, leg pulling, swatting, biting—yes, they all come in as part of the wrestling show.



Dean Detton, world heavyweight king in the "Indian death grip" of Bill Hanson at the Auditorium of Los Angeles. Dean retained his crown by winning two straight falls.



Even when the going is at its worst and Max Baer is tossed for a loss, he still photographs well amidst heads, arms and legs. Here we see Livermore Max tangled in a mass of humanity in the Boston Arena where he refereed a "Battle Royal" in wrestling.



A scene in the match between Sandor Szabo, standing, and Vincent Lopez in Los Angeles. Vince, hanging outside the ropes, came back to beat Sandor at the Olympic Auditorium.

Who's Afraid *of the* Big Brown Basque?

By BERNICE SANDBOE

IF you're not, you should be, for Juan Olaguivel, the dark-skinned boy from Spain, is one of the cleverest newcomers in the wrestling game!

The gay, sparkling little country of Spain, tucked so peacefully and picturesquely between the rugged Pyrenees and the blue Mediterranean, has donated much to the world in general in the way of amusement, color, music and dance, but so far as I know, its contribution to American athletics has to date been comparatively small.

I have met a young man, however, who hopes to change that by obtaining for himself, and Spain, the heavyweight wrestling championship of the world, and having watched this young Spaniard at work, I daresay he has an excellent chance of reaching his goal.

Juan Olaguivel is still a comparative newcomer to the grappling industry, and yet no one who has seen him in the ring can deny that he possesses unusual ability. He is fast on his feet, is a clean, clever wrestler, and has an amazing number of holds.

Besides these assets, he possesses a fixed idea that he will become wrestling title-holder. There is no question whatsoever in this young Spanish boy's mind as to his attaining his ambition. It is only, he says, a matter of time and experience.

* * *

JUAN is just twenty-six years old. He was born in Vaseo, in the Pyrenees Mountains, of an aristocratic Spanish family. He has two sisters and one brother, and his godmother is the Contessa de Santa Maria La Isla.

Juan let me see a picture of his family, and I was astounded at the rare beauty of his sisters. One is a natural blonde, which, as you can imagine, sets off beautifully the rich olive of her skin.

His parents bear the features of well-bred, high-birth Spaniards, and Juan is justly proud of them. Of course, they were decidedly against his adopting wrestling as a career, but when the (now deceased) son of ex-King Alfonso of Spain, attended one of Juan's matches in Spain and acclaimed him highly, the Olaguivel family was convinced that Juan had chosen wisely and permitted him to fare forth to America.

However, upon his arrival here Juan was sidetracked temporarily from wrestling when Paulino Uzcudun, his close friend and fellow-countryman, persuaded him to enter the boxing game. Juan fared well at this but he soon discovered that his great success was not to be achieved in fisticuffs, and so he listened to the encouragement of another interested friend, Gus Sonnenberg, and turned again to the wrestling game. He has been wrestling here now for six months and is jubilant over the fact that he is winning the majority of his matches. Just recently out in California he tossed tough Dick Daviscourt with little or no trouble.

Juan Olaguivel, champion of the Pyrenees.

Olaguivel is a well educated young man. He possesses the charm and courtesy of an aristocratic Spaniard, is well versed on many subjects and speaks French, Italian, Basque and Spanish fluently.

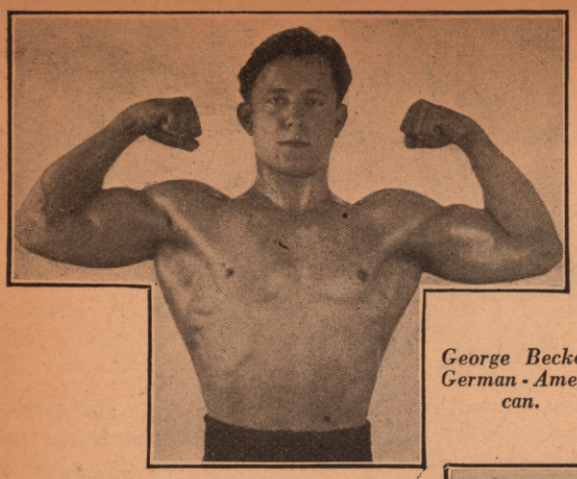
He likes America now that he has become accustomed to it and is considering making his home here.

Juan is quite a handsome young man as the movie producers in Hollywood soon discovered. He has played in many pictures and could probably pursue a successful motion picture career if the wrestling crown were not his goal.

In the ring Juan adheres religiously to the clean, scientific tactics and only when he is greatly aroused by some opponent does he remember that he was once a boxer and swing fists. One of his most successful tricks is to soften his opponent up with terrific short arm blows and then clamp on a winning hold.

Offring, he is an interesting personage, with his old world charm and eager, likable personality. He is, of course, greatly fond of dancing and can do all the Spanish dances with exceptional skill. And, like all Spaniards, he is fond of music.

With the



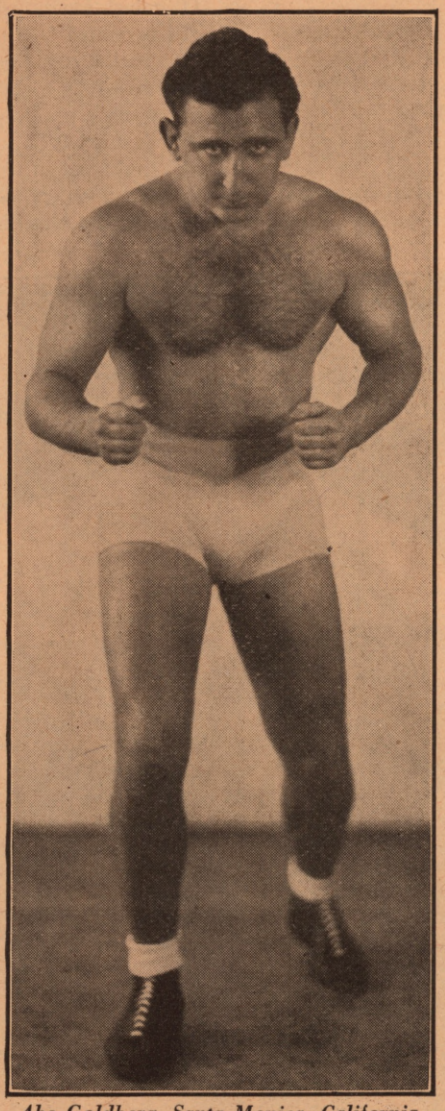
George Becker, German-American.

WHILE the big shots in the wrestling game are competing on the Pacific Coast where the gate receipts have proved far more attractive than in the East where the sport is in bad shape owing to a promotorial war, the smaller fry are having a chance to show their wares. At most of the clubs in and near New York, which at only three years ago was the best wrestling spot in America but now is at low ebb, light-heavyweights and even middleweights from all parts of the country are billed nightly. Some of the boys possess talent while others, former football stars, show a lack of ability but are crowd pleasers because of their showmanship.

In New York, there are four wrestlers who have gained considerable patronage. Their names are Ivan Poddubny, George Becker, Tony Siano and Abe Goldberg. Here is a little sketch of each:

* * *

GEORGE BECKER. German-American, 22 years old. Becker is one of the best in the game, magnificently proportioned with a physical make up which would have done credit to the Greek gods of old, he was discovered about the same time as Dave Levin, Jamaica Butcher Boy. Known as the German Bomber he is just that. Studied at Yorkville High School and Murray Hill Industrial School, wanted to be a tinsmith but destiny ruled otherwise. Joined Cooper A.C. famous German-American Athletic Club where he wrestled first for a pastime and later with the Amateurs. Making his professional debut at Ridgewood Grove, the entire Cooper A.C. turned out en masse to see him. George made good from the start and has been on the up-grade ever since. Already a tremendous favorite he looms as a promising youngster equipped with the requirements which go to make a champion.



Abe Goldberg, Santa Monica, California wrestler.

* * *

ABE GOLDBERG. Born in Santa Monica, California, 26 years ago, Abe Goldberg takes first position when Hebrew wrestlers are mentioned. Unlike many other wrestlers he did not learn the sport at school or college but was discovered while a lifeguard at the famous Santa Monica beach. Schooled and trained by retired famous grapplers now making their home in California, he studied for two years before his teachers believed him good enough to make his debut. Abe did not disappoint his mentors, his success was instantaneous, that was five years ago. Since that time he has come along quickly, meeting and defeating some of the best. Goldberg is developing into a good prospect.

TONY SIANO. Was one of the greatest football players developed at Fordham University. Tony captained the University's squad for four years, was All-America man 1929-1930, played All Eastern 1930, and was an outstanding star at basketball, track, baseball and wrestling. His college days over, Tony played professional football for a time but his mind was set on the wrestling game and he soon joined up with the pros. To the mat game Tony introduced many tactics of the gridiron notably the flying tackle at which he is a master and has no rival. He has been engaged in the wrestling game now for five years, has met the best and retained his top position. Just now Tony is going better than ever and is making a bid for the light-heavyweight title. Few men in the lighter class can match him in speed, ring generalship or in assortment of holds. Before the winter has rolled by experts believe that Tony will realize his ambition and annex the title. No more popular athlete could win the crown, and his thousands of admirers are behind him to a man.

* * *

IVAN PODDUBNY. Russian Cossack, first learned the mat game in Russia, and admitted the greatest Russian matman in this country. Poddubny has been in America for several years and has been an uphill fighter from the start. Somehow most grapplers have balked at meeting the Russian, which proved a great hardship on Poddubny. Only recently after years of perseverance has he been able to break his way through and placed himself in a position where no matman can refuse to meet him. This only came about in the past year, but now after a long list of victories to his credit his real worth is at last recognized and his services in demand in all parts of the country. Poddubny is a mat stylist but it is a style hard to fathom. He never wrestles exactly alike, he is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in that he never turns in the same style of grappling. He has made a close study of rough tactics and while generally classed among villains he changes from rough wrestling to scientific leaving his opponents at a loss how to handle him. Now that he has broken his hard luck streak, Ivan is ready for the best.

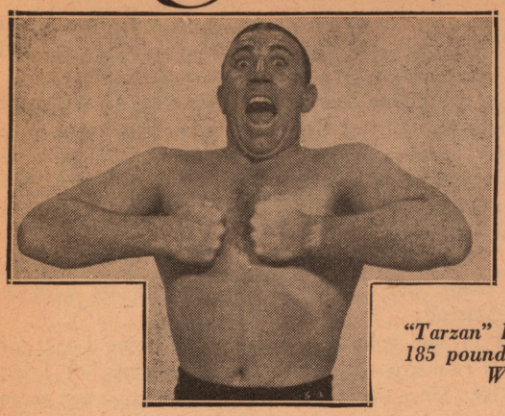
The brief pen sketches of the above wrestlers are only a few of the men who have been discovered and brought to the front by Jack Pfefer. For years Jack has devoted time and money to the development of light-heavyweights, showed their cleverness and speed to the American public, certain that the time must come when these boys would revolutionize the mat game. To say that they have lived up to Pfefer's expectations is only putting it mildly. Mat fans have at last recognized Jack's judgment and given him the reward which his persistency and foresight justly belong to him.

* * *

HARRY STUNBAUGH, flashy welterweight from Taft, California is rapidly making a name for himself in the wrestling game. Harry started wrestling as an amateur three years ago. After one year of amateur wrestling, he turned pro and since then, he has wrestled Gene La Belle, Wildcat McCann, Johnny Stote, Prince Omar and many others.

Light Heavies

By EDWARD MERRILL



"Tarzan" Paul Orth, a 185 pounder from the West.

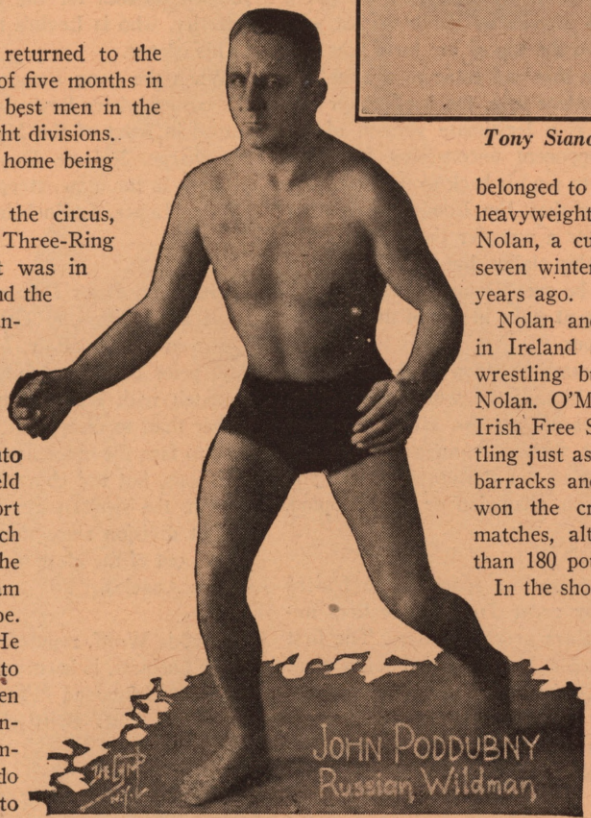
Although he hasn't won all of his matches, he has a good record. If, after a year or so more experience, Harry keeps up the pace he is going now, he should be classed as one of the fastest and toughest welters in the game. He is a clean type of wrestler, but can dish out plenty of punishment if his opponent tries to get rough. At present he is in the Northwest.

* * *

PAUL "TARZAN" ORTH has returned to the Southwest after a successful trip of five months in California, where he met some of the best men in the light-heavyweight and junior heavyweight divisions. Orth was born and raised in Ohio, his home being in Toledo.

He started his wrestling career in the circus, traveling with the Walter L. Main Three-Ring Circus, and meeting all comers. That was in 1925. For three years, he traveled around the country, bowling over opponents at random. Then he tired of that, and went to work on the railroad as a brakeman, and remained in that job for two years.

In 1930, the lure of the ring got into his veins again, and he reentered the field of wrestling, and has been at the sport ever since. Orth boasts of an eight-inch chest expansion. He played football on the old Canton Bulldogs, a professional team made famous by the great Jim Thorpe. Orth is known as the Ohio bad man. He has converted his football tactics into so-called wrestling holds and has been playing havoc with opponents. His running broad jump in the ring is a scrimmage in itself. While some wrestlers do not always carry a hold far enough to cause injury, Orth seems to take advantage of everything and he puts it strictly up to his opponent to protect himself.



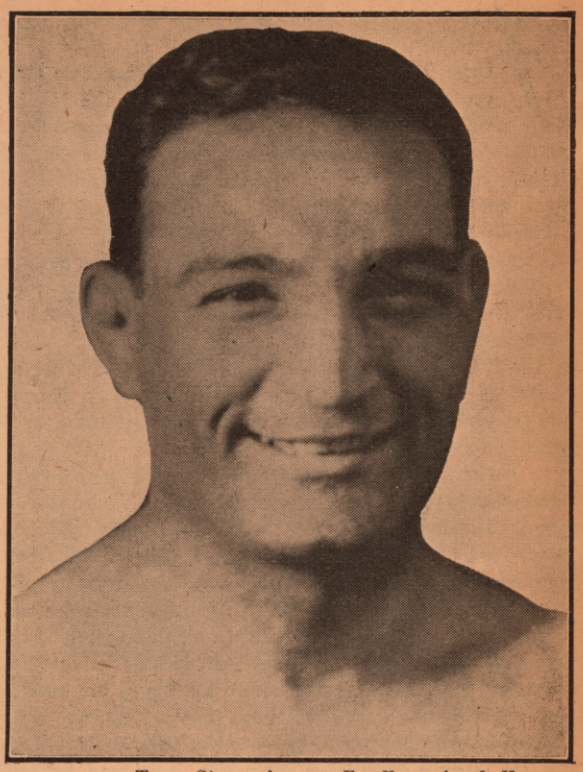
Ivan Poddubny, the Russian Cossack

Orth has been beaten by the fans because of his rough tactics and on two occasions he was slashed with a knife. In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, he started a riot because of his roughness and he came out of the melee with two broken ribs. "Tarzan" is planning to come East for a wrestling invasion and will probably place himself in the hands of Jack Curley.

* * *

JIMMY BURNETT sends the following from Birmingham, Alabama:

Another "harp" from the ould sod has risen to the top, or near top, of his division in wrestling to take the place that once



Tony Siano, former Fordham football star.

belonged to Danno O'Mahony, former world's heavyweight champion. His name is Paddy Nolan, a curly-thatched youngster of twenty-seven winters, who came to this country two years ago.

Nolan and O'Mahony were bosom friends in Ireland and it was Danno who put the wrestling bug into the ears of the smaller Nolan. O'Mahony was then a soldier in the Irish Free State Army and indulged in wrestling just as a diversion. Paddy lived near the barracks and often he and Danno, who later won the crown, often engaged in friendly matches, although Nolan never scaled more than 180 pounds.

In the short time that Nolan has been in the United States, he has covered it thoroughly and has wrestled for Sam Avey, Oklahoma; John McIntosh, Texas, and others, and he made the state of California Nolan conscious by his picturesque garb. While there, the quaint Irishman was besieged by motion picture companies to play the dangerous parts in films in which their stars appeared. Nolan has appeared in more than a score of motion pictures, although his name has never been given credit on the silver screen.

Wrestling fans in the Lone Star State will remember the son of Erin as Paddy O'Dowd, and then he later resumed his correct name of Nolan. While not engaged in making the turnstiles click merrily for wrestling promoters, Paddy can entertain his friends with almost any musical instrument. His knowledge of classical music would do credit to some of the great artists.

The clan Nolan in Dublin has been known for generations for its athletic prowess, although Patrick Nolan is the first member of that tribe to seek his fortunes in America as a wrestler. He may yet bring the light-heavyweight championship back to Dublin.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

JIM LONDOS received a royal reception when he recently arrived in Cape Town on a tour of South Africa. The Greek residents flocked to the dock and when the Greek Adonis walked down the gang plank he was surrounded, hoisted to the shoulders of his countrymen and carted around the city. It was like a national holiday for the Greeks, who quit their work and went to the dock marching and singing their national anthem.

Londos remarked after the celebration that he never realized how far fame travels. The reception was even greater than that which he received three years ago when he went to visit the birthplace of his dad in Athens.

The Consul for Greece, Mr. Julius Jeppe, and other representatives of the Greek community met Londos, on his arrival in the "Arundel Castle." Londos left by the fast train for Durban, where he tossed Ali Bey to open his tour.

"I am on a world tour and have come out here to defend my title—such as it is—against all challengers," Londos told the press. "It is true that I was beaten by Danny O'Mahoney, but it was not a championship bout and I still have the belt. So if you like, *you can still call me heavyweight champion of the world.*

"After South Africa I go on to Australia, New Zealand, India, China and then back to America. In all those places I am going to defend my title so—if there is anyone in South Africa who wants my title, here I am. I am on the top of my form now and any wrestler who does not believe that can come to try me out.

"My favorite holds are the aeroplane spin, the leg-breaker and the unconscious hold. The latter is a legitimate version of the strangle hold and renders my opponent unconscious for three seconds—just long enough for me to pin his back to the mat."

Of course we in America know that Jim Londos, even after his year's idleness here is far better a wrestler than most of the men who have put forth championship claims, but the fact remains that Londos lost his title when he met Danno O'Mahoney in Boston and he has no championship at stake in any of the matches in which he will engage on his tour.

Sorry that Londos finds it necessary to stoop to the tactics of less famed wrestlers in declaring himself the world title-holder, something which he knows he does not possess. He is too great a wrestler to flim-flam the public with such an announcement. Jemmy, you don't have to do that to get the crowd to see you perform. They'll come to watch you, champion or no champion.

* * *

DURING the history of the wrestling sport in the United States, there have been many great Turkish wrestlers imported into this country, most of them great wrestlers. The first of the long line was one of the greatest. He was Youssouf, a giant of 330 pounds, who was brought here and toured the country under the direction of the famous William A. Brady.

Youssouf defeated all American heavyweights of his time but the great Gotch, who alone was able to master the Turkish giant.

Youssouf made a great deal of money in this country, and it caused his death. He insisted on being paid in gold and he carried his wealth in a money belt about his waist. The ship upon which he was returning to his native land with his wealth hit a derelict in mid-ocean and sank.

Other passengers took to the boats but the giant Turk, terrified, refused to leave the ship. Finally, with the ship about to sink under him, he plunged into the sea and attempted to swim to a nearby life boat, but the heavy money belt about his middle dragged him down and before the boat could reach him he disappeared beneath the waves.

While Youssouf was a mammoth man, most of the Turks who have come to this country were much smaller men.

There was Hasson Omer, a 190-pound man, who gave Hackenschmidt a great tussle. Halil Adali was the third to come to these shores and was one of the very best. Then there was Kara Mustapha of 192 pounds and Coord Derelli, known as the Turkish Wonder.

In later years two of the best known were Yussiff Mahmout and Yussiff Hussane. Both of these men were great wrestlers, among the most colorful of the long line of "Terrible Turks," and the last to win wrestling fame here was Ali Baba, former United States sailor champion, who won the world title from Dick Shikat and lost it to Dave Levin.

* * *

PACIFIC Coast and Northwest Mat Notes, by Charles "Spider" Mascall:

As predicted in this column last month, Vincent Lopez of Mexico won his re-match with Dave Levin, the erstwhile Long Island butcher boy. Since the last writing, the pair have met three times. Lopez won two of the bouts and the third was declared drawn. Their final meeting, in Los Angeles, before 9,500 fans, was one of the most gruelling struggles ever seen out this way. Near the forty-two-minute mark, Levin cut loose with flying-tackles, and it seemed that the big Mexican was doomed for defeat.

As the German Apollo let go his fourth tackle, Lopez cupped his hands together and hit the Eastern matman in the pit of the stomach. Completely winded, Levin sank to the canvas and Lopez jumped on him for the first fall. Bob Mannagoff, the old-time wrestler, who is Levin's trainer and official second, carried Dave to his corner.

When the gong sounded for the second fall, Lopez rushed to the corner where Levin lay groggy on his chair. Bob Mannagoff leaped in front of the Mexican and refused to allow Lapez near his charge. Referee Don McDonald, one of the most capable arbiters in the state, stepped to Mannagoff's aid and awarded the bout to Lopez, Levin being unable to continue.

* * *

Champion Dean Detton made a flying visit to the Coast and spent a few days in California. He was to have met Vincent Lopez in a title affair, but the match fell through when, three days prior to the appointed date, the Mexican injured his leg in a match with Kimon Kudo. At a moment's notice, Lou Daro, rather than to disappoint a sold-out house, signed the little Japanese to face the champion. Kudo had Detton in trouble on several occasions, but the champion wriggled free and won the contest. Detton, the swellest guy to wear the regal robes of the heavyweight division since that day when the great "Jeemy" Londos passed out of the glare of the spotlight, makes his permanent home in Los Angeles.

* * *

Frankie Wolff, reputed to be the most feared light-heavyweight in the business, is barnstorming in California. The fearful-looking German, nicknamed "Frankenstein," is being groomed for a shot at Alvin Britt. Britt claims the mythical junior-heavyweight crown.

* * *

Harry Kent, pupil of the great Ted Thye, will soon show in the Mid-West. Kent, a former Oregon State gridder, is one of the best wrestling prospects in the Nor'west.

* * *

The mat moguls have signed "Lofty" Blomfield, the New Zealand ace, for a tour of the Pacific Coast. He is, according to advance bulletins, a powerful fellow standing six feet two inches and weighing in the neighborhood of 235 pounds. Last season, in New Zealand, Blomfield defeated Glen Wade, Ole Anderson, Leo Narberes, Hank "Red Demon" Oswald, Jagit Singh, Jack Forsgren and Paul Boesch.

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN—This month's short biographical sketch concerns a young chap, who, though he gained

no All-American gridiron honors, was recognized by football experts as a first-class tackle when he played for the famed University of Washington Huskies, back in 1929 and '30. He was christened Leonard Anderson, but is better known to the wrestling profession as Leo Numa.

Anderson, whose parents were Irish and Swedish, was born in the busy little center of Anacortes, Washington, on June 28, 1908. After working his way through school as an odd-job man and winning a place on the university's football team, Leo was well on the way to obtaining All-American laurels when he suffered a broken leg and his gridiron days were over. The late Charlie Hanson, a beloved Swedish matman, saw that this handsome, blond ex-footballer would, with a little coaching, make a most welcome addition to the bone-crushing fraternity and offered to train Numa.

That was more than five years ago, and since his grappling debut, Leo "Numa" Anderson has beaten Ray Steele, Gus Sonnenberg, Nick Lutze, Billy Bartush, Sandor Szabo, Cy Williams, Vic Christy, Pat Fraley, Chief Little Moose, Charlie Strack, Frank Judson, Iron Mike Mazurki, Matros Kirilenko, Lou Plummer and Count George Zarynoff. A very worthy record for a youthful mat star who still has his best wrestling years before him.

* * *

Chief Thunderbird is back after four months of inactivity due to a fractured arm. The Canadian Chief, who enters the ring clad in a rainbow-colored blanket and a beautiful head-dress of genuine eagle feathers, is seeking a match with Chief Little Wolf.

* * *

Note to J. Jimmy Amann, Ohio's foremost wrestling critic: Thanks for the membership in your Universal Sporting Club. Sorry about Johnny Stote, but the speed boy seemed a trifle too light for the rowdy middleweights of California.

* * *

Bull Martin, Bob Stewart, Jack Terry, Jules Strongbow, Jack Lipscombe, Al Williams, Whitey Walhberg, Sailor Dick Trout, Pat Fraley, Jack Forsgren, Sad Sam Leathers are in the Northwest.

* * *

DONALD McINTYRE, the flashy spin artist from Kansas City, and Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian gladiator, were seen in the wrestling classic of the month. The pair, meeting in the finals of a single night tournament in which sixteen grapplemen participated, staged a contest which was a thriller from start to finish. McIntyre, a former Big Six Missouri Conference tackle, was unfortunate to lose the match when the Hungarian reversed an airplane whirl and pressed the Kansas City boy's shoulders into the canvas for the required three seconds.

* * *

Eric "Tor" Johnson, the Swedish Man-Mountain, is appearing in the Middle West. The genial Viking is a graduate of the University of Stockholm, Sweden.

* * *

Pete Mehringer of Kansas and Ray Richards of Nebraska, two well-known heavyweight performers, have signed contracts to play football with the Los Angeles Bulldogs, a crack professional team. Mehringer is the 1932 Olympic light-heavyweight titlist, while Richards is the former Chicago Cardinal guard.

* * *

COASTAL GALLERY GODS GASPED WHEN—Louis Thez, clever St. Louis steel worker, downed Herb Freeman . . . . Billy Hanson won via the foul route from "Hangman" Howard Cantowine, but lost to Dean Detton . . . . Donald McIntyre decisioned Ed "Strangler" Lewis . . . . Hank Methеyn defeated Count Cassie de Collelmo . . . . El Martinez, a New Mexican meteor, tossed Leo Papiano in quick time . . . . Bobby Burns subdued Jack "Bully" Lipscombe in a three-fall tussle . . . . Kimon Kudo, the Japanese sensation, won from Frank "Bad Boy" Malcewicz, who was disqualified . . . . Bobby Roberts slammed Pete Belcastro . . . . Harry Kent flying-tackled Leo Numa into submission . . . . Bob Montgomery fell before Dude Chick, the Wyoming rancher . . . . Walter Achiu, the Chinese middleweight, conquered Sailor Dickie Trout of the Navy.

Whitey Walhberg vanquished Al Williams . . . . "Sad Sam" Leathers returned from the Antipodes to trounce Doctor Gordon McKenzie, crack wrestling physician . . . . Frankie Wolff snapped the winning streak of Jimmy (Alabama) Lott with a Boston-crab hold . . . . Pat O'Shocker, the red-headed Irishman, needed only 47 seconds to slam Roy von Hellrigel . . . . Pat Fraley, also a Hibernian, threw Jules Strongbow and Sandor Szabo . . . . Lord (Says he) Lansdowne bowed in defeat to Yukon Jake Jackson . . . . Bobby "Baby-face" Stewart lost to Harry Kent . . . . George "Cannonball" Kitzmiller, the Portland scoundrel used a body slam to vanquish Freddie Carone.

Jim Londos, who is in South Africa, where he is back in harness as "world champion." At least so Jemmy claims.

* * *

WRESTLING is gaining a widespread popularity throughout the Republic of Mexico. The grappling-goers in this territory prefer the lighter matmen and consequently the smaller men are playing to good houses. Jack Lipscombe, Doug Henderson, Ernie Piluso, Cyclone (Mysterious Mr. X) Mackey, Dave Reynolds and Sheik Ben Mar Allah have shown in Latin America.

A capacity house of San Francisco mat-goers watched Nick Lutze of Venice, California, put the skids under the legs of the aging ex-champion, Gus Sonnenberg, and defeat that worthy in two straight falls. Lutze, showing much of the skill and speed he possessed when he was a contender for the world title, used a deadly front toehold to win both the falls. On the same card, in one of the preliminary events, Pat Meehan of Canada won on a foul from Frank "Bad Boy" Malcewicz of Utica, New York.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—Danno O'Mahoney has been booked to tour South Africa . . . . Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Chief Chewchki and Chief Little Wolf will be unable to visit New Zealand as scheduled . . . . Paul Boesch is touring Australia before returning home . . . . a troupe of some twenty-four Siamese "Sumo" specialists will arrive this month on the Coast . . . . they will tour the Coast giving exhibitions only.

Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian, will appear in a movie with Victor McLaglen . . . . Szabo will go East at the completion of the flicker filming . . . . a new Hindu marvel, Arjan Singh, is coming to America from Shanghai . . . . he claims victories over Tiger Daula, Ganda Singh and Fazal Mahomed . . . . Harry Jacobs, now in the East, is quite a singer.

"Baron" Henry Irslinger, the famous English wrestling pioneer, is now a full-fledged promoter in Cape Town, South Africa . . . . Pat Meehan, the former British Empire Games heavyweight, is very popular in California circles . . . . Ed "Strangler" Lewis defeated his old rival, Ed "Don" George, before the largest house ever to witness a wrestling show in Honolulu, Hawaii . . . . who says that the "Old Warrior" is near the end of his long career? . . . . Floyd Hansen, "Deacon" Hugh Adams, Rob Roy and Leo Deglane are in California at present.

* * *

A FEW months ago, when Ali Baba, Turkish heavyweight, won the world's heavyweight championship from Dick Shikat, he caused quite a bit of surprise because of the fact that he is not a particularly big man. In fact, he is a rather small man, as heavyweight wrestlers go.

"There have been many great wrestlers in the history of the game who were small men, many of them much smaller than is Ali Baba," says Billy Sandow, manager of Everett Marshall, Colorado's claimant of the heavyweight crown.

"One of the best was Fred Beall, who defeated Frank Gotch for the world's championship in 1906," continues Sandow. "Beall at his heaviest weighed only 187 pounds. At this weight, he was rated one of the great matmen of his day.

"Another was Dan McLeod, who wrestled Gotch a great match and who weighed only 170 pounds, not even up to our present-day light-heavyweight limit.

"Two other stars of Gotch's time who gave the great champion hard battles were Jim Parr, the English champion, and Americus, who weighed a mere 190 pounds. Parr weighed even less, 185.

"Earl Caddock, the famed 'man of a thousand holds' and one-time world's champion, weighed 190. Emile Maupau, great French-Canadian, tipped the beam at only 185 pounds.

"Other great stars of other years and their weights were: Jack Carkeek, 190; Ed Atherton, 168; Tom MacInerney, the Scottish title-holder, 190; and Charles Olsen, who weighed 170. Olsen beat Gotch a fall, an almost unheard of feat at that time. Olsen is now a millionaire theatrical man in Indianapolis.

"Still another star was Yussif Hussane, who pitted his 187 pounds against Hackenschmidt, the Rusian giant, and held him off for five hours.

"Modern wrestlers who are unquestionably great and who are small men are John Pesek, the Nebraska 'Tiger,' who weighs under 190 pounds, and Ad Santell, who weighs 187.

"Small men have given the champions many of their greatest battles," concluded Sandow.

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe: You probably don't realize it, but Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the big hill-billy who reminds one for all the world of Bazooka Bob Burns, is very concerned about your opinion of him. Every time I see Leo he asks if I have written something about him for THE RING. "I want those folks to like me," he says, "even if I don't know city ways like the rest of these-here fellows." The last time I saw him he asked me, somewhat shyly, if I thought the folks would like to see a picture of him in his Sunday clothes. I told him I was sure you would, so he said he would give me one. It is this simple naiveté that wins for Leo his many enthusiastic followers in the Southland.

* * *

With the departure of Tiger Daula and his stooge, Fazul Mohammed, for fresh fields in which to practice their wiles, one is able to sit back and reconnoiter their sensational success in the South. In the first place, the Tiger and little Fazul Mohammed are actors of a rare calibre. Theirs is not the finesse in acting of a Chewchki, or the magnetic appeal of a Gable or a Taylor. Oh, indeed not—instead, in their subtle, innocent little way, the Hindu boys portray a study of two little orphans of the storm—the waifs of wrestling, so to speak. And in sheer and unashamed pity, with tears trickling down your cheeks, you dash, each week, to the wrestling bouts so as your shekels may help the poor wretches.

Indeed, now that it is viewed in retrospect, I feel not a little sheepish over the fact that I was gullible enough to be taken in by the sob-stories. I should have known—a mystic told me I would be deceived by a "dark man"!

However, I might add that the story on Daula which I wrote some time ago, and which appeared in a previous issue, did not contain any of these soulful tales and was completely authentic.

* * *

No one I know takes a more vital interest in the world and its hectic happenings than does Doc Karl Sarpolis. The curly headed Doc can be spotted at almost any event of importance. One will see him at the midnight premiere of "Anthony Adverse" (he is probably the only wrestler who has read the book), or avidly playing the ponies at Epsom Downs, or attending the musical show, "Blossom Time," or perhaps sitting until the small hours, watching a Walkathon Derby. In between times he finds leisure to play golf (though his caddy says he wrestles better than he golfs), read the best sellers, hear the best radio programs and see the best cinemas. I like to see someone enjoy life to its fullest extent like that.

* * *

Monthly Matches—Just a brief résumé of our high lights down here in Houston. The first week in October we had a novelty show—Milo Steinborn and Leo Savage pitted against Tiger Daula and Fazul Mohammed. After draping Milo in the ropes, the Hindus both piled on Leo and eliminated him. Then they made short work of Milo.

The next week, Marshall Blackstock and Otto Kuss claimed the main event by merit of a backstage affray they had had the week before. It was a wild, hectic battle all the way through—Blackstock's meanness versus Kuss' science. Otto came out on top.

Next week, Otto was given his big chance to wrestle Tiger Daula, whom he threw with the greatest of ease, causing the Tiger no little anguish.

Next week came a bout truly of Madison Square Garden calibre between Ray Steele and Leo Savage. They are a mighty, well-matched pair, and I'd certainly hate to bet the family jools on either one. Leo won this one but the records say it was on a fluke (because Ray thought he had pinned Leo and walked off with Leo, of course, following after—when in reality the referee had only told him to break as Leo was in the ropes) and so the boys did it all over again the following week and Boone defeated Ray two out of three falls.

(Continued on page 48)

Sockers of the Roped Square

(Continued from page 4)

reward of $5,000 for Dipley's capture, the stipulation being that Dipley must not be brought in alive.

As Ketchel pitched forward on his face in the cookhouse, he reached for the big blue gun he always carried in the waist band of his trousers. He never got his hand on the stock of the gun. It froze in mid air. He was unconscious when he hit the floor.

Dipley, a bad egg, reached down, picked up the six shooter, cracked Ketchel on the head with it, frisked him and took two $1,000 bills from Ketchel's pocket, at the same time pulling from "Steve's" little finger, the huge diamond ring he always wore.

* * *

DIPLEY escaped and about the only means of identifying him was the fact that he had peculiar tattoo marks on his arms. He applied for a night's lodging at a farm house many miles away, conducted by two brothers who put him up in the attic, little knowing that there was a $5,000 bounty on the blackguard's head.

The next morning, at breakfast, the two brothers were reading the account of the killing of Ketchel. The tattoo marks were mentioned and one of the brothers remembered that he had noticed similar marks on the stranger turned in for the night.

Dipley still slept. The brothers, in their stocking feet climbed to the attic and pounced on their guest. It was one catch in a million and they brought their prisoner, roped, into Conway. They had not heard of Dickerson's $5,000 DEAD reward. It was too late then to pop off Mister Dipley. They sued Dickerson for the reward and won out in court.

Dipley and his flame were tried for murder and both were sentenced to life imprisonment. In a retrial several years later, the woman was acquitted but Dipley again got life. He was released on parole a few years ago.

* * *

PAUL BERLENBACH came along to the middleweight ranks much after the fashion of Balsamo. Dan Hickey, long a sparring partner in camps lorded over by Bob Fitzsimmons, discovered Berlenbach at the New York Athletic Club where Paul was being schooled for the career of a wrestler. In a spirit of fun Berlenbach put on the gloves with Dan one day.

He had such tremendous power in a natural left hook to the body that Hickey made a quick decision.

"You're a natural fighter. You're through with wrestling."

And so it came to pass. Berlenbach began fighting as an amateur and then his professional goes in the armories began to attract attention.

Damon Runyon, the noted sports writer of the Hearst papers was on his way to some fight. He mentioned the fact to the taxi driver and allowed as how he didn't see much good in wasting the time as the fight didn't loom up as much on paper.

"Why don't you go up to the armory, then?" said the taxi man. "There's a fellow fighting up there tonight named Paul Berlenbach. He's been knocking them kicking. Go up and have a look at him."

Runyon did. He blazed forth the next day with the story that he had found a world beater. Berlenbach won the middleweight title and Tex Rickard, operating in old Madison Square Garden, brought Paul in there. He was an over-night sensation.

Tex signed a contract with him setting forth that he was to be paid $1,000 for each of ten fights. Tex had to raise that ante because Paul began to pack the place every time he appeared. He was always ready to fight and when he won his title he told Tex to get him a bout a week.

He came a cropper the night he met hard-hitting Jack Delaney. Jack knocked out the sensation in three rounds and practically ended his fantastic career. That knockout broke brave Berlenbach's heart. He could sock but so could Delaney, a picture in action, a devilish right hand marksman.

We know little or nothing of the present middleweight champion, Freddie Steele. Pop Foster tells me he is a deadly puncher with his right hand and Pop, Jimmy McLarnin's mentor, ought to know.

Eddie McGoorty was one of the hardest left hookers which the middleweight division ever had. Jimmy Clabby was a brilliant performer as was Harry Greb, possibly the fastest man with hands and feet who ever crawled through a set of ropes but they were not sockers.

I suppose that no story of the middles ever should find its way into print without mention of unhappy Les Darcy who died of a broken heart in Memphis, Tenn. He fled his own country, New South Wales, during the world war and to him was fastened the dreaded name of "slacker" the first time it had ever been heard in this country.

He was a great fighter, a great hitter. He was the victim of ill advice. Instead of dying a national hero—if he had to die at all, he passed away in a strange land, alone, unsung, an unhappy boy without a country. His career could have terminated so differently, oh so differently!

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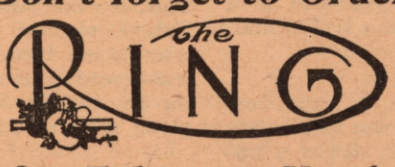

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The Only Official Ranking of World Boxers

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Australian Heavyweights

(Continued from page 20)

Presently he left an opening and Burns dumped him into the resin. Again he dropped him, and again, and this time the pride of Australia was counted out. All in the opening round. Little wonder that Squires was heart-broken. That one defeat ruined him as a fighter. He fought eight other battles and lost seven of 'em by the kayo route. No wonder he quit in disgust. He simply couldn't forget that rankling setback at the hands of Tommy Burns.

* * *

THE decline became more apparent than ever. Felix and Lang passed over the hill without causing more than a gentle ripple on the fistic pond. Half a dozen years passed and then almost without warning, the figure of Les Darcy fairly exploded into fame.

Here was a boy to take up where Fitz had left off. He was only a middleweight, but what a middleweight he was! He fairly oozed class and ability. Surely he would bring a championship back to his native land.

The title was claimed by half a dozen warriors. Ketchel was in his grave. Billy Papke claimed championship honors. So did Frank Klaus. Mike Gibbons had in a claim. George Chip was also a claimant. And to make bad matters worse, a crude awkward southpaw with little or no ability, Al McCoy, actually held the crown.

Surely here was a golden chance for the peerless Darcy. With little or no worthwhile opposition in his homeland, Darcy began cutting down the importations as fast as they landed. Jeff Smith, Billy Murray, Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, Knockout Brown and George Chip were only part of the American brigade who tasted defeat at his hands.

It was admitted that Papke and Klaus, both of whom had passed the crest, were no fit opponents for the rugged Aussie. Assuredly he could name the round against McCoy.

This was the situation when Les set sail for America in the hectic wartime days of 1916. Unfair charges of slackerism were hurled in his face when he landed. Instead of the warm welcome that he had been led to expect, he was greeted on every turn by jeers and taunts. His visit was a tragic one. Not only did he fail to land the coveted title shot, but he failed to secure a single ring engagement in this country. Finally, in May of 1917, he fell ill in Memphis, Tenn., and a few days later passed away. Though his death was attributed to a fever, I always figured that a broken heart was more nearly the correct cause.

* * *

WITH Darcy's demise, Australian boxing moved into an almost total eclipse. Years rolled along and no sign of a top-flighter came up from the land of the Kangaroo. Oh, sure, there was some fighters, but not a single one to remind us of immortals that she produced in the hectic 'eighties and 'nineties.

I can't figure it out. I know that down there along her thousands of miles of coastlines, in her farming sections, in her historic mining camps and last but not least, in her thousands of square miles of primeval forests and pampas are just as hardy and rugged youths today as there were forty and fifty years ago.

I know that somewhere among those hordes of stalwart blacks that flourish in the interior, that there is potential Peter Jackson's awaiting only the spark of opportunity to begin making modern fistic history. I know that it is only a matter of time until the pendulum will swing back to Australia. They go too big for fisticuffs down there and they are too hardy a race of people to sit back and rest content on their fistic laurels of by-gone days not to come out again with a new string of mittmen. Maybe their carrot-topped Jack Carroll will put them back into the picture when he squares off against our Barney Ross. It would be an upset if Barney did take his title down there and come away without it wouldn't it?

But what boxing needs as much as anything else, is for one, two or three swash-buckling rock-ribbed 200 pounders to come up out of there with the same slam-bang do-or-die determination that marked the battles of old Joe Goddard, Frank Slavin and Peter Jackson. Boxing could certainly make use of them right now.

Why not comb your shipping wharves, your farms, your gold camps and forest for some one to put Australia back on the heavyweight map? You had 'em once, and there is no apparent reason why you still don't possess 'em.

Of course Australia has developed many stars in other divisions in recent years, boys who have held their own against the cream of the talent from other lands. Les Darcy outclassed any of the boys in all classes since the World War. Then come Ambrose Palmer, a light heavyweight who recently retired due to an injury; Jack Carroll, a welterweight who will soon fight Barney Ross for the title; Fred Henneberry, a good middleweight; Merv Blandon, featherweight champion; Herb Bishop, a fine lightweight; and Harold Baker, among others. But heavyweights—well, there simply aren't any in the land of the Kangaroo!

Pedro Montanez

(Continued from page 9)

in Dickson's strongholds under the banner of Burston.

He piled up four more rapid-fire kayoes in Paris, shifted operations to England and was equally successful in three more engagements, then moved down to Milan, where he ended the career of Carlo Orlandi, the European lightweight champion. Orlandi required complete rehabilitation after he had been dropped five times and was stopped in ten rounds, and after leaving the hospital, he decided to hang up his gloves and seek a less arduous occupation.

* * *

EUROPEAN competition had reached the vanishing point for the raging Montanez by this time. Burston also yearned for the familiar sights of Broadway and convinced that no power on earth could prevent his fighter eventually winning the lightweight title, Burston decided the time had come to invade the United States.

The pair landed in New York in September of last year. Pedro's Harlem compatriots hailed him as a coming champion, Burston ballyhooed his praises from the housetops, reinforced by eyewitnesses and newspaper accounts, but big town boxing promoters remained indifferent.

Despairing of securing Champion Tony Canzoneri or any of the leading contenders, Lou resolved to start all over again from the bottom. Shunned by the high temples of fistiana, Montanez made his first American appearance in the little Star Casino in Harlem. An amazing turnout of his countrymen packed the place to capacity and watched their new idol smash his way to a clear-cut verdict over the ringwise Steve Halaiko.

Searching frantically about for a successor to Chocolate, small club promoters seized upon Pedro like a football halfback grabbing a last-minute forward pass. For the next few months, Montanez confined his activities to the small clubs, where he proved a saviour to the promoters by "selling out" in almost every appearance. He, Sixto Escobar and Tony Canzoneri saved the small clubs from ruin.

* * *

THE second flight lightweights and welters afforded him little opposition, and fight fans and critics soon declared Montanez a fit foe for the class of the country's 135-pounders. The police were necessary to handle the huge crowd that attempted to jam its way into the St. Nicholas Arena for his bout with Al Roth. Although this fight was held the same night as New York's Golden Gloves, it set an all-time record for the club for attendance and receipts. Pedro packed them in all over the city because of his color. His great infighting, with his blistering body punching and relentless pace, made him responsible for the rejuvenation of boxing in New York's small clubs last winter more than any other individual.

Montanez victories became almost monotonous in their frequency. In rapid succession he swept to decisive triumphs over Al Roth, Bobby Pacho, Leonard Del Genio, Aldo Spoldi, and Frankie Klick. All of these were considered top flight performers and championship contenders. Hand trouble slowed his progress for a while, but failed to stay his onward rush. He rose from the $300 class, his purse for his first American showing, to an $8000 payoff for his bout with Leonard Del Genio in the Garden. His fame grew greater, his purses larger, and his followers more frantic as his American campaign progressed. Today he ranks among the best fighters in the world.

The only menace to Montanez's complete success in the ring arises from a flying brick tossed in a childhood brawl down in torrid Cayey. The ancient wound opened by Frankie Klick's probing gloves last May has come out of the past to temporarily halt his undefeated rush through the ranks of America's lightweights.

Victorious in eighteen engagements, this Tropical Terror, the Don Diablo of the ring, now rests in his native Cayey waiting for time to heal this troublesome memento of a forgotten fracas and thereby allow him to continue his surge to the top of Fistiana's heights. He'll resume boxing probably in January.

Fighters I Remember

(Continued from page 27)

And Jones, more boisterous, said, "I'll say he won't."

Two years later Rivers had grown into a lightweight. He was matched with Wolgast at McCarey's for the crown. The champion's ultimatum was—Eyton shall not referee.

Billy Roche of San Francisco was chosen.

The men faced each other on the Fourth of July. It was one of the bloodiest battles ever fought. Toe to toe they stood—the haters of one another. Wolgast's opinion in an interview—"Rivers has a splendid body but not the courage of a louse"—was proven wrong. The brown bruiser fought the most determined battle of his life. The sad part of it was—he faced a mightier man. Mightier by a shade, even at the beginning of the tremendous thirteenth round, which was the end.

Always were they on their toes—with blood-bespattered bodies, and sun-scorched and pain-lashed faces. It was the epic of each career, and they wrote their names high with blood-soaked hands. The audience screamed, knowing that such a battle could not last till the twentieth round.

* * *

THEY crashed out of their corners. The audience, hoarse, screamed louder and louder. For a brief second after a terrific mix-up, they whirled about like dervishes mad with pain. They smashed in close again with one last insane and death-defying rally. Their breath came in labored gasps and they grunted heavily as leather sledges slammed against raw and aching bodies.

Under the storm of blows each battler sank to his knees. They rose and sank, and rose again.

As though charged with new life at each rising, the blows were so fast that human eye could not count them. It was impossible to tell one man from the other as they ripped tremendous smashes to muscle-lined stomachs, which quivered under the impact of the blows.

Finally one form sank down—and down. Another sank over it. They managed to rise with mighty efforts of will—worthy of greater men in a greater cause. They fought till both sank from exhaustion. Weary, blood-covered arms fell to their sides. They collapsed like tired children with the desert sun in their eyes. As the referee counted, one of the men slightly stirred—then tried to rise.

It was the greatest example of sheer will power I have ever seen. If Rivers ever needed Eyton he needed him in this hour of battle. One of the battered tornadoes was on one knee—but absolutely unconscious. The other was trying to rise as the count of ten was reached. Wolgast won—by a knee.

Both men were carried unconscious from the ring like broken statues which storm has wrecked.

* * *

DURING the Berlenbach-Delaney contest, held at Madison Square Garden in December, 1925, it was held by many ring followers that Berlenbach would find it impossible to knock Delaney out. Delaney had once knocked the stolid Berlenbach for the count. The history of the ring proves,

Jake Kilrain, Scotland's welterweight, who holds the championship of Great Britain of his class.

with but few exceptions, that a knockout fighter is not able to turn the tables on the antagonist who laid him low.

Stanley Ketchel, the greatest middleweight of all time, was one of the few to reverse the rule. He knocked Papke out after that gentleman had finished him in eleven rounds.

Ketchel went to the mountains and roughed it three months. He defeated Papke on their return engagement and re-won the championship.

Ketchel was the all around superior of any pugilist I have ever known. He knew life as well as art and literature. Entirely self-taught, he had great brain capacity and understanding.

He was well known in different underworlds of the West. Women in the brightly red-shaded districts were fond of him. He was also fond of them.

One of the greatest bruisers that ever lived, he had a splendid sense of drama. I have known him to time one of his magnificent rushes in the ring so as to make the audience rise at the psychological moment.

He was handsome in a strong, masculine way. He was the mauler with pity. Ruthless, so far as his own ambition was concerned—he would share everything he had with anybody. Mary MacLane said in one of her books, "I have two pictures on my desk—one, of Stanley Ketchel, dead middleweight prizefighter, and one of John Keats."

Indeed Ketchel was more of a poet than many of the superficially articulate lads who are now publishing verses. But, as he once said to me, "Writing's a woman's business, Jimmy. A man should either herd sheep—or women—or battle in the ring."

Ketchel was shot to death over a woman whom he really did not want. Loved by many women, he came to his end in a little Missouri town—killed by a yokel who loved a rustic female.

Alas, poor Ketchel. Weeds were growing on his grave a few years ago. It was minus a stone. He was known as the Michigan Assassin. A very comet of life, he wandered out of a little Michigan town and pulled a few stars out of the sky. Then they brought the Michigan Assassin back—assassinated. The weeds should flourish strong over such dust. It was made of thunderbolts.

Heavies in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 21)

Peveler, Frank Warneke, George Fushay, Earl Wise, Jack Willis, Pickle Heintz, Ben Shave, Gene Garner and Bud Zeller, among other Coast heavyweights.

Sonny Buxton is a big drawing card in the Northwest. Every evening he can be seen working out in the little Niagara Gymnasium under the guiding hand of Ted Moore, his mentor. RING readers will remember Ted Moore and the wonderful fights he put up against such great men as Harry Greb and Tiger Flowers. Ted is one boy who really knows his business and above all, knows the fight game.

Since Ted took over Buxton, Sonny is doing fine work. Moore has taught him things which Buxton never dreamt he would learn. At first, Sonny only had a terrific punch in either hand. Now, however, he is able to feint his opponents into a position where he can do some real damage with his fists. He can really block punches and has developed a clever defense. His footwork is beautiful to watch. His legs are no bigger than those of the average welterweight. From an army position to the world's boxing championship is the ambition of Sonny Buxton. The whole Dominion of Canada is with him. Watch Sonny Buxton.

Southern Middleweight

(Continued from page 13)

that the world's middleweight championship is his destiny. Because he was actually married in the ring. He joined the ranks of the benedicts more than three years ago in a ring at Virginia Beach. After saying "I do" to the lovely Madeline Smith, he went on to whale the daylights out of one, Spike Webb, as a sort of wedding celebration.

"I'd sure like to meet Harry Balsamo or Babe Risko, his conqueror," Ken keeps repeating over and over.

Freddy Steele, title-holder, is another gentleman of the ring Ken would like to be introduced to.

When the N.B.A. named Overlin as the ranking contender, it came as no surprise to fans in the Southland. They have been aware of this fact for a long, long time. Too long, they say. Ken ought to be given a shot at the title now. Why put it off?

Phil Zwick

(Continued from page 5)

thing in the reserve—all kinds of buck, giraffe, and hippo—oh! Just all there was to see."

"Say, how did the Springbok come to be chosen as South Africa's national sporting emblem?" he asked. "I reckon you are all wrong about that. The impala is the buck you should have chosen. I reckon he's just about the prettiest animal I've ever seen, and oh boy, what a jumper."

Zwick took out a licence for koodoo, water-buck and zebra, and got one of each on his trip. He is particularly pleased with the shot with which he got his koodoo. "He was a great big fella," he said.

"I saw him going over a hill at a merry clip behind a water-buck, over 100 yards away. I fired just as he went over the rise and he went right on, never flinched. The boy who was with me threw his arms out as much as to say 'Bum shot you are.'"

"We heard the koodoo's hoofs going clippity-clip, then suddenly there was a crash and everything was quiet. When we got up to him, he was stone dead, but he had run a good 50 yards from where he was shot. It was a snap shot and I got more kick outa it than I did outa nailin' that lion.

"I got my lion at a kill just after dawn. One shot was enough for him, and I didn't get half the kick that I thought I would."

Judging by Zwick's marksmanship in the bush, where he bagged a lion, a koodoo, a water-buck and a zebra, Phil knows something about sharpshooting, be it with boxing gloves or express rifle. His accurate punching probably springs from the same source as his rifle shooting.

As a youngster in his home town, he used to do trick shooting. There were twin boys, friends of his, who had great confidence in his marksmanship before he was out of short pants. They would stand with small green apples held by the stem in each hand while at 25 paces Zwick would let drive with a .22 repeating rifle and split both apples. The twins thought this was great fun. So did Phil; the rifle, not the apples, was in his hands.

He had many other tricks with a rifle. He could throw a bottle in the air and hit it before it reached the ground. He would take a few shots at a jam tin at 30 paces or more and then cover his sights by placing the muzzle through a three-inch square of cardboard, and still hit the jam tin.

When Zwick went to Australia, he met Lionel Bibby, the famous Australian trick shot marksman, known as the "Joe Kirkwood of the range." Bibby and Zwick became great friends and used to shoot kangaroo, wallaby and rabbits together. They had trick (or "knick-knack," as Zwick in his quaint Americanese describes it) shooting contests, and while Zwick could not always match Bibby, the expert, he could do many of Bibby's tricks before he had been long at it. One of these, throwing a cap from a beer bottle in the air and hitting it in flight seems a particularly difficult feat.

When Zwick left Australia, Bibby in an interview with the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, described Zwick as "one of the finest shots I have ever seen."

He is an expert marksman on the range and in the ring.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 12)

SIXTO ESCOBAR, world bantamweight champion, proved himself a real title-holder when he disposed of Baby Indian Quintana in 1.49 of the first round in the first defense of his championship in Madison Square Garden. The champ shot two punches after feinting for a few seconds, both terrific rights. One just grazed Quintana's chin and the other landed with a thud on the same spot and down went the Panamanian Indian. He fell flat on his back and at the count of five, he raised his head, his eyes rolling glassily and a sleepy grin on his face. His expression was the weirdest I've seen in years following a knockout punch, and indicated to those who know the symptoms or have experienced it, that he was absolutely out to the world, even though he was trying to get up.

At the count of seven, Quintana fell back and was counted out, and it took ten minutes before his seconds could arouse him to the point where the grin left him for a more serious expression. But even then he didn't know what it was all about, and half an hour later, when he finally recovered in the dressing room, he still couldn't believe what had happened and informed the scribes that he hadn't the faintest recollection of what had taken place.

Some months ago, when Escobar won the title from Salica, it was predicted in these columns that he would be a great champion and when I awarded THE RING Belt to the Porto Rican, Sixto, in thanking me, remarked:

"Mr. Nat, thanks very much. I shall prove to you that I appreciate this gift by holding it for a long time."

I then informed him that all belts awarded by me became the permanent possession of the champion, and Sixto, with a broad smile, replied:

"That's fine. But even so, I'll keep the title for a long time."

Well, if Escobar can fight against other contenders as he did against Quintana, I have no doubt that he'll live up to his predictions. In facing Quintana, he was meeting a dusky Indian who had beaten him quite handily last summer in the Queensboro A. C., and few experts figured that their return engagement would go less than the limit with Sixto winning on points. But Escobar had other ideas. He wanted to avenge that defeat, and avenge it he did in most telling fashion—by a K.O., delivered so solidly as to amaze the spectators.

By his clean-cut victory against a good challenger, Escobar takes his place among the great little fighters of the roped square, the gamecocks of the ring.

* * *

THE proposed trip of Lew Ambers, world lightweight champion, to England apparently has hit the snag that has stopped many other such ventures—the guarantee bugaboo. Johnny Sharpe, on behalf of Jimmy Walsh, lightweight king of England, cabled General Phelan of the New York Commission asking that the British lad be accepted as a challenger for Ambers' crown. The answer sent to England was to the effect that Ambers had six months' grace before he would be compelled to defend his title and that, under the circumstances, nothing could be done other than to have Walsh wait. Whereupon, Sharpe cabled that Walsh would be willing to meet any of the American challengers in America to prove his right to a championship fight, and General Phelan accepted that proposition with the request that Sharpe get in touch with any of the clubs in New York and arrange such a bout.

In the meantime, Walsh successfully defended his title against Harry Mizler and made a fine showing, thus enhancing his value as a drawing card, and Ambers' manager, Al Weill, seeing an opportunity to cash in, cabled Johnny Best, British promoter, asking for a guarantee of $10,000 each for three over-the-weight matches, but stated correctly that his contract with Madison Square Garden prohibited Ambers from fighting in defense of his crown for anyone but the Garden.

Under the circumstances, Ambers' trip to England has fallen through because neither Best nor any other British promoter can guarantee Lou $10,000, tax free, and four round trip tickets for an over-the-weight match. I'm sure a bout between Ambers and Walsh, even without the title at stake, would net Ambers close to $10,000.

There can be no doubt that American managers think in too big terms. Such a fabulous guarantee for an over-the-weight match would break any British promoter were he to accept it. If the manager of a champion or topnotch fighter would agree to accept a percentage of the gate, with the privilege of a reasonable guarantee, he would soon learn the real gate value of his fighter. I don't blame Ambers, who has earned practically nothing since he started his upstart, for seeking a big guarantee, but even champions should be more reasonable. You don't see American promoters falling over themselves to offer the best of the foreign talent fabulous sums to fight here. Schmeling is the only foreigner who can command big dough, and he has ample reason for demanding it.

* * *

THE defeat of Len Harvey, ex-British Empire heavyweight and light-heavyweight champion, by John Henry Lewis, world title-holder, on a points decision, was somewhat of a surprise to the American followers of boxing, who had expected a knockout of the Britisher, but it was no shock to those who had made a thorough study of Len's career. In his many years of ring activity, Harvey has never been knocked out, and many British sportsmen, according to Leo Fuller, Reuter's boxing correspondent in New York, were sure that he would still be on his feet at the end of his bout with Lewis. One of Len's fights was stopped because of a cut eye, but in England such a procedure is not recorded as a K.O.

Lewis, according to the ringside reports, clinched all but four rounds of which the first went to Harvey and the rest were even. The $70,000 gate, plus the fine manner in which the affair was handled, will act as an urge to other American title-holders to make the trip abroad. Until the Lewis-Harvey match, most of the champions were afraid to risk their crown in London for fear that they would not be treated fairly owing to the "foul rule," but what happened in the Lewis-Harvey battle sets at rest all that bosh.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jos. Kolb, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What nationality is Ray Impellitiere. What are the dates of his fights with Tommy Loughran?

A.—Italian. He fought Tommy in New York on Nov. 22, 1933, and again on June 3, 1935 in Philadelphia. Both ten rounds and Tommy won.

Harry Galla, N. Paarl, Western Province, South Africa

Q.—How can I get rid of my nervousness in the ring and in company of others.

A.—That is a difficult matter to overcome. The best advice I can give is for you to go about your work in a natural manner. Don't face your opponent with fear. Just think of your bout as just another bit of ring work. When in the company of others, feel at home. Make yourself feel their equal. Talk naturally, mix in their discussions, etc. Read good books and talk slowly. Would like to know six months from now, if you follow this advice, how you fared.

Incidentally, when your new stamps come out, send me a set for my collection. The same request is made of other of my foreign friends. I'm a stamp collector and cherish the stamps from places where I have Ring readers. Get busy, boys.

Aruro Sonjez, Mexico City, Mexico

Q.—Is the Ring which is published here part of your organization?

A.—No. We have nothing to do with The Ring of Mexico. It is a steal of our title and pretends to be affiliated with this publication.

Frank Vitalo, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Is Chino Alvarez ranked among the first ten in his division?

A.—Yes, his recent victory over Scott entitles him to a high place.

Grappler, Dublin, Irish Free State

Q.—What is the best way to gain strength and endurance for wrestling?

A.—Use weight lifting exercises.

Q.—I am 5 feet 3½ inches in height and weigh 122 pounds. With proper training, can I reach the middleweight class?

A.—Yes, although the probability is that you will be no more than a welterweight when at full growth, and perhaps only lightweight. There is that chance, however, of being a middleweight if you exercise properly, eat building up foods and have regular sleep.

Q.—What was the height and weight of Frank Gotch?

A.—At his best he scaled 200 and was five feet 10 inches tall.

Ed Hanley, Oswego, N. Y.

Q.—Was Jimmy Walsh ever a champion?

A.—Yes, he was the bantam champion.

Q.—Was he good? From whom did Tommy Burns win the title? Do you consider Jimmy Braddock a boxer or a fighter?

A.—Yes, very. Burns defeated Marvin Hart in 20 rounds and then cleaned up the division to be acknowledged the heavyweight king by right of conquest. Get the Post Record Book, or Frank Menke's fine book, "The All Sports Record Book" and you will get all of this information. Every sports fan should have a copy of Menke's book. It costs only $1.00. Braddock is a boxer, primarily.

M. Komazi, Durban, South Africa

Q.—Is Inman Bux a Hindu or a Moslem by faith? Who was his first opponent?

A.—A Hindu. I don't know.

Q.—Did Jim Browning ever beat Jaget Singh?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Who is the best drawing card among the following—Inman Bux, Jaget Singh, Chaffor Khan and Ayan Khan?

A.—Bux and Ghaffor Khan.

John Ahl, Girard, Pa.

Q.—I am fourteen years old, weigh 121 pounds. Am I old enough for amateur boxing? With my weight, am I in the bantamweight class?

A.—You are too young to compete in the amateurs. Sixteen to eighteen is the best age to begin amateur boxing. The bantam class is 118 pounds and you will probably grow heavier before you are able to begin your boxing career.

Bobby Hansen, Pittsfield, Mass.

Q.—When Al McCoy defeated Bellenger recently, why didn't Al become the Canadian heavyweight champion?

A.—Although the bout was advertised as for the title, the Canadian boxing board refused to give McCoy the championship and belt because the parish records have no mention of McCoy having been born in Canada. McCoy is a Canadian by birth and lost the championship recognition and belt because his birth is not recorded in the Canadian city where he was born.

Rhodney Waggoner, Dallas, Texas

Q.—Was Tommy Loughran ever named number one contender by the Boxing Commission as challenger for the title? If so, who was it that beat him. What was the best man he defeated and how high was he rated in THE RING?

A.—Loughran held the light-heavyweight title but never ranked No. 1 contender for the heavyweight title. Jack Sharkey was the best man that he whipped. Tommy was rated second and third leading heavyweight contender in The Ring on several occasions.

Jack Clark, Ava, Missouri

Q.—What is the age limit of the Golden Gloves?

A.—There is none. Same as professional boxing.

Q.—Does a contestant have to pay his own way if he lives away from the city where the tournament is staged?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is there no way to get by this if you have no money?

A.—No. Unless you can get some one to back you.

Milton Barnett, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—What can one do if he has one false tooth cemented and wants to fight. I'm afraid it will be broken. Some say to use a teeth protector others say it won't do? Have you a remedy?

A.—No, it won't do. First good crack and the tooth will be broken or loosened. Would advise that you see a dentist and have a bridge made.

Albert L. Stewart, Lewistown, Pa.

Q.—Please give me the result of the Harry Wills-Luis Firpo fight and the date.

A.—They fought a twelve rounds, no-decision contest in Jersey City, September 11, 1924.

F. Q. Hewitt, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me where Max Baer fought Frankie Campbell and what date? Do you know the height, weight and age of Buddy Baer? What is the address of Jorge Brescia and Ray Impellitiere?

A.—August 25, 1930, in San Francisco. Buddy is six feet four inches, and weighs around 220 pounds and is 22 years of age. Brescia can be reached at the Victoria Hotel, N. Y. C. Impellitiere, 312 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Calif.

Buddy Jones, Pottsville, Ala.

Q.—I am five feet five inches and weigh 120 pounds. Will I ever get to be a heavyweight? How can you overcome being afraid when you get into the ring?

A.—No. Fear cannot be overcome. Some of the greatest fighters in the world are timid before entering the ring. It is a characteristic that is hard to overcome.

Mike Montanes, Manila, P. I.

Q.—What was Max Schmeling and Joe Louis' share of the purse in their recent battle? What was the gate receipts? How many Madison Square Garden's are there and where? Which is correct, Queensberry or Queensbury rules.

A.—Schmeling and Louis received approximately $130,000 each as their share. The gate receipts were $464,945 net. There is one in New York City, Boston, Phoenix, Miami and possibly one or two others scattered around the country. Queensberry rules are correct.

Clarence Baltan, Carroll, Ill.

Q.—Why doesn't Kid Chocolate receive much credit? Didn't he have over 150 wins? I think that is a great thing for the sport.

A.—Chocolate was a great little battler and a good champion. He was not spared credit by any means from the experts.

E. Herrera, Tamps, Mexico

Q.—How old is Barney Ross and who did he fight with last? Did he win? Does Schmeling train every day when he is preparing for a match? Where is Tunney and what does he do actually? How shall I develope my wrists?

A.—Ross is 26 years of age. Ross' last fight was a victory over Phil Furr in Washington, D. C. He trains about four days a week. Tunney has retired for the life of a gentleman. Wrist machines will strengthen them.

D. G. Obeysekere, Rajagiriya, India

Q.—What is the physiological explanation of getting punch drunk?

A.—It is lack of coordination of mind and muscles. It causes one to walk "on the heels," so to speak, and often causes stammering. It is brought about by being struck too often on the head.

Q.—What is the chemical composition of Monsel Solution?

A.—Iron sulphate.

E. McGrath, Lismore, New South Wales

Q.—Is 20 or 21 years of age too late for one to start boxing?

A.—No.

Q.—Who is a good Australian agent from whom to get The Ring?

A.—Get in touch with the firm of Gordon and Gotch in your country.

Q.—I live 80 miles from Lismore. To what promoter can I apply for wrestling?

A.—Sorry, I cannot say. Would suggest that you write to a New Zealand or Australian paper.

J. Davis, Ring Reader

Q.—I am 18 years old and weigh 160 pounds. How can I learn boxing as quickly as possible?

A.—Get either my Universal Boxing Course booklets, or Training for Boxers and How to Box.

Q.—Will rope skipping reduce my legs?

A.—No, it will develop the calves and the wind.

A Reader

Q.—I am 15 years old and weigh 150 pounds. How can I gain weight? What exercises can I use to strengthen and develop my shoulders? Is there any means of lengthening the reach?

A.—Read my book, "Training for Boxers." Do the chopping exercises you'll find in that book and also rowing and spading. Yes—by stretching exercises.

Arthur C. Hamlin, Calgary, Canada

Q.—When was Peter Maher born, and what County of Ireland does he come from. What was his first fight in America?

A.—Peter Maher was born on March 16, 1869 at County Galway, Ireland. His first American fight was October 23, 1891 against Bubbles Davis, from whom he won in four rounds in Philadelphia.

Martin Chelton, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—How many young Corbetts were there among the topnotchers? Who was the first to be known as Young Corbett?

A.—There were three Young Corbetts. The first was George Green, who was born on January 6, 1872 in San Francisco. He was a welterweight and one of the great fighters of his period. The second was William Rothwell born 1879 in Denver, Colorado, and who was a featherweight. As Young Corbett he won the world featherweight championship by knocking out Terry McGovern on November 21, 1901 in two rounds at Hartford, Conn. The third was Young Corbett III of Fresno, California, who won the World welterweight championship from Jackie Fields on February 22, 1933.

Henry Singer, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Was Bill Squires an Australian or an Englishman?

A.—Squires was born at Narrabri, New South Wales on March 17, 1879.

Alex Stafford, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—From whom did Teddy Yarosz win the world middleweight championship?

A.—He never held the world title. He beat Vince Dundee for the American crown on September 11, 1934 at Pittsburgh.

Martin Pheifer, New London, Conn.

Q.—Who is the world flyweight champion? Why do your stories as a rule have Small Montana listed as title holder and Eddie Borden, who does your ratings, has the title as vacant.

A.—I personally figure Small Montana to be the world flyweight king. I have always made it a matter of personal pride not to interfere with the opinion of any of my staff writers. I often differ with them, especially with Eddie Borden, whose ratings I do not always accept. It is my contention, and I have argued it with him, that when Midget Wolgast lost to Small Montana, he was the champion and since the boys weighed in at the championship limit, Small Montana won that crown, regardless of what Eddie Borden or any boxing commission thinks. I believe in line of succession and in my opinion, Wolgast was the champion when he lost to Montana.

Annie Nelson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Has any woman ever held the title of boxing commissioner?

A.—No.

Mickey Phillips, Hollywood, Calif.

Q.—When will your Milo to Londos Wrestling Book be ready for sale? I have heard you mention it many times but haven't seen a copy of the book.

A.—In this issue, we are featuring ads and the book is ready for sale now.

Joe Leach, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Q.—Do you think Tony Canzoneri will fight any more?

A.—I spoke to his manager, Sammy Goldman, and Tony intends going again after the new year. He is not through with the ring.

Bill McGarry, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Are the records always correct in the Record Books. I have found results of some fighters which do not seem correct.

A.—It is a very tedious and difficult job in compiling the hundreds of records of boxers and have them all correct. I would not vouch for all their accuracy.

Harry Wallace, Troy, N. Y.

Q.—Where do I have to apply for a New York State Boxing License.

A.—New York State Athletic Commission, 155 Worth St., New York City.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I SPOTTED your revised edition of "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," in a book shop in Perth the other day and lost no time in making it mine. You know, Nat, although there may have been better fighters than Dempsey, and even more successful (Gene Tunney, for instance), all the same I can't help thinking that Jack will outlast the lot of them in the traditions of the game down the ages. Just as we now talk about Massa Tom Molineux, John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, I feel sure that they will talk of Jack Dempsey in years to come—perhaps hundreds of years to come—seeing that it is over a hundred years since Molineux died and the ringsiders and back-benchers still react to his name.

What a prize a book about Molineux or John C. Heenan would be if it was as complete with pictures, records, measurements and so on as yours is as regards Dempsey. It would be hailed as a classic, just as much as Pugilistica and Boxiana. Similarly it seems to me the Dempsey book should increase in value as time goes on. I'm glad you republished this and got out a revised edition.

Tom O'Rourke was a fine old sport—the Larry Foley of America—and his death makes a gap in the ranks of boxing supporters that will be hard to fill. I can remember the boys in Australia and Africa talking about Tom for as far back as I can remember anything, and I am getting close to the seventy mark, but did not realize what a great age he had reached. I can imagine that Tom would not wish to pass out in any other way than he did—in full possession of his faculties right up to the last minute, and to go after congratulating a gallant fighter as he was going out to meet Joe Louis, a sturdy foe.

Your able article on the Schmeling-Louis bout was welcomed by the lads down here and served to clear up a lot of wonderings and speculations over Louis' downfall. In spite of the cables and so on, nobody really understood the significance of Louis' weakness in defense against a right until THE RING arrived containing your critical article on the battle. Now things are straightened out and everybody reckons that Louis still has a future because he is young enough to learn the technique of defense. If I were Joe I would go and get a few tips from Jack Johnson in that line.

Well, Nat, I must not take up too much of your time with my garrulous chatter, and I will now close. I am sending along under this cover a story, "In the Old Bare Knuckle Days," which I think will interest your readers.

With very kind regards, I remain, your old friend,

W. J. "BILL" DOHERTY,
Fremantle, Western Australia.

* * *

RECENTLY I returned from a trip to Venezuela, where I went with one of my boys, and for the benefit of those in this country who contemplate a trip there, I want to say that Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a city with about 150,000 inhabitants, is a hotbed of boxing interest. So far as boxing is concerned, that is the only city in Venezuela where the sport is followed and well patronized. The sportsmen with whom I had dealings, proved themselves every inch what that term signifies. They are men who go the limit for a visiting boxer, something I have seldom seen in any other part of the world, and I have travelled quite a bit.

Like others, I had heard conflicting statements regarding boxing in Caracas and I went there with a sort of mixed expectation. But after my arrival, I found that with the change of the old government, everything else, including boxing, had taken on a different aspect. The new government subsidizes all sports to further sport in general, and with the idea to make the public more sports-conscious. The control of the sport is in the hands of gentlemen of fine social standing. The sports-press of Caracas gives its enthusiastic support to boxing and in the daily issues, columns of all sports at home and abroad are printed. Caracas newspapers are introducing and running a "Golden Gloves" competition on the lines of our own New York *Daily News*. The support of the press will play a great factor in the future of Venezuelan boxing.

Dean of the Caracas sports writers, and a very severe critic, is "Vendaje Duro." The Venezuelan is a most enthusiastic fight fan. He loves to see a good fight and he will voice his approval or displeasure as the fight proceeds, good or bad. He appreciates a good and willing boxer, but will not stand for an impostor or imported palooka. With the Latin temperament of the fight fan, excitement often runs high at the boxing matches and it is just this, and the enthusiasm, that makes Caracas the great fight town it is.

Louis Henrique Perez is the head of the boxing promotions in Caracas and he is one of the squarest shooters I ever had the pleasure to meet. To introduce our own ideas and methods of boxing in his country, he has as his friend, adviser and promoter, John Nash of Chicago. Nash, thoroughly acquainted with Venezuelan life and conditions, will go to any extent to make an American feel at home in Caracas and with him there, any foreign boxer can be assured of getting as square a deal as in his own home town.

Ring rules and regulations are the same as the New York State Athletic Commission's and the newly formed Venezuelan Boxing Commission sees to it that those rules are strictly enforced. Fines and suspensions are the disciplinary consequences of any breach of the ring rules and the commission plays no favorites.

Rafaél H. Guerrero, the president of the Venezuelan Boxing Commission, is a widely traveled and cultured gentleman. His only interest in boxing is to see it conducted as a clean and fair sport. In that, he has the able assistance and support of sportsmen of which boxing in Caracas can well be proud. Judge Bettincourt, with a great knowledge of boxing and a wide American ring experience; Dr. F. L. Lairet, Alex Pietro, L. E. Yanes and Sen. Atillano, to mention just a few. Commission appointments are honorary positions only.

The outstanding referee in Caracas is Juan Pablo Perez, and as a ring arbiter, a better referee could not be wished for anywhere. His calmness in the ring in difficult situations, his frank, clear and honest judgments, rank him at par with our best American referees. In the eight boxing matches I was personally connected with while in Caracas with American and British boxers, I was as fairly treated as anyone ever could wish by the promoters, referee and the Venezuelan Boxing Commission.

I feel greatly indebted to the sportsmen of Caracas for making my two months' stay there a very pleasant one. With men of that calibre at the helm, I see a fine future for Venezuela in the world of boxing.

GEORGE C. BRAUN,
New York City.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

I READ your magazine every month with great pleasure. With the exception of one thing, your monthly magazine is perfect. Mr. Nat, I don't think Joe Louis needs as much praise as you have been giving him. I realize that the boxing game is getting along slowly, and I also realize that Louis is a good boy. But be honest and tell the truth. Don't you think that you should give more of your space to Braddock and Schmeling? Braddock is our champion, and I think he is a great fighter. In my own personal opinion, I think that he can beat Joe any day they meet. Get me here, I'm not the only one that believes that way.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't get offended because, as I have already said, Louis is a great fighter and there are not but three men today who can beat him.

RAYMOND CARROLL, Laneville, Texas.

THE recent death of Joe Humphreys, the clarion-voiced announcer, whose fame had spread throughout the four corners of the globe, brought back to those who spent their early days with him, memories of days in the romantic period of boxing that always make good reading. I was quite intimate with Joe, having known him for upwards of forty years, and I suppose I could write a book on Joe's association with the sport. But that would take too long. However, I'm going to relate a little story which I'm certain will be of interest, in a reading way, to your readers:

During the spring of 1901, Joe Humphreys landed in San Francisco. With him were Sam Harris, Terry McGovern and little Danny Dougherty, who was serving as a sparring partner for McGovern.

Harris had brought Terrible Terry west to box Oscar Gardner. One of the first things on the program for the visitors to do was to drop into Harry Corbett's place on Ellis Street. This spot was famous. No one identified with sports ever went into San Francisco without visiting Corbett's. Harry was an older brother of Jim Corbett. Corbett's was opened by Harry and Jim just before James J. defeated John L. Sullivan.

It was my first meeting with Joe Humphreys. At that time I was promoting shows at Oakland and when Harry Corbett introduced me to Joe he said: "At your next show, Biddy, have Mr. Humphreys introduce the main bout boys." I said I would be glad to, and immediately Humphreys and myself became interested in one another and we talked a lot.

Quite naturally he talked about Terry McGovern. But let me tell you, at that time everyone was extolling the Brooklyn boy. "Biddy, there never was a fighter like Terry," said Humphreys. "He will whip any featherweight in the world for the next several years."

One point in Humphreys' make-up that I enjoyed was that he always had a good word to say for everyone. There was a certain chap at that time who came out of New York. He seemed to be in bad with everyone. I asked Joe about him and he merely said: "Oh, he's all right, makes a few mistakes here and there, but I don't think he ever intended to do anyone a wrong."

I was attracted to Bakersfield soon after McGovern and his party arrived from the East. I was putting on a show there between Al Neill and Jim Tremble. The match was to be held two or three days after the McGovern-Gardner bout in Frisco. I got in touch with Sam Harris and arranged for McGovern to come to Bakersfield, box an exhibition bout with Danny Dougherty and to referee the mian bout. I recall that I paid Harris four hundred dollars for McGovern and transportation both ways for his party. Well, I had the pleasure of seeing Joe Humphreys once more, and we chatted a lot. Joe loved to talk. I entertained them as best I could on the eve of a show. Their strongest drink was White Rock. Humphreys told me afterward that he enjoyed the Bakersfield trip. Terry had a snap refereeing as Neill stopped Tremble in a round or two. Incidentally, I might add that Terry McGovern was the lad who sold out that house and turned away several hundred. That kid was a great box office magnet.

I met Humphreys on several occasions while making trips through the East and he was always the same nice fellow, very eager to aid friends and always strong for the old square deal. It was rather amusing to me, every time I met Joe he would always tell me what a great friend Sam Harris was and what a wonderful champion Terry McGovern had continued to be. I told Joe that Terry had one bad habit which may bring defeat to him some day.

"What's that?" he asked. I explained that when Terry and Dougherty were sparring that exhibition bout at Bakersfield, I had stood near the ring and had watched McGovern very closely. I noticed that every time he'd lead, or when Dougherty would lead, Terry would blink his eyes, thereby losing track of the other fellow's punches, a very grave weakness. Joe promised to advise Terry's trainers to correct this mistake, and perhaps he did, but it was but a short time later, the following November, that Young Corbett found that weak spot at Hartford.

If you asked me what I thought of Humphreys' ranking of boxers, regardless of weights, as published in a recent issue of THE RING, I'd say they were O.K. in every respect. And if you don't think Terry McGovern was a great champion, just have a glance at this record.

I believe Terry McGovern was supreme in the ring. And Joe Humphreys, well, he was one of the grandest fellows that ever stepped through the ropes of a boxing enclosure.

BIDDY BISHOP,
Seattle, Washington.

* * *

ANOTHER letter of appreciation from "Tom Heeney Land." THE RING is very popular down here and certainly makes us feel that we are closely in touch with major events overseas. New Zealand positively hummed with excitement when the news came through that Pete Sarron had won the featherweight championship. Good for Pete. He was in this country with an American lightweight named Lou Bloom and the pair were well liked down this way.

Couldn't Pete fight! He had some slashing bouts with New Zealand's own Tommy Donovan, with the honors going to Donovan. Makes Donovan pretty good, doesn't it? At present we have an American light-heavy named Roy de Gans fighting here and he is doing very well and making good money.

Boxing is definitely on the up-grade in this country, but we are handicapped through not having private promotion. All our contests are staged by associations under the auspices of the supreme governing body, the New Zealand Council.

On the wrestling side, Earl McCready remains unbeatable, with a formidable antagonist in Lofty Blomfield, who seems to be improving all the time. The winner of the light-heavy wrestling title at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, Pete Mehringer, is also having a successful season here. No more just now. Every good wish and Kia Ora.

SYD BARCLAY,
Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

AFTER reading Mr. C. Taggart's article in your recent issue, I couldn't help thinking what a terrible headache he must have experienced the morning after the Louis-Schmeling fight. True, he tries to make out a great case for Louis, but to my mind it is only a waste of time, energy and paper. Of course, he wrote his letter prior to the Louis-Schmeling fight or else he wouldn't have been so cocksure about the "greatness" of Louis. Let's see if we can't take his argument apart. He says, "Suppose the night he (Dempsey) came rushing out of his corner against Firpo, etc." Well, what of it? Sharpshooter or not, we know that Firpo clouted Dempsey hard twice on the chin, yet it failed to stop Jack, and what he did to Firpo after that is a shame to tell. In the light of recent events, just what does he think Louis could have done if he had been in Firpo's place? Oh me, oh my! There's no doubt in my mind what Jack would have done to poor Joe!

True, when it comes to toughness, Carpentier was not to be compared with Willard or Dempsey, but to say that he was fragile is the bunk. I should advise Mr. Taggart to examine closely the Frenchman's record. Perhaps he meant to say that Carpentier "looked" fragile, which is a vastly different thing from "being" fragile.

Finally, Mr. Taggart will have to come off the record, saying Schmeling will be his third victim. My, that must have been some pill to swallow! I should like to ask, "Where was the vaunted Louis right in that scrap?" Or the Louis left jab opening an opponent? And as for the experts wanting to see how Louis acts when on the floor, well, the recent fight, particularly the twelfth round, should show them plenty.

Mr. Taggart is wrong when he says Paulino was never on the floor prior to his fight with Louis. K. O. Christner of Akron floored him once.

ROBERT WHITBY,
Elyria, Ohio.

[*Mr. Taggart wasn't the only fight fan suffering from a severe headache. There were plenty to keep him company.—Editor's note.*]

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 19)

outstanding qualities—courage, and ability as a promoter. Harvey takes an inordinate shellacking, but he also takes a pretty good gross and an encouraging net, and what with one thing and another, deserves a lot of credit.

New York, N. Y.:—Barney Ross shows that he means to come out of his shell

HERE is an interesting picture. It shows Barney Ross in a fighting uniform. This really is a rare picture, as of late anything showing Barney in trunks, with a pair of boxing gloves encasing his pair of fives, has not been used very much in the public prints.

However, you see Ross ready to fight. One day he got the urge and packed up his bags, and left Chicago for New York.

And so we find that the champion of the welterweights is ready and eager and willing to swing his mitts—of course, at the right rate for every swing. The fighters of 1936 may have their occasional misgivings, and faults, but they usually are good business men.

It is hoped that the Ross-Jannazzo affair will open up an avenue for wider use of the Ross fists in public rings.

You see Ross smiling, encouragingly!

Coast Fans Rave Over Find

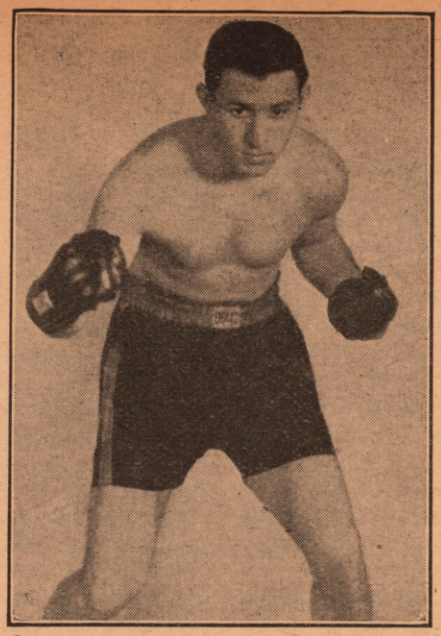
(Continued from page 8)

lesson as a result of the Joe Louis fight, I don't ordinarily go too far in predicting winners. Yet I am confident that Apostoli, progressing as he has, can make the grade; that some day we will be hailing him a successor to Stanley Ketchel. Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer and other Eastern fistic scribes of note said the same of Balsamo, only to have him make them eat their words when Babe Risko showed him up, yet I won't backwater on my opinion of Apostoli.

Fred Apostoli has been through a life of hardships and setbacks. But he's made the grade all the way, pulled up through thick and thin. That's the stuff of which champions are made.

Just a kid of 23, the boy who modestly admits he would like to be champion, has gone through a lot. Born at Grant Avenue and Chestnut Street, in 1913, his mother died when he was 7. At 9, the motherless youngster was sent into the Father Crowley home by a dad who simply couldn't raise the lad.

"That's really where I learned something about boxing," grinned Fred. "You had to fight or get run over. That's the way the boys found out who was boss. One prefect, Father John Crowley, took enough interest to provide us with boxing gloves. Every night at 6 o'clock there would be boxing."



Solly Krieger of New York, who is making rapid strides in the welterweight division.

* * *

LIFE was no bed of roses at the home. All the boys were up at 6 a.m. and in bed by 9 in the evening. After six years, Fred Apostoli was pitched out into a somewhat cold world. He went to a ranch near Santa Rosa, where he worked for an Italian family for two years. Work, work and then more work. It was a chicken ranch, with fruit, etc. Only once during the two years did Apostoli leave the farm. Then he went into Occidental to watch a baseball game.

A year in San Francisco at Francisco Junior High School, where Joe Di Maggio also had some of his early education, a smattering at Part Time High School was followed by so many odd things to do that you could call Fred a jack of all jobs. He was a plasterer, worked in sheet metal, helped his dad as a carpenter and tended pigs up Stockton way.

Somebody landed Fred Apostoli a berth as messenger boy for a San Francisco jewelry firm. That was his first good break. He met Joe Niderost and it was Niderost who introduced Apostoli to the Olympic Club and fixed him up with a job at the Hotel St. Francis. First Apostoli was the boy who ran the freight elevator. He was promoted to the passenger elevator, later to a bell boy's job and then made bell captain.

In the meantime, Spider Roach, who trains the amateurs at the Post Street Club, taught Apostoli the rudiments of the boxing game. In 1933, Fred won his first honors, in a junior welterweight tournament. He stopped all five boys in his class.

Progress was rapid and in April of 1934 this kid won the amateur middleweight title at St. Louis. That was the same tournament in which Joe Louis made a name for himself. He fought 45 times as an amateur and lost but once.

He turned pro in October, 1934, just two years back. His first ring opponent was Gilbert Attell, a nephew of the Abe Attell who made history as a featherweight. Followed a series of bouts with Apostoli winning handily.

* * *

THE first bit of overplaying the hand was when Apostoli was matched with Freddie Steele of Tacoma. That was in April of 1935. Apostoli was too green and he tired. Steele was too much of a veteran and the fight was halted in the tenth round, with Apostoli the loser. Joe Niderost, who had been handling Fred, decided to turn that job over to some one else. Larry White was handed the reins and how well he has managed, is testified by Apostoli's long string of victories.

Fights and victories include the names of Mike Payan, Eddie Schneider, Dick Foster, Rudy Mendez, Young Stuhley, Swede Berglund, Babe Marino, Frankie Britt, Paul Pirrone, Babe Risko, Marty Simmons and more recently Lou Brouillard.

Twenty professional fights in two years and but one defeat. Nobody claims for Fred Apostoli that he's a super fighter. But we can say for him he is clean-cut and well behaved; that he has ability and brains and knows how to use the gray matter.

He likes the fight game; he doesn't worry. His hands are good and his habits O.K.

Tab this kid for a title and see if I'm right. I'm willing to gamble on that prediction.

Attention, Promoters

American or foreign promoters! If you are seeking talent and have difficulty in finding the manager or fighter you are looking for, you can obtain all this information by communicating with me. There is no cost for this service. Will contact anyone that you desire. Address: EDDIE BORDEN, Forrest Hotel, West 49th St., New York City. Day Phone, Circle 7-3845. Night Phone, Chickering 4-7070.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 40)

Travel Bureau—Casey Berger, Sun Jennings, Bob Wagner, Cliff Theide, Lew Plummer and Milo Steinborn have all left for points North and East.

Everett Marshall, Chief Little Wolf and Vincent Lopez are consulting timetables or Houston-bound trains and planes.

Ernest Kelley returns "home" after several months in the Mid-West. As does good old Marshall Blackstock. Just like little birdies coming South in the winter.

Billy Bartush, Alf Johnson, Jim Clinstock and Jim Henry the Goon are among our newcomers.

* * *

Otto Kuss is on the sidelines for a while with an injured foot. It happened when Solly Slagel and all his pounds landed smack on Otto's foot. And to top it all off, Otto has a touch of influenza.

Blood and Punishment

(Continued from page 15)

many years that he could not be knocked out, but another American, Denver Ed. Smith caused him to change his views by knocking him out in 18 rounds at New Orleans in 1893.

But considering that he was never taught and did not pull on a glove until he was nearly 30, Goddard was a fighting marvel and an ornament to the brave days of old, of which I shall write further in future issues of the RING.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

BILL DALY of Paterson, N. J., is an adventurous soul. Last year he decided to make a trip to England. Accompanied by Roy Lazer, heavyweight, Al Diamond, middleweight, and Jackie Wilson, featherweight, he toured the provinces of Great Britain and after eight months of speculation, decided to return home. Bill's resourcefulness stood him in good stead and before he left, he made connections to import several alien pugilists into this country.

Three of them got started in Chicago last month and present indications point to a successful invasion. The headliner, Maurice Strickland, heavyweight champion of New Zealand, got off to an auspicious beginning when he gave Max Marek, Chicago heavyweight, a comprehensive trouncing in ten rounds at the Chicago Stadium. Joe Connolly, a rugged, two-fisted Scotch lightweight, was nosed out in a ten rounder by Al Nettlow, though Connolly scored a knockdown in the third round and made a decidedly favorable impression with the audience. Michael Patrick Barry, a six feet 5 Irish giant, started off with a three-round knockout over Irving Ashkenazy.

Jim Mullen, Chicago promoter, is enthusiastic about the showing made by the foreign invaders and his plans include a possible match with Joe Louis in the near future. Eddie Pierce, South African middleweight, is the remaining member of the troupe but his debut has been delayed for the time being.

A display of courage was displayed by Ritchie Fontaine in a stirring eight round battle against Eddie Zivic at the St. Nicholas Palace recently. Dropped once in the first round and three times in the fifth, Fontaine aroused the frenzy of tfie crowd with his pluck in face of cruel, right hand smashes to face and body. His aggressiveness and willingness to fight left an indelible impression upon the spectators.

In another eight rounder, Orville Drouillard furnished a real surprise when he smashed out an easy eight round victory over Phil Baker. Danny Koplick and Frankie Cavanna traded punches for eight rounds without a letup, with the fight ending in a draw. It was one of the best fighting cards of the season staged at the St. Nick's and Willie Johnston is entitled to several bows for his matchmaking.

Those who keep knocking out-of-town decisions should first worry over some of the verdicts issued in their own city. After Izzy Jannazzo, East Side welterweight, received an undeserved draw in his fifteen round elimination contest at the Garden with Ceferino Garcia, to furnish an opponent for Barney Ross, anything can happen.

Garcia was entitled to ten rounds out of fifteen and the rounds that Garcia won were so convincing that there should have been no question about the verdict. Eddie Forbes, one of the judges, rightfully gave the award to Garcia but Patsy Haley, another judge, called it even, while Referee Billy Cavanaugh handed the palm to Jannazzo. Two rounds were deducted from Garcia for alleged low hitting, although only one low blow was discerned. Jannazzo was guilty of landing low in the second round but Cavanaugh penalized Garcia instead. Jannazzo's hitting with an open glove, heeling and fighting in ten second spurts, apparently was enough to win the decision. He wasn't cautioned even once for repeated heeling.

Henry Armstrong seems to be living up to the praises bestowed by this writer when he was on the Coast last year. I said in the columns of THE RING that Armstrong, pound for pound, was the best fighter in the country and I repeat that statement. The easterners are missing something as long as Henry decides to remain on the Coast—Enrico Venturi was given a tough battle by Lew Massey at the New York Coliseum and at times it seemed as if Massey would come on to victory. Venturi came on at the finish to clinch the verdict.

The Boxing Commission presented Jannazzo with an early Christmas gift a week after he received the draw with Garcia, by announcing that it didn't think that Garcia would be ready to meet Ross in a championship match and selected Jannazzo as Ross' opponent. Fourteen out of fifteen metropolitan newspapers decided in favor of Ceferino and three written statements by reputable physicians that Garcia's eye injury would not interfere with the Ross meeting, did not carry any weight with the Commission. Politics is certainly a powerful weapon when it is wielded over members of the State Athletic Commission.

Aldo Spoldi scored over Eddie Brink in the eight round semi-final, with Brink making a belated rally in the last two rounds that was truly sensational. Spoldi's early lead could not be overcome. Baby Casanova disposed of Jose Santos in two rounds while Frankie Martin outpointed Fillo Echeverria in the opening round. Felix Garcia and Johnny Rohrig fought a draw in the opening four.

Bob Olin revived the spirits of his supporters, headed by Manager Harold Scadron and "Broadway" Sam Roth, when he turned in a corking knockout triumph over Buck Everett in four rounds in Washington. Olin's spurt has encouraged him to such an extent that he is confidently looking forward to a Joe Louis match—Charley Gomer turned in a fine victory over Red Cochrane at the New York Coliseum. Any fight that Gomer engages in is a tough one, because he is always trying—Paulie Walker, after a lengthy absence, made two starts at the St. Nick's and battled on even terms with Andrea Jessurun and Wildcat O'Connor, which were commendable achievements—Lew Feldman flashed one of his brilliant battles when he outboxed Ritchie Fontaine at the St. Nick's in a corking fight. Feldman was too spry and speedy for the aggressive, durable Westerner.

Benny Ray has a good looking prospect in Milt Aron who whipped Harry Dublinsky in their recent return match, the first one ending in a draw—Eddie Long is now handling Dublinsky—Red Guggino, stepped into the New York Coliseum as a substitute and banged out a victory over Phil Baker—Joe Vignali, Waterbury lightweight, stayed out of the ring for many months. He finally picked his spot in taking on Indian Hurtado at the St. Nick's and received a draw, after making a valiant, aggressive effort towards victory. Vignali was on the short end of 8 to 1 hence getting a draw would seem like a moral victory—Frank Terranova, another long shot, gave the gamblers a scare, when, after being on the receiving end for three rounds, he exploded a right hand on Baby Casanova's chin that felled him for a nine count. Terranova tried his hardest but fell short of victory, though furnishing the fans with a tremendous thrill.

Tony Galento must be getting stimulated inspirations from the explosive right hand powers of Max Schmeling. Under Joe Jacobs' handling, Galento turned in successful knockouts over Izzy Singer and Roy Lazer—Aldo Spoldi disposed of Maxie Fisher at the New York Coliseum in eight rounds—Baby Salvy Saban is scoring knockout after knockout in local circles and seeems headed for certain stardom. He has a style similar to that employed by Canzoneri, when Tony was enjoying youth and elasticity. Saban is certain to be fighting headline bouts before spring.

Jimmy Doyle complains that Domenico Ceccarelli, his Italian light-heavyweight, is being shunned locally since giving Al Gainer a stubborn battle at the Garden recently—Henny Andrews has regained the power of speech since Patsy Perroni made his comeback and turned in an impressive three round knockout over Leo "One Punch" Williams at the opening show of the Rockland Palace, where once the Manhattan Casino reigned.

Harry Balsamo enjoyed short-lived fame when he exploded his terrific right hand punch on the person of Erich Seelig and stopped him in the first round. Balsamo was the recipient of front page publicity as the modern Stanley Ketchel but in the next time out he was humiliated by the canny ring work of Babe Risko, who outpointed Balsamo in a ten-rounder, both bouts taking place at the Hippodrome.

There is plenty of hope for Balsamo, if he can be guided along the right path and proper opponents are selected for him. By proper, I mean persons who can be hit. Risko was too smart. His left hand kept Balsamo at bay throughout. Norment Quarles staged a big upset when he turned in an overwhelming victory over Chino Alvarez, highly touted Tampa lightweight. Another upset was recorded when Andrea Jessurun turned in a victory over Johnny Clinton.

Another Hippodrome program found Leroy Haynes and Arturo Godoy waging a cyclonic ten round affair with honors evenly divided. It was a difficult battle to judge and the tide switched from one to the other. A draw verdict was a good decision. Neither lost any prestige in the even break but both qualified as earnest, pleasing ring gladiators. Gunnar Barlund added another victory to his list when he took Abie Feldman into camp in the ten round semi-final.

Barlund is the young, Finnish heavyweight brought to this country by Paul Damski and you will hear plenty from this boy—The latest club to come into being is the Henderson Arena in Brooklyn. It will be conducted by the same Charley Henderson who ran the Henderson Bowl in Brooklyn about ten years ago. It looks like plenty of action for local fighters and there is still room for out-of-towners who can fight. The Garden and the Hippodrome rivalry makes it easier for the managers to bargain and if they have the goods, there is a ready market for their wares.

Freddy Brown, young trainer, has been responsible for the recent improvement of Bob Pastor—Al Weill's vigor has not dimmed in denouncing the recent verdict which lost Lou Ambers the decision to Eddie Cool in their Philadelphia bout. On that same card, Paul Pirrone, Cleveland's annihilating middleweight, stole the show completely from the balance of the principals when he staged a cyclonic rally that made him a victor over Frankie Caris by the knockout route in the eighth round. Paul was behind by a wide margin coming up for the eighth round. The danger of meeting a puncher was evidenced when Pirrone nailed him a terrific left and right on the chin. A knockdown, a few more crashing blows and the fight was over.

Chris Dundee got a tough break when Ken Overlin lost the verdict to Teddy Yarosz in Pittsburgh and by the same token, a lucky one for Teddy, who has had more than his share of tough breaks. It was the first defeat suffered by Overlin in three years and Chris is eyeing return match offers from the Pittsburgh promoters. Lew Raymond is still supreme as this country's best matchmaker when he brought together a conglomeration of all star talent to St. Louis a few weeks ago. Henry Armstrong, Petey Sarron and Frankie Wallace all paired with outstanding opponents; Joey Alcanter, Young Rightmire and Pat Kissinger, respectively—Jack Petrill and Perry Schad, co-promoters for the I. M. A. of Flint, are the only parties who can stage boxing shows at the spacious Flint Auditorium. It is one of the prettiest arenas in the country—Pete Scalzo and Georgie Holmes, two of the best looking featherweights in New York, are due to clash shortly and that meeting should be worth witnessing.

We have received a letter from Julius Cohen, president of the newly incorporated Buffalo Sporting Club, Inc., which intends running boxing and wrestling shows in Buffalo with Vince Plunkett as the matchmaker. Mr. Cohen seems to think that Hugh Shannon, our Buffalo correspondent, casts reflections upon the ability of the new organization to put the sport over in Buffalo which is sadly in need of promoters. We give you his letter.

"We may or may not be successful in our promotion of sports, but we have operated our own business, apart from boxing, for many years and have lifted it from a small concern to one of the largest operating concerns in our line.

"Our two plants cover nearly twenty acres of ground. We attribute our success to the fact that we surrounded ourselves with an efficient and honest organization together with the fact that we paid one hundred cents on the dollar in our every business transaction. We intend following these same lines in our sports promoting. Personally, I have every confidence in our new venture. Everyone doing business with us will be paid in full regardless of any losses incurred in the promotion. I do not know, and to my knowledge have never met the writer of the item referred to.

"It occurs to me that had he gone to us regarding our future plans we would have enlightened him considerably regarding our movements and in all probability, he would have written an entirely different story, one of encouragement, rather than that of doubt as to our success. Signed—Julius Cohen."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweight headliners were taking things easy last month, while the smaller fry in the division were keeping in the spotlight, but in all other divisions, the fistic pot was kept boiling. Lou Ambers, engaging in his first contest since winning the lightweight title, was beaten by Eddie Cool in an overweight match in Philadelphia. Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Jannazzo went fifteen rounds in the welterweight elimination contest which resulted in a draw. Henry Armstrong added further glory in the featherweight ranks when he conquered Mike Belloise. Freddie Miller scored a victory over Maurice Holtzer in South Africa. Those were the outstanding features of the month in the world of fisticuffs.

Beginning with the heavy division, we find Jack Trammell heading the active list with a victory over Artie Sykes and a one-round kayo over Killer Lamar. Bob Pastor disposed of Louis Le Page in two rounds. Arturo Godoy and Leroy Haynes waged a hectic scrimmage which ended in a draw. Patsy Perroni returned to the wars with a three-round knockout over Leo "One Punch" Williams. Gunnar Feldman impressed favorably with his victory over Abie Feldman. Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight champion, started his American campaign by trouncing Max Marek in Chicago.

Buck Everett fell victim to Otis Thomas in one round and Bob Olin in four. Sonny Walker scored over Andre Lenglet. Lee Savoldi won over Charley "Killer" Coates. Tony Galento disposed of Izzy Singer in eight rounds. John Erjavec finished Tony Rocco in one and Bill Nichy in six. Harry Thomas whipped Artie Sykes and kayoed Willie Gordon in two.

Bob Nestell finished Butch Rogers in five rounds. Al Delaney required five rounds to put away Ralph Barbara. Young Herrera won over Natie Brown in the British West Indies. Buddy Knox kayoed Joe Ketchell in eight rounds. Roy Lazer drew with Trader Horn. Larry Gains and Jack London went eight rounds before the referee heaved them out of the ring. Steve Dudas whipped Buddy Ryan. Unknown Winston scored over Joe Lipps. Dewey Kimrey won from Tom Beaupre. Adolf Heuser kayoed Emile Lebrize in one round. Jim McVey disposed of Frankie Hammer in the first.

Among the light-heavies, Gus Lesnevich disposed of Young Stuhley in nine rounds and was held to a daw by Marty Simmons. Jock McAvoy kayoed Bill Wainwright in three rounds. Steve Carr whipped Dan Hassett. Tommy Freeman won over Joey Parks. George Nichols scored over Billy Bommer. Joe Dundee whipped Joe Knight. Tiger Warrington kayoed John Anderson in six rounds.

In the middleweight ranks, we find Freddy Steele scoring a victory over Allen Matthews. Ken Overlin defeated Ralph Chong but lost to Teddy Yarosz. Solly Krieger scored over Oscar Rankins. Harry Balsamo disposed of Erich Seelig in one round but was beaten by Babe Risko. George Black stopped Paul Pirrone in five rounds but Paul came back to knock out Frankie Caris in eight rounds while Caris bested Thys Menger. Ben Brown defeated Carmen Vitullo. Walter Woods won from Joe Lynch and Charley Weise. Bob Turner defeated Johnny Rossi while Atilio Sabatino scored over Bobby Wilson and stopped Babe Amos in five rounds.

The welterweight situation is headed by Jack Carroll, leading contender, who disposed of Herb Bishop in twelve rounds in Australia. Ceferino Garcia was given a draw in his bout with Izzy Jannazzo. Chuck Woods was a double knockout victim during the month. He went two rounds with Eddie Carroll and six with Fritzie Zivic. Cocoa Kid disposed of Bobby Orr in four rounds. Glen Lee stepped into the elite class through his victory over Bep Van Klaveren and a ten-round kayo over Abie Miller.

Milt Aron drew and whipped Harry Dublinsky. Andrea Jessurun drew with Paulie Walker, defeated Johnny Clinton and Bobby Wilson. Clinton won over Gene Buffalo. Jimmy Leto scored over Johnny Jadick and drew with Johnny Bellus. Jadick defeated Mickey O'Brien. Al Manfredo drew with Jackie Burke. Midnight Bell defeated Gordon Wallace.

Saverio Turiello scored over Frankie Cinque. Chief Paris drew with Remo Fernandez. Phil Furr lost to Lew Raymond but won from Johnny Lucas. Frankie Blair scored over Bobby Wilson. Bobby Venner disposed of Dick Porter in four and Mickey O'Brien in nine. Gaston Le Cadre scored over Bobby Cortez. Mickey Serrian defeated Joe Sweeney. Jake Kilrain won on a foul from Norman Snow in six rounds. Leon Zorrita kayoed Tiger Jack Thomas in five rounds. Mickey Makar whipped Jay Mecadon.

Lou Ambers' defeat at the hands of Eddie Cool heads the active lightweight list. Enrico Venturi scored over Le Massey. Indian Hurtado drew with Joe Vignali. Norment Quarles defeated Chino Alvarez. Aldo Spoldi stopped Maxie Fisher in eight rounds and won from Eddie Brink. Lew Feldman won over Pete Mascia and Ritchie Fontaine. Fontaine was also beaten by Eddie Zivic. Leonard Del Genio triumphed over Jackie Willis.

Baby Casanova whipped Frankie Terranova and kayoed Jose Santos in two and Stumpy Jacobs in six. Jimmy Vaughn received the award over Ray Sharkey. Joe Rivers scored over Howard Scott. Charley Gomer defeated Red Cochrane, while Red won over Pete Mascia. Davey Day scored over Joey Greb. Billy Beauhold defeated Patsy La Rocco, Allie Rowan and drew with Davey Abad.

Tony Morgano scored over Davey Fine. Al Nettlow won from Joe Connolly. Jimmy Walsh triumphed over Harry Mizler. Red Guggino whipped Phil Baker and Jimmy Tramberia while Baker was also beaten by Orville Drouillard. Perfecto Lopez whipped Midget Wolgast. Johnny Morro outpointed Louis Camps while Danny London bested Al Ciullo.

Henry Armstrong seems the most active featherweight around. He scored over Baby Arizmendi and kayoed Gene Espinoza in one round. Freddy Miller scored over Maurice Holtzer. Dick Corbett won from Phineas John, Stan Jehu and kayoed Peter Clark in eight rounds. Johnny McGrory disposed of Billy Gannon in five rounds. Young Rightmire whipped Nick Camarata. Pete De Grasse scored over Wally Hally. Sonny Valdez defeated Frankie Covelli. Dave Crowley kayoed Tommy Rogers in four rounds. Joey Wach won from Al Reid but lost to Joey Archibald. Jackie Carter scored over Lloyd Pine and kayoed Billy White in three rounds. Jackie Wilson disposed of Bobby Dean in the second. Al Reid defeated Tony Pagano. Cristobal Jaramillo whipped Bobby Green.

Frankie Martin is gaining prestige in the bantam ranks. He whipped Fillio Echeverria and Henry Hook. Baltasar Sangchili won from Tony Marino while Tony whipped Nickey Jerome. John Cusick defeated Johnny King. Joe Mendiola turned in knockouts over Peppy Sanchez in one and Bobby Duran in eight. "Tomboy" Romero scored over Pablo Dano. Johnny Ladao won from Baby Palmore. Tony Dupre scored over Ruby Bradley. K. O. Morgan scored a kayo over Tony Butchers.

In the flyweight class, Jim Warnock, the Irish champion, comes to the fore with a victory over Pat Warburton. Small Montana won over Peppy Sanchez. Peter Kane disposed of Pedrito Ruiz in seven rounds. Enrico Urbinati scored over Pierre Louis. Phil Milligan kayoed Gaston Matan in eight rounds. Tut Whalley scored over Katsumi Morioka. Pat Palmer kayoed Billy Johnson in six rounds. Ernst Weiss whipped Ortega and Urbinati while Ortega beat Mura. Valentin Anglemann was beaten in an overweight match by Etienne Ferraro.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Tom Smith, England.
Bantamweight—Norm Green, Australia.
Featherweight—Paul De Bello, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Joe Nealon, Scranton, Pa.
Welterweight—Frankie Haynes, New York City.
Middleweight—Charley Williams, Alexandria, Va.
Light-Heavyweight—Max Chowaniec, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Heavyweight—Max Roesch, Dallas, Texas.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending November 9:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Maxey Rosenbloom	Jock McAvoy	Teddy Yarosz	Ceferino Garcia
4—Jack Trammell	Gus Lesnevich	Solly Krieger	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Tommy Loughran	Carmen Barth	Ken Overlin	Cleto Locatelli
6—Ray Impellitiere	Ray Actis	Lou Brouillard	Fritzie Zivic
7—Al Ettore	Marty Simmons	Babe Risko	Cocoa Kid
8—Ben Foord	Fred Lenhart	Oscar Rankins	Jack Portney
9—Al McCoy	Dave Clark	Harry Balsamo	Glen Lee
10—Bob Pastor	Steve Carr	Frank Battaglia	Milt Aron
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Title Vacant
1—Eddie Cool	Henry Armstrong	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
2—Tony Canzoneri	Mike Belloise	Frankie Martin	Benny Lynch
3—Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Baltasar Sangchili	Small Montana
4—Enrico Venturi	Dick Corbett	Tony Marino	Peter Kane
5—Laurie Stevens	Johnny McGrory	Louis Salica	Valentin Anglemann
6—Indian Hurtado	Nel Tarleton	K. O. Morgan	Maurice Huguenin
7—Wesley Ramey	Tony Chavez	Joe Mendiola	Ernst Weiss
8—Norment Quarles	Young Rightmire	John Cusick	Enrico Urbinati
9—Aldo Spoldi	Sonny Valdez	Johnny King	Phil Milligan
10—Chino Alvarez	Pete De Grasse	Henry Hook	Tut Whalley

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

THE victory of Babe Risko over Henry Balsamo in New York caused Risko's stock to shoot sky high, and Manager Gabe Genovese has been swamped with lucrative offers for the former title-holder. Gabe says he would welcome a match for the Babe with Marcel Thil of France, believing Risko carries too many guns for the Frenchman. A win over Thil would earn Babe a return bout with Freddie Steele, present king of the division.

Ralph De John, Joe Netro's middleweight aspirant, turned in a pair of convincing victories over Red Finnegan of New York at Buffalo. Both shindigs were torrid affairs in which De John's class overwhelmed the two-fisted slugging tactics of the Manhattan winger.

After turning in two brilliant victories over Midget Doyle at Binghamton, Joey Brown, Syracuse featherweight ace, dropped a heart-breaking verdict to Joe Monte of Jersey City at Al Stern's Kalurah Temple Club in Binghamton.

Your correspondent has been named matchmaker for the newly formed Olympic Boxing Club of Syracuse, and would be glad to hear from fighters and managers at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y. The Olympic Club will stage bimonthly cards at the Arena here, which has a seating capacity of seven thousand and standing room for three thousand more.

Jimmy Smith has been named president of the new fistic organization, which was incorporated at Albany for ten thousand dollars.

We have been identified with boxing in this vicinity over a period of sixteen years, during which time we participated both inside and outside the ropes. During one four-year term as matchmaker for the Syracuse Arena A. C., the books showed a profit of $160,000, or $40,000 per year. Let's hope we can once more put the game back where it belongs here. Fighters who can fight will get plenty of work at our club.

The Syracuse *Journal-American*, of which Bob Kenefick is sports editor, staged a monster amateur boxing tournament at the Arena, which ran for two nights and produced some great battles. Crowds that taxed the capacity of the Arena attended both shows and the bouts developed some promising ring material. Winners of the eight weight classes contested fought in the Hearst All-America Eastern championships at the New York Hippodrome.

Eugene (Bad Boy) Emmanuel, Syracuse Negro welterweight, a spectacular type of ringster, is in New York City seeking ring work. The Bad Boy is a fair boxer, but has a flare for wild and wooly tactics that serve to keep the fans in a continuous uproar of excitement.

Bill Robinson, former trainer for Baby Joe Gans when the California colored thunderbolt was at his best, is looking after several Syracuse scrappers and informs us he will become trainer for a stable of battlers managed by Henny Andrews, New York handler.

Jackie Brady's gym at 431 South Warren Street is training quarters for all the leading upstate amateur and pro battlers. Jackie has some good looking glove swingers under his wing which he plans to groom for pro careers.

Bert Courage, the Hobart College boxer, who is the scourge of the amateur heavyweights, has scored twenty-nine knockout wins in thirty-four starts. He is a big, colorful youngster, with shoulders like Max Baer, but possesses the fighting heart of a lion. His best punch is a short, powerful left hook which is hard to get away from, and he only has to put it over once to end the evening's fistic activities, when he is in action. Joe Borrell, Art Anderson, Obie Taylor, Nick Taylor and a Jamestown whiz bang named Barney Raymond were his last five kayo victims.

Jimmy Clark, the Jamestown Negro middleweight, has turned pro and will fight around Buffalo, we hear . . . . Harvey Lacelle, the Canadian Olympic featherweight, is going good in the Southern Tier . . . . Al Stern, the Bingo promoter, runs a drugstore and has plenty of what it takes for headaches on the shelves . . . . Al has had a lot of them lately, but you can't keep a good man down . . . . Charley Murray, Buffalo's premier promoter, wrote a splendid story concerning Ralph De John's fistic possibilities for the Syracuse *Post-Standard* that the boys in cauliflower row believe a masterpiece . . . . Ralph Gold is trainer for Babe Risko . . . . Ralph knows his leather-pushers . . . . Gabe Genovese is the most dapper of all the local fight managers as well as the most successful . . . . Leo Bolley, the Tydol-Veedol sportscaster on WFBL, is a great boxing booster . . . . Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, received some nice publicity here in the advance on the *Journal-American* boxing tourney . . . . Joe Moniz, Portuguese heavyweight, is training here and is handled by Gabe Genovese . . . . Moniz looks very good in the gym.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

THE first show at the Arena here under the promotion of Max "Boo Boo" Hoff went over with a bang. In the opening bout of an all-star ten-round bout show, Leonard Del Genio outpointed Jackie Willis, local colored lad. In the second bout the big upset, as far as Philly fans were concerned, was Frankie Caris' knockout at the hands of Paul Pirrone. This kid Caris has had thirty-one straight wins and had never been on the floor. Caris was winning easily when he got overconfident in the eighth round and ran into a left hook to a count of nine. He arose and took several more counts until the referee stopped the match.

The third bout was full of action. Tony Morgano, another local kid, defeated Davey Fine of England. Tony won, although he was handicapped with a fractured nose. The big surprise of the season here came when the world's lightweight champion, Lou Ambers, lost to Eddie Cool, Tacomy pride. This fight was one of the best seen here in many a day. The decision in favor of Cool caused a great deal of argument at the ringside. The referee, Matt Adgie, called Ambers the winner, while the judges, Al Voice and Eddie Loughran, both voted in favor of Cool. The sport scribes were also evenly divided in their opinion of the winner. However, this makes Cool a real attraction here for the Arena club this coming winter. Promoter Max Hoff is negotiating (having exclusive rights on Cool) to bring at least five of the best lightweight stars and no doubt "Boo Boo" will accomplish his aim as he usually gets what he goes after.

With "Boo Boo" at the reins, the Arena is due to see some of the best matches held here. We believe the fans here are fight minded, and with a few more fighting shows at the Arena, boxing will be in its full height here. Jimmy Toppi was successful in his opening show, and Johnny Burns at the Cambria has had six consecutive winning shows. This is a good sign for local promoters.

Hal Hixon, well-known all-around sportsman and former pilot of Ray Miller, topnotch lightweight star of some years back, is still connected with a boxing promoter, this time as an M.C. He works for Max Hoff at the latter's swanky night club in this city.

Bobby Green, sensational little colored dynamo, is now ready for top flight competition after his two sensational and gruelling encounters with Cristobal Jaramillo, Porto Rican champion, each winning a decision. Green wants to meet Johnny Marcelline for the city title. They were old rivals in Simon-pure days and have boxed a draw in their pro feud.

Jack Sheppard is still going strong and has piled up an enviable record. In his last scrap he won over Franke DeCarlo of Albany, N. Y. We predict a great future for Jackie as he is a crowd pleasing youngster.

Johnny Hutchinson, Philly's outstanding featherweight challenger, again proved last week he is to be considered a contender with his fourth straight K.O. victory. He stopped Bernie Coleski. Previously he kayoed Johnny DeFoe, Calvin Calp and Johnny Burnett.

Harry Rubin, former U.S.N. champion, is still undefeated in Philly. In his last fight he won easily over Johnny Paulus, making it ten straight pro victories.

Jack Hiller, elongated heavyweight prospect, again scored in New York City competition when he won over Mike Afano on the Haynes-Godoy card at the Hippodrome.

RESULTS FOR THE MONTH:

Cambria Club—Frankie Caris defeated Thys Menger, ten rounds; Harry Rubin outpointed Baby "Kid" Chocolate, eight rounds; Billy Ketchell outfought Leo "Red" Finnigan, ten rounds; Freddy Lewis stopped Carmen Vitullo in eight rounds; Johnny Clinton won over Young Gene Buffalo in ten heats; Wickey Harkins and Steve Kahley drew in eight rounds.

Lancaster—Johnny Jadick defeated Mickey O'Brien; Billy Purnell outfought Eddie Faris.

Atlantic City—Tommy Cross decisioned Johnny DeFoe; Bobby Green outfought Cristobal Jaramillo; Wickey Harkins defeated Tommy Mollis; Cristobal Jaramillo outpointed Bobby Green; Johnny Freeman won over Eddie Allen; Johnny Hutchinson stopped Bernie Coleski; Mike Evans outgeneraled Ted King.

Camden—Ben Brown won over Carmen Vitullo; Unknown Winston decisioned Joe Lipps.

During the past six weeks two major amateur tournaments were held and the *Daily News* Golden Gloves and the *Evening Ledger* district champions were crowned. Several of these boys are very good prospects for the professional glove industry. Al Brown, Johnny Morgan, Bob Winter and Charlie Sullick are among the boys.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

THE next big welterweight battle in Los Angeles will likely be Barney Ross vs. Glen Lee, Nebraska Wildcat II, in an overweight match during February.

Lee proved that he is the class of the Coast welterweights at Hollywood Legion Stadium when he pounded Bep Van Klaveren all over the flicker arena to win a popular ten-round decision. The stiff socking 145-pounder from Edison, Neb., floored the Dutchman in the second frame with a short left to the jaw. Bep was up at the count of two and Lee drove him to cover with smashing body blows. Van Klaveren was lucky to finish the round.

Joey Greenberg, Lee's hustling manager, won plenty of money on the fight. The gamboleers were laying ten to seven on the Hollander, and Greenberg is reported to have bet $2,500 at that price on his belter.

The gate was $4,435, a tribute to Lee's drawing power.

Joe Waterman believes he can do $25,000 with a Ross-Lee match at the Olympic with a boost in the prices.

Billy Barnes, Salt Lake City 140-pounder, boxing in Los Angeles, has a clean slate like Roosevelt. The Mormon slugger has never been defeated.

Donnie Maes, clever Denver bantamweight, who is a sensation at Hollywood and boxing special events, used to sell papers in front of the Denver Mint, one of the world's largest repositories of gold.

"What do rasslin fans like?" asks Dean Snyder.

Perhaps a better question is: "What will they come out to see?"

Snyder, press agent of Hollywood Stadium for boxing and wrestling, continues:

"Hollywood, a circuit of the smaller men who excel in leverage, speed and science, has been experimenting. It has sold out for the last nine weeks straight on the rough-and-ready type.

"The names of Tarzan Orth, human accordion; Sockeye McDonald, chipped beef from the Oregon canneries and lumber camps; Yukon Jake from the saloons of Skagway and Nome, now head the list as box-office attractions.

"A scientific match is appreciated by a percentage of fans. Everybody likes the riot-makers, it seems."

THIS AND THAT—"See that guy standing over there?" whispered Eddie Mead, the boxing manager, pointing to Suey Welsh, another sinner, "he's one of the four horsemen." "Oh, a football hero?" "No, you dope, a golfer!" . . . . Fore! . . . . Fighters kid a lot after being knocked out . . . . "I thought a building fell on me," is the way they put . . . . Well, that's what Bud Taylor is saying these balmy afternoons in Los Angeles—and he means it! . . . . He rammed into a post on the way the other morning and Mr. Post neatly wrapped itself around the car, wrecking everything but Mr. Taylor . . . . Nick the Greek is back in Los Angeles . . . . the Hellenic plunger never misses a boxing show at the Olympic, but his luck has been bad . . . . he hasn't picked a winner at the Olympic in months . . . . Herman Katz, boxing promoter of Cincinnati, is spending several months vacationing in L. A. . . . . in my book, Henry Armstrong, Eddie Mead's *great* Negro featherweight, would be a 2 to 1 favorite to whip Petey Sarron . . . . I think Armstrong is even money against Lew Ambers . . . . no foolin' . . . . the dark boy is that good.

Lou Daro has resigned as president of the International Wrestling Association, a post to which he was recently elevated in a meeting held in Columbus, Ohio, by the country's leading mat promoters . . . . "Pressure of business here in Los Angeles makes it necessary for me to turn the post over to someone else," declared Daro . . . . the genial Ray Fabiana of Philadelphia is the vice-president of the mat body. Headquarters of the organization are in Columbus . . . . Sid Marks, hard-socking Canadian lightweight some years back, is Daro's right-hand man in the wrestling game in California and the former 135-pound contender is a valuable man in the grunt and groan business on the West slope . . . . Pat Wright, Texas boxing manager, who has been on the Coast for the past six months with a good stable of scrappers, has departed for Florida, where he will make his headquarters for the next few months.

Glen Lee, the kid from the prairies of Nebraska's Platte, has made more than $15,000 in purses since coming to Los Angeles a year ago from Edison, Neb. . . . Joey Greenberg, hustling manager of the welterweight sensation of California, has done a fine job of managing Lee . . . . the new Nebraska wildcat received $25 for his first fight in L. A. . . . three months later Lee got $1100 for a main event at Joe Waterman's Olympic . . . . Al Lang, who has one of the best boxing stables in L. A., is handling Charley Pope, the Kewanee Kid from Illinois . . . . the battling blond is a good card at Hollywood and Olympic . . . . George Zaharias, the rasslin' villain, is being sued for $15,000 damages by an Evansville (Ind.) mat fan . . . . it seems the Greek mat star landed on him while he was at ringside . . . . Joe Sarno, formerly of N. Y., who managed the Zulu Kid a number of years ago, has bobbed up in Los Angeles and has taken out a manager's license . . . . Gene Coughlin, gifted sports editor of the L. A. *Evening News*, who conducts a breezy column, tabs Abe Roth as No. 1 referee of Los Angeles . . . . Charles Randolph is second best, declares the likable Irish scribe . . . . the best boxing referee I ever watched in action was the late Harry Ertle of Jersey.

Earl Mastro, former bantamweight contender of Chicago, trained Mike Belloise for his bout with Henry Armstrong at the Olympic last October . . . . the former Windy City boxing master has a fine stable of young boxers in Southern California . . . . Gus Lesnevich, the Russian Lion, who had to come to California to make a name for himself in the boxing trade, added another knockout to his long list when he stopped the cagey Illinois boy, Young Stuhley, in nine rounds in S. F. . . . Suey Welch deserves much credit for the manner in which he has handled the socking soviet.

Lou Salica, popular Brooklyn, N. Y., bantamweight, has returned to Los Angeles and plans to remain on the Coast until the spring . . . . Charles Martin will handle the former bantamweight champion out here for Hymie (Yankle) Caplin of N. Y. . . . the Eastern Italian is a prime favorite at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . Lou will make his first start against Joe Mendiola, the Filipino belter, late in December . . . . Oakland boxing fans got a terrific shock when Jim McVey of Pittsburgh stiffened out Frankie Hammer in one round . . . . a left to the chin did the trick . . . . Hammer was a three to one favorite . . . . Freddie Sommers, former Berlin sports scribe, handles the publicity for Bep Van Klaveren, wooden-shoed Dutchman from Rotterdam, on the Coast . . . . it was mostly through Sommers' efforts that Bep got the shot with Glen Lee at Hollywood . . . . the match sold out the flicker arena three days before the bout . . . . Harry Grayson says that Joe Louis is bringing Marva to Hollywood this winter . . . . Pete Reilly likes to sit in the front row at Hollywood Stadium mat matches, which are jamming the movie arena weekly . . . . Pat Frayne, sports editor of the SF *Call*, and Tommy Laird, sports editor of the SF *News*, are at it again . . . . Laird likes Freddie Steele, middleweight king . . . . Frayne thinks Apostoli is the best middleweight in the land . . . . Steele flattened the Italian once . . . . I think he can do it again . . . . Steele is the best middleweight in this country . . . . that I am sure . . . . Suey Welsh believes he has discovered a sailor light-heavyweight named Ed Aune, who will fit into his stable in a big way soon . . . . Aune has been goaling over his opponents down San Pedro way, about thirty miles from L. A.

Gorilla Jones, the lion tamer, is bringing up a new cub . . . . the cub named "Willie," is Lesnevich's mascot . . . . Leroy Haynes will return to California next spring after he completes a course in sculptor work in Pittsburgh . . . . Russ Newland, A.P. sports scribe of San Francisco, thinks the Greek heavyweight, George Theodoratus, is a great heavyweight prospect . . . . Eddie Mead tells me that Henry Armstrong and Petey Sarron will draw a $40,000 "gate" in St. Louis, where the great Negro featherweight was born . . . . Armstrong is 3 to 1 in my book to whip the Syrian slapper . . . . Bert Morse, discoverer of Baby Arizmendi, operates a successful chain of beer taverns in L. A. and makes ten times more money out of his business than he ever did in the boxing racket . . . . Juan Zurita has broken away from his managers in Mexico City and is looking for a manager in Los Angeles . . . . he was kayoed by Henry Armstrong in his last bout in L. A. . . . Sid Ziff, brilliant sports editor of the L. A. Herald, thinks Olympic auditorium officials did Dan Tobey a dirty trick when they handed him a loud speaker for his introductions . . . . Uncle Dan doesn't need a loud speaker, claims Ziff . . . . All he had to do is put his head out of a window and let go and you could hear him clear to Hoboken, added Mr. Ziff . . . . San Francisco promoters are trying to make a Gus Lesnevich-Harry Balsamo match—what a punching battle this would be! . . . . Joe Louis will box "IMP" in SF at Seals Stadium Feb. 22, according to George Smith, one of Mike Jacobs' hired hands, who spent a few weeks on the Coast last month . . . . this one should hit the $100,000 mark in the city by the golden gate . . . . and if the big "IMP" goes more than two rounds I will be a surprised man . . . . starting next month, Young Corbett III, former welterweight king, will promote weekly boxing cards in Fresno, Calif., his home city.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles who are not under contract to anyone can get plenty of action with Al Lang, boxing manager, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake, Los Angeles, Cal.

As a trainer, Lang stands out in Los Angeles. He is at present training two world's champions—Freddie Steele, middleweight king, and Henry Armstrong, featherweight ruler.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

FRED APOSTOLI, California's middleweight champion, vaulted into the position of Number One challenger for the divisional crown when he won a decisive ten-round decision over Lou Brouillard, high-ranking Boston southpaw, at the Dreamland Arena.

A graduate of the local amateur ranks, the former bellhop gave Brouillard a cruel beating through ten lop-sided rounds to take Referee Toby Irwin's verdict. It was the crowning effort of Freddie's brilliant career—an effort that stamps him as a formidable contender for the title held by Freddie Steele here and by Marcel Thil, Europe's "bald eagle."

The fight was not a spectacular affair. Apostoli won at least seven rounds by sizable margins. He outfought the onrushing Bostonian in every exchange. The local starlet outboxed, outsmarted and completely outclassed the Beantown fork-hander. Brouillard was a pre-fight favorite to turn back the youngster's bid for national recognition, but he didn't have a chance. Lou's southpaw style failed to ruffle Apostoli.

His best bet, infighting, availed him little. For every punch he landed he receipted for two and it was only his Spartanlike courage that kept him vertical for ten rounds. When the last gong rang Brouillard was a thoroughly whipped ringman, while Apostoli had nary a mark to show for his ten-round set-to with one of the best 160-pound mitt-wielders in the world.

Now that Babe Risko has at least temporarily burst the Balsamo bubble, Apostoli stands alone in his class—head and shoulders above the rank and file of the division. Fred trounced Risko with ridiculous ease, but then Risko is—or was—a rather feeble excuse for a champion.

Apostoli has packed his old kit bag and is heading for New York. Bring on Harry Balsamo, Babe Risko, Frank Battaglia and Teddy Yarosz—and then watch the next champion, who needs only the opportunity, take them like Ulysses S. took Richmond!

Following Apostoli's great victory, Promoter Tony Palazolo wired an offer of $35,000 to Dave Miller, manager of Freddie Steele, for a titular match. But Miller prefers to work in his own backyard, Seattle, and Antonio is still waiting for a reply.

Incidentally, Palazolo is somewhat flabbergasted and a bit annoyed. Although 6,500 fans jammed Dreamland for the middleweight feud, Tony found, upon counting the nickels, that he was in the crimson to the tune of eighty simoleons! Ouch!

Gig Rooney, the eternal Irishman who guides the ring destinies of Joe Bernal, Spanish middleweight, has taken over the handling of Pete Pedro, Mexican light-heavyweight, formerly under Tommy Cello's wing. Rooney, smart as they come in the beak-busting racket, intends that Pedro shall go up among the topnotchers, and Gig might do it at that. Pete is a deadly hitter. In his last start he kayoed Irish Eddie Bradley with approximately three punches.

Andre Lenglet, the giant Frenchman who was a sensation hereabouts following his great battle with Brubaker, slipped a little further down the fistic ladder when he dropped a close decision to "Sonny Boy" Walker, young Arizonan, after ten slow rounds at the Civic Auditorium. Eight pounds overweight, Lenglet looked little like the ringman who shellacked Buddy Baer and outfought Brubaker. Walker, however, deserves credit for springing an upset. The boy is coming along nicely, and his manager, Frank Schuler, predicts a bright future for his 200-pound protege.

Earl Booker, younger member of the battling Booker Negro brothers, for three years practically unbeatable among the Simon-pures, dropped his first start since turning to the pro ranks when he was whipped over the ten-round route by Georgie Hansford, experienced Los Angeles lightweight. Hansford, a veteran campaigner, proved a bit too smart for the colored youngster. The scrap took place at San Jose's Civic Auditorium.

Small Montana, the Filipino who lays claim to the world's flyweight crown, administered a nifty shellacking to Peppy Sanchez, southern California Mexican, through ten rounds at the Oakland Auditorium. Montana had difficulty in keeping Sanchez vertical for the full distance and won from here to there.

OTHER RESULTS DURING THE MONTH—Frankie Hammer, Oakland heavyweight, kayoed Pietro Georgi in the fourth stanza at Oakland; Babe Marino, San Francisco welter, trimmed Nat Bor in eight rounds; Irish Eddie Bradley, Quincy, Ill., light-heavy, whipped Jimmy O'Byrne and knocked out Vic Charamello in the fifth; Norbert Meehan, former amateur lightweight star, took Bobby Gray; Eddie Duarry of Cuba trounced Horatio Velha, the Portuguese welterweight champ; Little Tiger Wade, flashy Chicago Negro welterweight, whipped Billy Azavedo.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING activity in this locality is at a standstill. Cincinnati has not had a show in weeks, but Herman Katz is planning a strong program for Music Hall at this writing. Freddie Miller's triumphs in South Africa and Johnny Stevens' continual winning power in out-of-town bouts mark the main mention hereabouts.

Over in Covington, Ky., Gene LaRue, former Canadian bantamweight champion, is planning to open the old Blue Grass Arena for a series of weekly fights. LaRue has a big Detroit Negro under his management and the little Canadian thinks the Auto City black flash is sure to succeed Joe Louis as the colored race's tops in the heavyweight division.

Al Sarvis, Corning, Ohio, promoter, reports that Floyd Sarvis, Corning ace, who suffered a defeat in Akron at the hands of George Cerosky of that city, evened the score with the Akronite on one of Sarvis' Corning shows recently, stowing away Cerosky in the seventh of a scheduled tenner. This Floyd Sarvis is said to be a comer. In the preliminary matches, Eddie Banisk, Murray City, won a six-round verdict over Frankie Williams of Akron, and Mutt Schwartz defeated Jimmy Ringhizer of Columbus in another six. In the other prelims, Preston Fisher kayoed Lew Covel, and Steve Gysko won from Chuck Powell.

Promoter Sarvis reports the game going great. This was his second autumn show.

Big Joe Mueller, Cincinnati's heavyweight champion, is idle these days. The big fellow is expected back in the thick of the battle by December.

Bob Bonner's stable of nose denters are getting plenty of work down Louisville way. With several boys on the prelims, Bob's lightweight ace, Kayo Johnny Stevens, slapped Luther Johnson of Toledo on the kisser in a few heats at a recent Falls City show. The bouts were staged at Columbian Hall.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Al Bechtold was replaced by Dick Bray, sports commentator, as secretary of the Cincinnati Boxing and Wrestling Commission . . . . Nix Denton's column, "Second Thoughts," in the daily *Times-Star*, always draws quite a bit of comment among the sporting element . . . . Nix's sayings are a hit . . . . in sport for wit, we'll take Nix to compare with the late and great Will Rogers . . . . Lee Cox can be added to the benedict class . . . . it happened late in October at Newport, Ky. . . . . the writer's wife was blessed with a bouncing seven-and-one-half-pound boy at Good Samaritan Hospital on October 27 . . . . both the Mrs. and baby have done marvelously up to this writing . . . . be sure to note the writer's new address, which is 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . enclose return postage for prompt reply . . . . this also goes for any information regarding the game around here . . . . have a report that Si Nebloski will leave for California around the first of the year . . . . Jimmy Murray of Los Angeles is mentioned as Si's probable trainer and pilot . . . . Andy Adams, the fifty-three-year-old lightweight, who claims to have fought Battling Nelson back in 1909 for Tex Rickard at San Francisco, was slated to trade punches in a ten-rounder with Marshall Carter, Louisville Negro welter, at Plainville, Ohio, on November 9 . . . . this Adams is a real example of what clean living and continuous good condition will do for an athlete.

There is a young heavyweight around here who answers to the name of James J. Lynch . . . . hails from the coal mines of Colorado . . . . goes to bat on November 16 at Plainville, Ohio, probably against Jack Campbell, local heavy . . . . Jimmy Cox, a pretty good featherweight in his day, has the service of the cigars and cigarettes at the Cat and Fiddle night club . . . . Harry Hartman, WCPO sports announcer, again won the silver loving cup awarded by popular national vote by the *Sporting News*, a St. Louis publication . . . . Frank Zwgart, who shares the announcing with Hartman, is quite a talented singer, 'tis said . . . . the writer has the news that plans are under way for another boxing and wrestling club to operate in the city this winter . . . . a certain well known political agent is the finance agent . . . . Jim Farley's great fight in behalf of our President should be commended by every boxing fan . . . . Farley's aggressiveness has earned him a mighty name, both in the realm of boxing and politics . . . . another former fight manager and promoter very much interested in politics is G. C. Williams of Cincinnati . . . . Williams, using much the same methods as Farley, pulled a strong rival ward into his camp during the recent state and national elections.

Bill Saffin closed a successful outdoor season at his Mount Washington arena and is now preparing for new plans for the 1937 bookings. Saffin also has hopes of staging a few indoor shots if a suitable location can be secured. There are several likely looking hopes among the talent Saffin developed the past summer.

Daniel Gail Boone, the walloping Irish light-heavyweight, returned to the wars in a recent southern Ohio match and after slugging Knockout Daviss all over the ring for eight of the slated ten rounds they were to go, found the referee tossing both men out of the ring. Boone was as far out in front as anyone I've ever seen and nothing but a possible knockout victory in the ninth would have saved Daviss. The referee later said he meant to give Boone the decision on a technical knockout. Boone is coming along fine, and his manager, Warner Davis of Ludlow, Ky., hopes to secure a crack at James J. Lynch, the Colorado heavyweight.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

HARRY JEFFRA, young Baltimore bantam, scored an upset in his home town by taking a ten-round decision over Sixto Escobar, the world's bantamweight champion. Jeffra piled up an early lead, putting the champion down for a nine-count in round two, and from this point fought an aggressive battle thereafter. Although the verdict was not unanimous, the score being two to one in his favor, the fans thought Harry the winner and gave him one of the greatest ovations given a boxer in Baltimore in many a day.

The knockdown was the real deciding factor of the battle as the champion was extremely cautious from this stage on and it was only in brief occasions that Sixto elected to open up and take a chance against the harder punching Baltimorean. Escobar did make a last minute rally in a desperate effort to save the decision going against him, but Jeffra was in there to the final bell and although dead tired, he justly deserved the edge the two judges voted him.

Phil Furr of Washington and Johnny Lucas of Philadelphia fought a hectic ten-rounder at the Turner Arena in Washington with Philip taking a close decision. Carl Guggino of Tampa, Fla., had the better of Jimmy Tramberia in the eight-round semi-final.

Jimmy Leto of Hartford, Conn., won as he pleased over the veteran Johnny Jaddick, after ten slow rounds at Washington. Jaddick, who is just a shadow of his former self, was pitiful in his efforts and Leto was none too severe in his punishment. The game Philadelphian, who has licked many of the best in his time, was at that a sorry sight at the finish. Kid Ingram of Florida took a fast six-rounder from Bill Bullock in the semi-final.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore, Md., handed Phil Furr of Washington a pasting in ten rounds at Baltimore. Furr was a top-heavy favorite to lick Raymond, but lost seven of the ten rounds. Furr appeared to have an off night and took quite a body punching from the Baltimorean, who, by the way, is improving with each start and at the present writing is capable of giving any welter in the game an acid test.

California Joe Rivers won over Cowboy Howard Scott after ten rounds of the most furious fighting seen in this locality in years. In round three, Rivers knocked the Cowboy cold with the bell saving Howard from a certain knockout. Scott's handlers dragged him to the corner and how they got him out for the fourth round is still a mystery, but when the bell rang, the Cowboy was back on his feet.

Later in the battle, the Cowboy was down again but up without a count. After weathering the storm, Scott did some punching himself, having the Mexican on queer street at times. The battle terminated with both boys standing toe to toe fighting like their lives depended on the result. The decision was two votes for Rivers, with one cast a draw.

Bob Olin of New York turned what appeared to be a defeat into a sudden victory when he technically knocked out Buck Everett in three rounds in Washington. Everett had licked Olin with plenty to spare up until one eventful left hook that put Buck down for a nine-count. Everett could not get over this punch and was out on his feet when his manager, Jimmy Erwin, stopped the slaughter. Billy Edwards lost to Shorty Ahearn in the six-round semi-final.

PICK-UPS—In losing to California Joe Rivers in Washington, Cowboy Howard Scott made more friends than he did in all his previous wins over some of the best lightweights in the country . . . . Scott took a terrific pasting in the early rounds and his game stand in the closing rounds had the Washingtonians on their feet pulling for him . . . . Eddie Ross, matchmaker for the Century Club in Baltimore, has resigned his post and is said to be lining up with Jay Thomas, who is now promoting in Richmond, Va. . . . . In losing Ross, the Century Club will lose one of the old-timers, who takes with him a world of experience, having been connected with Leo Flynn nearly thirty years ago . . . . Baltimore still has two experienced matchmakers who possibly could fill Eddie's shoes in Freddie Barth and Frankie Rice, both of whom have had success in matchmaking in Baltimore . . . . Both men are ex-boxers with plenty of followers in the Monumental City.

Washington may have some big time boxing before the winter season is over with the new Ice Hockey Palace nearing completion. From present indications it appears as though Frankie Mann will go in as the matchmaker in the Ice Palace, which will have a seating capacity of eight thousand.

Goldie Ahearn put on a novelty at one of his weekly shows recently when he staged a battle between a fight manager and a boxer who had defeated the manager's boxer . . . . Billy Edwards, former colored light-heavy of these parts, who was some fighter a few years back, endeavored to get revenge on Shorty Ahearn, who had previously knocked out his colored sensation, Killer LaMar, on two occasions, and consequently cut Billy's meal ticket off, since the Killer was sure in demand in Washington . . . . Well, Billy met Shorty, and while going the distance, he took quite a pasting for getting out of the manager class.

Chris Dundee, Richmond, Va., fight manager, who has also acted in the capacity of promoter in the Virginia capital, is now giving all his time to his stable of boxers, who consist of Stumpie Jacobs, Norment Quarles, Bob Turner and Ken Overlin . . . . Pete Sarron, the featherweight champ, who has been on the shelf for two months with a bad arm, gets back into action shortly in St. Louis when he stacks up against Young Rightmire . . . . Lew Gevinson, Washington's best amateur in years, turned pro this month . . . . Just why local talent is not being developed is mainly due to poor class developed in the amateurs who are not even capable of holding their own against the poorest type of prelim boys that have to be brought in as their opponents . . . . With various business concerns sponsoring amateur teams this year, possibly the condition will improve . . . . Gevinson should be a good local card.

ADAM HATS ON THE AIR WHN 1010 KC. ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ERNIE RODERICK and Cock Moffit, both locals, fought at Liverpool Stadium before a big crowd, and the referee stopped the bout in the tenth, leaving Roderick an easy winner.

Leo Phillips won the right to meet Dave McCleave for the Southern Area welterweight championship, when he readily outpointed Ginger Sadd in fifteen rounds at Norwich.

In the supporter, Glen Moody, after being sadly outpointed in twelve rounds, announced from the ring that he was through with the game, and that this was his last contest.

Met George Dingley on one of my Glasgow visits and he informed me that he has the exclusive rights on Benny Lynch, if and when he defends his European and British flyweight titles. Wise move, George, and a profitable one!

Benny Lynch being indisposed for his scheduled bout with Eugene Huat, the French bantam, gave the Belle Vue promoters a chance to bring Pat Palmer in as a substitute and well did he do the job, but in the tenth, the referee declared that Palmer had struck low and was ruled out, leaving the surprised Frenchman the winner.

In the supporter of fifteen rounds for the Northern Area welterweight championship, Chuck Parker and Jack Lord fought a gruelling bout for thirteen rounds when the bout was stopped, Parker having a very seriously cut eye. Lord was declared the winner.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, got the shock of his life when Benny Sharkey outpointed him in twelve rounds at Newcastle.

Max Hodgetts outpointed Jack Pettifer over twelve rounds at the Mannesmann Hall, Plasmarl.

K. O. Morgan, the Detroit bantam, again was victorious when he K.O.'ed Gilbert Cairns in the fourth at Aberdeen. On the same card, the Canadian Jap, Katsumi Morioka, was held to a draw by Bobby Magee in ten rounds.

Eric Jones scored a smart victory over George Marsden at the end of ten hard rounds at Loughborough. Teddy Hayes, the Canadian lightweight, was outpointed by George Chaplin in a ten-round contest at Walsall.

Tiny Bostock, Hanley's brilliant flyweight, gave a smart display in his home town when he outfought and outboxed Peter Miller for nine rounds. The latter's eye was badly cut and the referee stopped the bout.

Jackie Brown of Manchester became the Northern Area bantamweight champion when he defeated Len Hampston in fifteen thrilling rounds at the Junction Stadium, Manchester.

Eddie Phillips, cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, had very little opposition from Louis Weustenraed of Belgium, and he scored a quick K.O. in the second round at Wolverhampton.

Natie Rose, the Canadian welterweight, was forced to retire in round seven with a damaged nose when he met George Bunter at York.

Ronnie James knocked out Phineas John in the eighth at Swansea. A left lead, followed by a terrific right cross to the point, ended the bout.

Harry Lister, the southpaw heavyweight from Tynemouth, gained a points decision in ten rounds against Jack Strongbow at Newcastle.

Nat Franks surprised his numerous followers by holding Jack Hyams, Southern Area middleweight champion, to a draw in twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Alec Creamer and Charlie Black were all smiles when I visited the Caledonian Stadium, Glasgow, to see their show, because of the hundreds of fans who were unable to get into the Stadium. In the feature bout, Jake Kilrain of Glasgow, welterweight champion of Great Britain, had a tough fight with the Canadian, Sonny Jones, who held the champion even after ten rounds, but in the eleventh, as soon as the gong went, Kilrain rushed from his corner and led with a right to the Canadian's body, but Jones met him half way with a left hook, which was driven down by Kilrain's right, and landed low. The referee, Jack Dare of Liverpool, disqualified Jones amid an uproar from the crowd. In the supporter, Johnny Finnerty, Glasgow's promising lightweight, received the decision by the narrowest of margins in a ten-rounder against George Reynolds of Cardiff.

The Stadium Club, Holborn, was once again the scene of a charity show, this time staged by the Lion Aid Hospital Society and the packed house was thrilled by one of the best lightweight contests seen for many a day. George Odwell, boxing in good form, and with a cut eye and a cauliflower ear, boxed gamely to win by a narrow margin over Alby Day in a ten-rounder. In another ten-rounder, Paul Schaefer was unable to cope with the southpaw stance of Jim Lawlor and was outpointed.

"Uncle" John Mortimer started his season's boxing at the Drill Hall, Portsmouth, with a good crowd, when Len Lemaux, a local boy, defeated Bob Lamb of Sunderland in ten rounds. In another bout, Harry Vine stopped Tom Corby in the sixth.

Phil Milligan, the Northern Area flyweight champion, stopped the Frenchman, Gaston Maton, in the eighth at Liverpool Stadium. The supporting bout of ten rounds proved Frankie Hill of Barrow to be too clever for Jackie Weir, the Scottish K.O. artist.

Matt Moran proved a game and plucky loser when he met Jerry Costello of Loverpool at the Junction Stadium, Manchester in twelve rounds.

Dick Corbett defeated Peter Clarke in eight rounds at the Ring, when the referee declared that Corbett was too far ahead on points and stopped the bout, with another two rounds to go.

Archie Sexton punched too hard for the Belgian cruiser, Auguste De Vos, at the Devonshire Club, and after the latter had been put down for four counts he was K.O.'ed in the third.

Mark Cooper was no match for Jack Lord in the scheduled ten-rounder at Manchester. The bout lasted two minutes of the first round.

Tut Whalley, the southpaw flyweight from Hanley, scored a quick K.O. over "Cyclone" Kelly of Manchester in the second at Smethwick.

At the Deutschland Hall, Berlin, sixteen thousand people witnessed the three international contests among three Britishers, Alec Bell, Jack London and Frank Hough, and their opponents, Werner Selle, Hans Schonrath, and Leonhard Marohn, all fought over the eight-round course. Bell lost on points after a good match that might easily have been a draw, Jack London won over Schonrath, and Hough made a good impression, scoring a good win over Leonhard Marohn.

The Welshman, Dai Jones, qualified to meet Jack Hyams in the final eliminator so that the winner *may* meet Jack McAvoy for the British title. He K.O.'ed Jock McLeod of Scotland in the second at Swansea.

Ted Finch, well known in the squared circle twenty-five years ago, tried his hand at promoting at the Edmonton Baths. The show proved a great success. Two twelve-rounders featured. Jack Lewis outpointed Chris Dawson and Jimmy Taylor was outfought by Jim Anderson and retired in the sixth.

Billy Charlton of Gateshead will be remembered by my readers as one of whom I said would be making his name among the topnotchers. Now Billy, after a few successes, has proved his worth by defeating Boyo Burns in a featherweight eliminator at Newcastle, when the referee stopped the bout in his favor in the eighth.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, met with a second reverse when he lost to John Cusick in twelve rounds at Manchester.

Regarded as one of the best heavyweights to ever represent Oxford University, R. H. S. Clouston, who is a popular figure in amateur boxing circles, has placed himself under the management of Victor Berliner, who used to make matches for the Premierland in the good old days, and now acts in the same capacity for the Ring, Blackfriars.

Norman Snow, the Northampton welter, made a welcome reappearance to the ring since his return from U.S.A., but was ruled out in the sixth of a ten-rounder by Referee Jack Dare when he met the welterweight champ, Jake Kilrain, at Northampton. Persistent holding was the cause.

A local derby was fought at Wolverhampton when Fred Lowbridge outpointed Hal Cartwright in fifteen rounds, a thrilling bout.

Eddie McGuire, South African middleweight champ, scored a seventh-round K.O. over Bib Simpkins at Hull. In the supporter of ten rounds, Sonny Lee of Leeds cleverly outpointed Jack Garrick.

Lefty "Satan" Flynn, light and welterweight champion of Jamaica, gave an impressive performance in his debut here when he scored a T.K.O. over Joe Kerr of Scotland in the second at Liverpool.

Dick Corbett outpointed Phineas John of Wales in a twelve-rounder at East Ham.

Ginger Sadd gained a meritorious win over the aggressive South African, Johnny Rust, in a ten-rounder at Norwich.

Dave Crowley, the little Clerkenwell featherweight, back in harness after his American trip, met Tommy Rogers in what was to have been a ten-round bout at the Ring, London, but four rounds sufficed for Rogers, who was punched all around the ring before the referee stopped the bout in Crowley's favor.

A young heavyweight, Len Chinnery, the Leytonstone butcher, has made a good impression in his two appearances in the squared circle. He K.O.'ed Ginger Smith in four rounds, and defeated Ted Barter, a seasoned performer, over four rounds. Aged nineteen, and weighing around 184 pounds, he stands six feet tall. He is one of the best novices I've seen here.

Benny Caplan made a successful entry into the lightweight ranks by outpointing Jimmy Vaughan over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Billy McHugh proved himself a classy bantamweight when, in the star bout at Leeds, he outfought Ellis Ashurst over ten rounds.

George Davis goes on from victory to victory, and in scoring a K.O. over Chris Dawson proved that he will soon be amongst the top men in the 147-pound class.

Jimmy Walsh of Chester easily retained his title of British lightweight champion, when he scored a clever points victory over Harry Mizler, former British title-holder, in a fifteen-round contest before a crowd of ten thousand at the opening show of the newly formed National Sporting Club.

Walsh won from the first bell, and was always travelling faster than the challenger, and proved himself a real dyed-in-the-wool champion, who will take some beating.

Dave McCleave and Ernie Roderick put up a hard bout over ten rounds and when the decision went to Roderick, a loud noise of dissentment went up from the big crowd. If a winner had to be found in this bout, then it was by the narrowest of margins.

Jack Stanner, the young Widnes cruiserweight, and Harry Rolles put up a great scrap over eight rounds which was full of interest and the former won on points.

Tommy Martin, a young Negro middleweight, outpointed Roy Mills in eight rounds and Larry Gains was the victim of a "no-contest" decision when he all but defeated his opponent, Jack London. The latter was made to flounder all around the ring and held when hit. The bout went into the eighth round. It should not be forgotten that these two-hundred-pounders followed one of the fastest lightweight bouts seen for many a day and suffered through it. They did their best.

Leo Lee gave a clever display at the Stadium Club when he outpointed Billy Walker over twelve rounds.

Eddie McGuire was in good form at Wolverhampton when he forced the referee to stop his contest with Harry Lister in the fifth round to save a game man unnecessary punishment.

Len Wickwar was very unlucky in his bout with Billy Smith at Birmingham, when in the very first round he received a badly cut eye. The referee stopped the bout in Smith's favor.

Tom Curran and Bill Hardy put up a great bout of hard hitting at Oxford over ten rounds. The referee's decision in favor of Hardy met with a very mixed reception when it was announced.

Johnny McGrory, British featherweight champion, defeated Billy Gannon in the fifth of a twelve-round bout at Glasgow after the latter had suffered a badly cut eye and was forced to retire.

Billy Murdoch and Phil Bevan put up a sterling contest over ten rounds that gave satisfaction to the fans at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and Referee Moss Deyong did not hesitate to declare it a draw.

Dick Corbett believes in keeping busy inside the ropes, and his latest victory was over Phineas John, who was on the loser's end for ten rounds at East Ham Baths.

It did not take long for Charlie Smith to beat Eddie Burke at Morecambe. As soon as they shook hands, Smith shot a right to Burke's jaw and it was curtains, after one minute of boxing, which included two counts of five.

Johnny Lafferty, a seventeen-year-old Greenock lad, who is being talked of in Scottish boxing circles as a coming champion, again proved victorious at the expense of Billy Mawson of Newcastle. The latter had a height and weight advantage but this

ADAM HATS ON THE AIR WHN 1010 KC. ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE

did not deter the youngster to go in and win on points after ten rounds at Glasgow.

Bill Hardy completed the double when he outpointed Tom Curran for the second time in a week, this time at East Ham in ten rounds.

They all come alike to Peter Kane, the Colbourne flyweight. Pedrito Ruiz of Spain was no exception. For eight rounds he took more than his share of punishment, then retired. The big crowd, at Liverpool, gave the Spaniard a big hand for his gameness.

The supporter, which was to have been over the ten-round course, lasted just two when the local Negro lad, Peter Banasko, K.O.'ed Con Flynn of London with a perfect right to the chin.

"Spud" Murphy of Manchester refused to be upset by the aggressiveness of Tommy McMillan of Liverpool and boxed on clever lines to win on points in twelve rounds at Morecambe.

Stan Woodburn outpointed Frank Barron in a hard twelve-round contest at Barnsley.

At Strasbourg, Pancho Villa, the Spaniard with the K.O. punch, could not land his haymaker on the French heavyweight champion, Charlie Rutz, who won on points after ten rounds.

Captain Prince Cox was well satisfied with his opening show at Millbay Rinkeries when a packed house saw Charlie Bundy box a twelve-round draw with Reinus De Boer of Holland.

In other bouts, Robert Disch, lightweight champion of Holland, defeated Len Wickwar in twelve rounds.

George Rose boxed well to outpoint Mick Miller, and Bill Hardy was too heavy for Bill Hood, and the latter was game to last eight rounds when the referee stopped the bout.

In answer to many inquiries regarding the British champions, here is the list in full:

Flyweight, 8 st. (112 lbs.)—Benny Lynch, Glasgow.

Bantamweight, 8 st. 6 lbs. (118 lbs.)—Johnny King, Manchester.

Featherweight, 9 st. (126 lbs.)—Johnny McGrory, Glasgow.

Lightweight, 9 st. 9 lbs. (135 lbs.)—Jimmy Walsh, Chester.

Welterweight, 10 st. 7 lbs. (147 lbs.)—Jake Kilrain, Glasgow.

Middleweight, 11 st. 6 lbs. (160 lbs.—Jock McAvoy, Rochdale.

Light-Heavyweight, 12 st. 7 lbs. (175 lbs.)—Eddie Phillips, London.

Heavyweight—Ben Foord, South Africa.

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ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

SONNY JONES of Vancouver B.C. is doing well in England and looks as though he will please them as well there as he did in New York, where they liked his style.

Eddie Carroll, of Ottawa, Ont. fought in Chicago and beat Solly Beinstein in a hard fought battle there last month. This is Carroll's first fight since his marriage, early in the spring and he looks as though he will get along O.K. down in his old camping grounds, Chicago.

Gordon Wallace, Canadian welter champion, is expecting to come East this winter where he will fight a number of matches arranged for him. He is getting along in a boxing sense and needs to be kept busy, as he'll not last much longer. Ontario, Canada, News—Box Head

Any inquiries to this column please address to 229 Young St. Winnipeg, Canada, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you need a reply. Having to cover the whole of Western Canada, continually, will give me first hand information with regard to the boxing situation in this Dominion from Ontario to British Columbia, I having been appointed sales-manager for the Western provinces and Ontario.

Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, Man., was K.O.'ed in the second round of his fight with Leo Rodak, of Chicago. Winnipeg is well represented with Battaglia, Schaeffer, Wolfram and Belanger still busy in the rings around the world.

Irwin Goldie, Second Ave., New York City: You did not enclose a stamped addressed envelope, hence your answer . . . . promoters, Jack Allen, Vancouver, B. C., Playfair Brown, Toronto, Armand Vincent, Montreal, P. Q., and Tommy Bland, Halifax, N. S. I am too busy personally to handle your boy in Canada. Thank you for the offer.

Eddie Wenstrob, the boy from the Social Credit city of Edmonton, Alta. put up a great fight in Chicago, Ill. against the veteran Fred Lenhart of Aberdeen, Wash., after being badly cut over the right eye, from which poured lots of red blood for the remainder of the ten rounds, Wenstrob fought a great fight but was knocked down for the count of six in the seventh round. From then on he gave as much as he received and the judges gave Lenhart six and Wenstrob four rounds at the conclusion of the fight.

Meyer Alper is still in New York but not very busy. Eddie MacSporran, the Alberta welterweight champion, is expected to go to the coast soon under Dave Cavadas's care and is expected to tour through the middlewestern States into California for the winter. This will help all the boys that expect to make the trip with Dave.

James J. Walsh, claimant of the Canadian heavyweight title, took the long come-back road after his fight against Max Baer, in Vancouver, B. C. some six weeks ago, when he took a technical knockout decision from "Kid" Kline of Winnipeg at Marwayne, Alta. in the fifth round. Walsh fighting somewhat like the Basque Uzcundun, tore into his heavier and taller opponent from the start, and both boys were bleeding freely from cuts at the end of the second round. Kline took a beating in the fourth round and failed to come up for the fifth round.

Gordon Wallace took a licking from Midnight Bell, mid-western American colored boy, and then Wallace lost a split decision in Vancouver, B. C.

Punch 'em Paul Schaeffer of Winnipeg, is shortly to get another shot at the British welterweight title. He had the champion Jake Kilrain, on the canvas three times in their last bout which was declared a draw and as the bell rang for the final Kilrain was still on the mat, the bell saving him. So Paul here's hoping you come through this time.

Leo Kid Fumano, claimant to the featherweight championship of Western Canada, is now working in the Red Lake mining camps, to get into shape for an invasion of Eastern rings this fall.

Toronto, Ont., had its first fight card for some time head-lined by the Baer family, Max K.O.'ed Dutch Weiner and Buddy, Sal. Rugglerrio, but the only real fights were staged by the three prelims. with local boys on the card. The promoters will never get to first base until they develop local talent to headline shows.

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IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

AND so he came back. Billy Townsend the one-time "Blond Tiger" has decided to fight once more despite the pleadings of his friends to the contrary. Billy the Kid started off by stopping Billy (Swede) Olsen in the second round. Townsend had an easy time in this fight as all he had to do was to land a punch on the Swede's shoulder and Olsen collapsed. His second fight with Harry Kenzie went the ten rounds with Billy winning the decision because of Kenzie's ability to RUN away from his opponents. However Townsend once again met his Waterloo in the person of Billy Lee, Portland Piute Indian. Lee won the decision from the Blond Tiger in a ten-round match. Since Lee was very much out of shape, Mentor Jack Allen had better ask Townsend to hang those gloves on the old nail instead of sacrificing the boys' health for a few "nickels."

Jack Allen once again met disaster for his Gordon Wallace, Canuck welterweight champion. Wallace was beaten decisively by an unknown, Midnight Bell. Bell earned the decision and shattered Gordon's dream of a trip to New York this winter. The nineteen-year-old Negro proved that Wallace was not a top ranking welter. Wallace proved this himself by going into the sticks and fighting men like Bobby Woods. Wallace beat Woods but Bobby wouldn't even make the prelims in Vancouver, Seattle or Portland. Bobby Orr should be able to lift Wallace's title now.

Truman Kennedy, whom John Finlay Allen imported into Canada from Bellingham, is being billed as the Western Canada lightweight champion. Kennedy has no claim whatsoever to that title and to call him such is absurd. Kennedy has never beaten any Canadian Boys and no American fighter can hold a Canadian Championship. Another of Jack Allen's American importations is one Johnny Kilbane.

Sonny Buxton, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of Canada, won a ten-round decision from Tiny Cooper, heavyweight king of the state of Oregon. Sonny had no trouble with the tall, lanky Cooper and won practically every round. If Buxton had used that right hand a little more he would have put Tiny to sleep, and figures to do just that if they meet again in a return fight.

Truman Kennedy, Bellingham lightweight was held to a draw by the veteran Eddie Spina, protege of Asa Baker. Kennedy had beaten Spina in a six-round affair but the best he could do was to get a draw in the ten rounder.

Tiny Cooper lost to Gene O'Brady in a ten-round fight in the smallest house ever drawn in Portland, $218.00 . . . . Mike Belloise and Al Spina only drew $1300 . . . . Danny Paul ran out on a match with Chuck Nickason . . . . It is time Gordon Wallace defended his welter title . . . . Johnny Blochlinger and Bobby Orr are the leading contenders . . . . Jack Allen may promote in Bellingham . . . . Buzz Brown is recognized as Northwest featherweight champion. How about Eddie Ryan and Billy Buxton? . . . . Sonny Buxton and Eddie Ryan are leaving for California during December. Popular Jimmie Murray will handle them both . . . . Babe Belanger is training for a comeback . . . . Wm. J. Burnett has returned to the game in the role of the manager of Pat Horgan, classy Irish welterweight.

Allen Mathews, St. Louis Negro was imported to Seattle by Nate Druxman, to fight Freddie Steele in an over the weight match. Steele won an easy ten round decision. Steele has left for California where he will probably fight Gus Lesnevich in a non-title bout at the Olympic in Los Angeles. Freddie may be seen in New York this winter.

Mike Belloise paid a visit to Portland where he fought two fights under the banner of Stub Nelson and Don Owen. The New York recognized featherweight king fought Buzz Brown and Al Spina. He won the two fights with no trouble whatsoever.

Danny Bull, protege of Bud Davies, fought a draw with Chuck Nickason, protege of Ted Moore. His brother, Packy Paul lost a decision to Jock MacComber of Tacoma. Dan however beat Clancy Murphy.

After having Truman Kennedy on the verge of a knockout in the first round, Al Ford lost a 6-round decision. His plea for a return match was granted but he was beaten a second time.

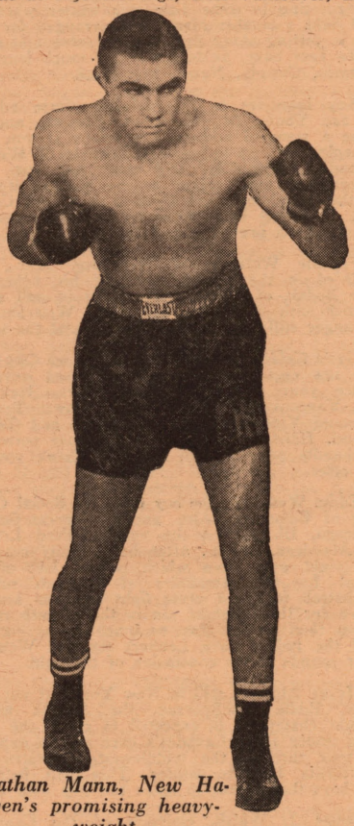
Johnny Kilbane knocked out Johnny Shaw in two rounds and Jimmie Sinclair in one round. Julius Troll won a disputed decision from Indian Joe Moody.

Arnold Bertram has quite a crop of amateur fighters under his wing. Bertram has his own gym and is devoting all his time to these boys. Keep an eye on these: Vic Rice, aggressive, hard-punching welter making his pro debut; Russ Keillor, 210 pound heavy with an 81 inch reach; Doug Powell, rough, tough, lightweight who has the makings of a good boy; Gordon Woodhouse, fast and hard-punching lightweight who has fought in Diamond Belt and Golden Glove tournaments.

The latest heavyweight to be brought into the Northwest is Frank (Emperor) Pollard of Edmonton bringing the Vancouver heavies up to ten in number. They are: Sonny Buxton, Chuck Nickason, Danny Paul, Packy Paul, Eddie Brady, Frank Glover, Russ Keillor, Larry Sullivan, Les Ferguson and Pollard.

James J. Walsh who was stopped by Max Baer in Vancouver, returned to the Peace River district and decided to continue in the game. Walsh stopped Patsy Kid Cline of Winnipeg in one round.

I will answer all queries sent to me if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Address all mail to me at 1296 Hastings, East Vancouver, B. C.



Nathan Mann, New Haven's promising heavyweight.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

PROOF of improvement in boxing skill was shown by Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' only fistic hope, through his ten-round victory over Henry Moreno, Mexican featherweight, at New Orleans. Moreno, several months ago, fought Perrin to a disputed draw decision, but this time the local boy had no trouble catching the choice of the judges. Perrin is by far the peer of Southern featherweights, even counting in the champion, Petey Sarron.

A testimonial dinner was tendered Jack Everhardt, old-time lightweight, by a group of New Orleans boxing enthusiasts. Everhardt was presented with a plaque and also heard a number of speakers extol his ring prowess of years ago.

In the first step of his umpteenth "comeback," Ervin Berlier, speedy lightweight southpaw of New Orleans, boxed his way to victory over Cecelio Lozada, reputed to have been a fair to middlin' Mexican fighter. Lozada showed little and lost decisively in ten rounds.

Other bouts supporting the aforementioned features resulted as follows: Spike Webb outpointed Johnny Chong, middleweights; Roy Calamari defeated Jumbo Rovira, welterweights; Joe Muscarello downed Dave Casabone and Tiger Roussell, but Roussell was able to kayo Lou Foster, all lightweights. Al Jerome decisioned Vernon Palmer; Tommy Pauly stopped Angelo Musso and Red Roberts, all featherweights.

One all-Negro boxing card was staged during the month in New Orleans, but the fans were conspicuous by their absence. Jack Elverillo, erstwhile Chicago welterweight, easily outpunched Tommy Mollis, a mustached lightweight from Baltimore, Md., in ten rounds at Heinneman Ball Park.

The preliminary bouts ended as follows: Haywood Storey, Chicago middleweight, drew with Harvey Massey, also of Chicago; Kayo White, New Orleans lightweight, drew with Slugger White of Atlanta, Ga., and Roland Brown stopped K. O. Brown, also lightweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Comebacks are in vogue down here at present and among the punchers trying it are such fellows as Ervin Berlier, Spike Webb, Johnny Chong, Al Jerome and others . . . . Preliminary four-rounders pay $15 . . . . There is a lack of preliminary boys here due to the cheap rates of pay . . . . Main events usually pay on percentage and in most instances the "gates" have been small . . . . The writer's address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

HALLOWEEN marked the first anniversary of St. Louis' return to big league boxing. It was just a year ago that John Henry Lewis relieved Bob Olin of his light-heavyweight championship which was the city's first bona fide title match in forty years. The game now seems to be here to stay and the fans are looking forward to a lively season.

In the past month a new promoter has entered the local lists in the presence of Jack Callahan. Jackie was a bat boy for the Cardinals in the dim, distant past and after his tenure of office entered the fight game as a featherweight. Though but a few ounces bigger than he was in the ring he is now aspiring to the role of heavyweight matchmaker. In his first card he brought together Joey Parks, popular local favorite, and Sammy Slaughter, veteran Terre Haute battler.

Lew Raymond and Benny Greenberg put on the best card last month that has been offered up so far. In the main event Otis Thomas knocked out Buck Everett in the first round. The semi-final brought together Joey Parks and the ex-welterweight monarch, Tommy Freeman. Parks proved entirely too inexperienced for the grizzled Freeman and was never in it though he stayed there and pitched throughout the proceedings. Fritzie the Fifth, newest aspirant to the Zivic laurels, knocked out Chuck Woods in the second scrap while Everett Rightmire defeated Nick Camarata in the curtain raiser.

The evening's entertainment was worthy of better patronage, there being but 6600 in at the kill. That figure, however, will swell considerably in the near future as the fans now have had a fight or two under their belts. That is if a satisfied customer is the asset he's cracked up to be.

We are now pretty busy congratulating ourselves over the showing Allen Mathews made against Freddie Steele. If it wasn't for the reputation of the pun the pundit might say that Freddie found a foeman worthy of his Steele. But what is more important, Allen finally found a first class opponent willing to do battle. The St. Louis star has seen only the deaf ears of the country's more prominent middleweights for years. As a result Mathews has been forced to concede opponents from twelve to fifteen pounds and do business as a light-heavy. His manager, Geo. Wilsman, claims to have heard "nay" from the whole herd of middleweights; thereby proving the contention that Steele is a great champion and that Mathews would be too strong meat for the general run of upper crust 160 pounders.

Another local blackmoor who is knocking at the title door is Henry Armstrong, expatriate feather. The fans have just waked up to the fact that this young man took the Greeley advice and went west. A movement is now on foot to bring him back to face the winner of the Sarron-Rightmire tilt which has been scheduled for the 17th at the Auditorium. That is tantamount, of course, to the winner's permission. That this is a doubtful quantity I leave to your judgment. Self preservation, they say, is the first law of nature and old mother nature didn't raise many foolish featherweights among her children.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

AS a result of Maurice Strickland's fine showing in his ten-round conquest of Max Marek, Chicago heavyweight, at the Stadium, Matchmaker James C. Mullen has started negotiations for a match between the New Zealand boxer and John Henry Lewis or Joe Louis at the West Side building in January. The Marek-Strickland encounter was augmented by two other ten-round battles involving Milt Aron, former Dubuque, Ia., sectional Golden Gloves champion, and Harry Dublinsky, welterweight, and Joe Connolly, Glasgow, Scotland, lightweight, and Al Nettlow, another Golden Gloves product. Aron and Nettlow won after hard fights.

Patrick Michael Barry, 224-pound fighter from Ireland, who is a stablemate of Strickland and Connolly, stopped Irving Ashkenazy, Cincinnati, O., 250-pounder, in the third round of a six-rounder. Eddie Pierce, middleweight member of the foreign delegation, was forced to postpone his American debut at Milwaukee, Wis., from November 9 to November 30. He was scheduled to meet Georgie Black.

The Stadium card attracted 5,386 spectators. Gross receipts were $11,059 and the net $9,207. Officials announced the show made a profit.

An exclusive running account of the Strickland-Marek battle follows:

Marek started with a body offensive and continued until Strickland slowed him up with a hard right to the side of the head. Referee Phil Collins warned the Chicagoan for hitting low. In the second round the rangy boxer from New Zealand jabbed Marek's nose until it bled. Whenever the aggressive Marek came in Strickland measured him with a right.

Marek kept after his clever antagonist in the third round. He connected with several left hooks to the chin, but he was handcuffed in close quarters. Maurice scored points with short jolts to the mouth in a clinch. The tireless Chicago fighter pressed forward in the next session and drove both hands to the body, but the New Zealand boxer countered with straight lefts and right crosses which caused Max's nose to bleed once more.

A right cost Marek his mouthpiece in the fifth and in the sixth Marek caught two rights to the head and a left to the body which made him wince. He missed a left and right and Strickland retaliated with a solid right to the jaw and Max stumbled. Marek grinned when the round ended.

Marek took the lead in the seventh, but the rally was short-lived, Maurice stopping the onslaught by landing a right to the ear. In the next round Marek missed two lefts and caught a long right on the jaw. He appeared tired in the ninth, and in the final session his punches went wild.

Felix Kolk, manager of Geno Salvatore, takes pictures of his lightweight protege's workouts to show him his mistakes. Salvatore, who scored a knockdown in the third round while fighting to an eight-round draw wth Eddie Cool at the Stadium last year, acquired some attention a few weeks ago when Cool defeated Champion Lew Ambers at Philadelphia. Incidentally, Manager Kolk, who assists Paul Poloski conduct Madison Square Loop Gymnasium, was to undergo a minor operation just before the holidays.

Chairman Joe Triner and Commissioner George Getz of the Illinois Boxing Commission have given Henry Armstrong featherweight title recognition following the California boxer's conquest of Mike Belloise at Los Angeles. Mike was recognized as title-holder by Illinois prior to his meeting with Armstrong.

Eddie Metrie, Milwaukee fight manager, has a financial interest in fighters managed by Ritchie Mitchell, including Max Chowaniec, Milwaukee light-heavyweight, who has chalked up a string of victories.

Buck Mathias made his debut as a promoter at the National Guard Armory in Fort Wayne, Ind., the show being topped by a ten-rounder between Lou Terry of St. Louis and Jimmy Buckler of Louisville . . . . Mike (Little Pal) Primich, Indiana Harbor lightweight, who purchased a tavern several months ago, is training for a comeback at Trafton's Gymnasium under the direction of Sam Buxbaum . . . . Buxbaum, whose home town is Denver, has been connected with boxing for more than thirty years . . . . J. Michaels, representative of Don Lemanski, is in quest of bouts in Chicago for his 147-pound prodigy from Milwaukee.

Utica, N. Y.: Kindly send me the addresses of Leo Rodak and Max Marek.—Stan Ketchell.

Answer: Marek can be reached at C. Y. O. center, 31 East Congress Street, and Rodak lives at 7026 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Referee Benny Yanger gave Mickey Walker the decision over Tiger Flowers in their ten-round middleweight championship battle at the Coliseum here . . . . Jack Dempsey departed from New York and left fans in a quandary as to whether he intends to fight again . . . . Joey Sangor, Milwaukee featherweght, won over Johnny Hill, Filipino, after ten rounds of fast boxing in the wind-up of Jack O'Keefe's show at Madison Gardens before 1,500 fans. Receipts were estimated at $3,000. In the semi-final, Harry Ebbets, Brooklyn, defeated Joe Sullivan, Denver, in six rounds . . . . Tex Rickard, Eastern boxing promoter, arrived in Chicago, ostensibly to look over the local hockey situation.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Hazleton—"Irish" Joe Nealon, rugged Scranton lightweight, lost a close eight-round verdict to Steve Kahley in the feature bout at Feely Hall. Nealon gave his opponent a hard battle throughout. Many fans thought that the Scrantonian was entitled to a draw. Promoter Jack Reno announced that both boys would be re-matched for a third meeting, each having won in previous encounters. In the other bouts, Jimmy Young, fast rising middleweight from Dunmore, easily defeated Lou Ferrance; Bernie Dugan of Wilkes-Barre won from Johnny Tillman in six; Patsy Gall of Freeland had a tough time in winning from Charlie Sharkus; Tony Ross of Lancaster won from Mickey Bellettere.

In an amateur show at Hazleton, sponsored by the American Legion, Vince Kosack, local Simonpure middleweight, was awarded the decision over George Marinko of Swoyersville in the main three-round bout. In the other bouts, Andy Moisey won from Sam Barbis; Lester Rogers defeated Charles Cheserny; Jimmy Walsh decisioned Gus Young; Eddie Solenski got the nod over Eddie O'Leary; Stan Perrock won from Johnny Zelznock; Johnny Kruss defeated Al Florro; Joe Yourko defeated Steve Yacko, while Joe Hubel beat Fritz Morgan.

At Scranton—In Hank Stezar's first indoor boxing show, which was comprised of a substitute star bout, Mickey Serrian, highly touted Scranton welterweight, defeated Joe Sweeney of Plymouth. Both boys were eleventh hour subs when Promoter Stezar received word that Bob Moody, Syracuse heavyweight, had a badly cut eye. In the six-round semi, Eddie Saxon of Syracuse outpunched Johnny Lenard of Wilkes-Barre to gain the unanimous decision. Steve Gatcha, Wilkes-Barre lightweight, was held to a draw in six rounds by Johnny Alba, clever Filipino. Tom Callahan of Taylor kayoed "Big" Jack Downey of Scranton in the first. Jack Munley of Old Forge won by a T.K.O. over Joe Masgula, Scranton.

In Hank Stezar's wrestling show at Town Hall, Sheriff Ed Coleman stopped the encounter between Joe Cox and Hank Barber, for fear that somebody might get killed. Both grapplers were tossed out of the ring on several occasions into the laps of the ringside patrons. The Sheriff stopped hostilities after twenty minutes of exciting grappling. Ernie Dusek pinned Jack Donovan in thirty-four minutes. Ralph Garibaldi drew with Bert Rubi. Matros Kerilenko flattened Harry Finklestein in fourteen minutes. The Sheriff's action should make a re-match of Cox and Barber a complete sell-out.

At Tamaqua (amateurs)—In Tommy Large's semi-monthly amateur boxing show, Gene Pinter of McAdoo decisioned Johnny Murphy in the top bout. Other results on the show were: Johnny Kruss beat Al Florro, Ed Mackin defeated Billy Rhem. Joe Yurko beat Stan Perrock, Ed Zenenski kayoed Jimmy Franks, Fritz Morgan lost to Charley Sanzo, Al Welsh kayoed Joe Burns, Johnny Gregos beat Charles Simmons.

JUST RAMBLING—"Irish" Joe Nealon of Scranton drew with Tommy Howells at Buffalo . . . . Eddie Brink, Scranton lightweight, lost an eight-round verdict to Aldo Spoldi in his Madison Square Garden debut . . . . Steve Kahley, Hazleton welterweight, lost in eight rounds to Mickey O'Brien at Harrisburg . . . . Steve Latzo did a swell job at both Hazleton boxing shows in which he was third man . . . . "Irish" Tom Langan, former Scranton fighter, is dabbling in politics . . . . Dan Kelly, former boxing promoter of twenty years back, was around Stezar's Gym displaying a silver loving cup given to his father in October, 1881 . . . . This gift was given to Kelly, Sr., by John L. Sullivan . . . . By the way, Dan Kelly is a first cousin to Pete Reilly, one of the shrewdest fight managers in the game today . . . . Luke Beatty, Delta light-heavy, is anxious to meet Chester Palutis or Jimmy Herman . . . . According to Jack Reno, Hazleton promoter, Beatty will have the Herman wish fulfilled . . . . Reno plans to use the pair headlining one of his future shows.

Jack Hennessey, hustling Scranton fight mentor, is trying to induce Eddie Brink to meet his classy lightweight, Joe Nealon . . . . This show would sure be a sell-out for Hank Stezar's Town Hall Club . . . . Pat Roarty has Johnny Greycar in great shape for his coming engagements . . . . Eddie McCloskey, state athletic chairman, was a guest at the Tamaqua amateur show. He plans to abolish the extra round in amateur bouts . . . . All you Coal Region RING fans don't forget to purchase the February issue of THE RING and see how the present-day boxers are rated from all over the world . . . . Cliff Bent is keeping Johnny, Joe and Mickey Duca very busy . . . .

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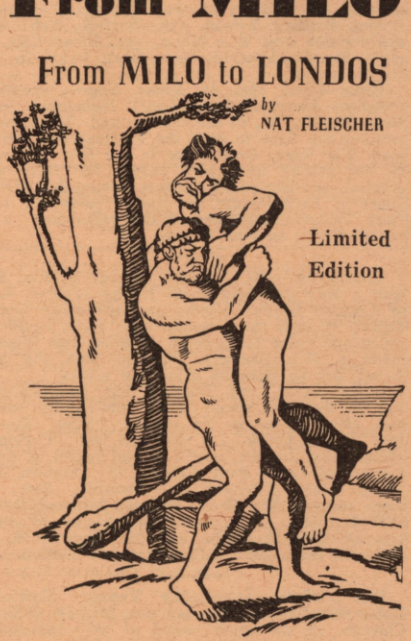
From MILO to LONDOS
by NAT FLEISCHER



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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

BOXING in Sioux City at this writing is at a standstill, with the exception of a Golden Gloves amateur boxing tournament which is in the making. The professional side of the sport around the state, and in Nebraska, South Dakota, and Minnesota has shown considerable life during the past month.

Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, battled to a ten-round win over Nick Camarata of New Orleans at St. Louis. The Sioux Cityan's stock went up considerably around this section. Rightmire, with his manager, Tommy O'Loughlin, is making Kansas City his headquarters at this writing.

Spencer, Ia.—Before one of the largest crowds of the season, Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, held Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge, Ia., to a fast ten-round draw. Slater built up an early lead and had a slight edge until the seventh round, when Salvatore moved to the front with a terrific body attack. In the third round, Slater staggered the Fort Dodge boy when he landed a hard right square to the chin. The Sioux Cityan's best rounds were the first, second, third and sixth, while Salvatore showed to advantage in the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth rounds. The other rounds were fairly even. At the finish both boys were nearly out on their feet from the fast pace they had set.

Onawa, Ia.—Cappy Wooten, 135, Council Bluffs, won a six-round bout from Sailor Sabin, 135, United States Navy. Wooten won every round and had Sabin down for a nine-count twice in the last round, though he fought with a broken right hand. Kid Rusch, 155, won by a technical knockout in the third round of a six-round bout with Les Burton, 155, Battle Creek, Ia. Jack Pierson, 135, knocked out Jackie Myers, 135, Arcadia, Ia., in the third. Jack O'Brien, 155, Tekamah, Neb., knocked out Ernie Russell, 155, Ida Grove, in the third. Kid Green, Auburn, Neb., defeated Grit Shellenberger, Onawa. Dudie Odell, Onawa, defeated Go Get 'Em Burton, Battle Creek, Ia.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, and Al Manriquez, Sioux City, fought ten rounds to a draw decision by the referee and two judges. Sharkey weighed 132, Manriquez 128. Sharkey knocked Manriquez down with a short right in the second for no count, but the Sioux City battler came back with a style of milling which kept Sharkey on the defensive most of the time. Manriquez's aggressiveness was offset by Sharkey's counter punching.

In the semiwindup Pewee Baker, Grand Forks, N. D., 129½, won the decision over Mickey Slater, 130, Sioux City, in eight action-choked rounds. Baker carried too much artillery and too close a defense for Slater, but the latter never stopped trying. Battling Nelson, 157, Norfolk, Neb., won the decision over Ray Mann, 151, Sioux City, in eight rounds, knocking him down twice in the fourth round.

Peter Doss, 187, St. Louis Negro, scored a technical knockout over Louie Heinzman, 182, Rock Rapids, Ia., in the third round. The referee stopped the fight to save the overmatched Heinzman. The loser, down twice in the first and once in the second and third before the fight was stopped, substituted at the last minute for Henry Jones of Fort Dodge, Ia. Jimmy Salvatore, 124, Fort Dodge, outpointed Wildy Chandler, 129, Grand Forks, in four rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Burt Woods, 148, of Soldier, Ia., won a six-round bout from Jimmy Wooten, 149, of Council Bluffs. Woods, an unorthodox boxer, floored Wooten three times—once for a count of seven and twice for a count of nine—but Wooten made a nice recovery. Wooten took the last round, but he was far behind in points.

Sailor Sabin, 133, knocked out Jack Person, 133, in the third round of the semiwindup which was scheduled to go six rounds. "Slim" Rusch, 165, Battle Creek, Ia., knocked out "Cyclone" Miller, 165, Onawa, in the second round of their four-round bout. Paul Reindl, 155, Onawa, defeated Jack O'Brian, 150, Decatur, Neb., in three rounds. Kid Gray, Onawa, defeated Dudie O'Dell, Blair, Neb., in three. Cappy Wooten, 133, of Council Bluffs, and Joe Snow, 118, of Oakland, Neb., gave a three-round exhibition.

Des Moines, Ia.—Bobby Venner, Hastings, Neb., schoolmaster, knocked out Mickey O'Shea, Chicago, in the ninth round of their scheduled ten-round bout. Although badly beaten almost from the outset, the veteran Illinois fighter mixed readily until counted out. Venner knocked out his opponent with a right, flush on the chin, after feinting with his left. O'Shea, who had been in bad shape several times before that, sagged against the ropes and was pushed to the floor by Venner where he lay until Referee Tony Legouri had counted nine. The Chicagoan rose just after the ten count, too late to resume the scrap.

Muscatine, Ia.—Three knockouts featured the boxing show at Muscatine, in a program held at the Y.M.C.A. and sponsored by the Lions Club. In the main event Kid Gaddis, Rockford, Ill., knocked out Jack Burns, Lone Tree, Ia., in the eighth round and in the semiwindup Lee Omry, LaSalle, Ill., stopped Carl Brade, Muscatine, in the fourth. In the other bouts Bus Hacker, Lone Tree, knocked out Kid Young, Muscatine, in the second round; Kid McCoy, Rockford, and Young Veggo, Kewanee, Ill., battled to a four round draw and Kid Holliday, Muscatine, shaded Bobby Green, Muscatine.

Emmetsburg, Ia. Pret Ferrar, Kansas City, Mo., Negro, fought eight rounds to a draw with Jimmy White, Duluth, Minn., in the main event at Graettinger, Ia. In a six-round semiwindup, Goldie O'Hara, Fort Dodge, Ia., outfought Bill Baedke, Minneapolis, Minn., and Frankie Warrington, Estherville, Ia., technically kayoed Johnny Dobbens, Minneapolis, in another six-round encounter. Claude Pettit, Emmetsburg, knocked out Battling Van Ditt, Spirit Lake, in the first round of a scheduled four-round bout, Johnny Goodson, Ruthven, did the same thing to Arlie Farmer, Spirit Lake, and Johnny McDonald, Graettinger, decisioned Kid Miller when Miller forfeited after the first round of a scheduled four-round battle.

Notice. Readers please have your notes and clippings for this column mailed into me by the first of every month. Waiting until the last minute only jams up the machine, causing many notes to be left out. Mail your notes to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette place, Sioux City, Ia.

Robert Morley, former Golden Gloves champion is now attending the University of Iowa. For two years straight Morley won the Journal Golden Gloves amateur boxing tournament, taking the 126 pound title in 1935 and the 135 pound title in 1936.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Bayard, Neb., is holding boxing shows under the direction of the American Legion . . . . Ben Shine, boxing promoter at Spencer, Ia., is looking for talent . . . . Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis won over Willard Sharp at Des Moines in a fast 10-round bout . . . . The defeat was Sharp's second in his last 36 fights . . . . Earl Puryear is holding weekly boxing cards in Omaha, featuring such boys as Tommy Corbett, Stanley Novak, Don Glover, Cappy Wooten, Young Kid Chocolate, and others . . . . Puryear is doing his best to put the game back on it's feet in Omaha . . . . North Platte, Neb., is another center that is holding boxing cards . . . . Mainly amateur cards . . . . These under the direction of the National Guard Company . . . . Milt Aron of Dubuque, Ia., and Harry Dublinsky of Chicago battled to a 10-round draw . . . . Abe Frankle, Des Moines wrestling promoter, was married to Miss Esther Smith . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight was also knocked out by Dan Cupid . . . . He married Miss Dorthey De Hearty of Sioux City . . . . Atlantic, Ia. is back holding indoor boxing cards . . . . Perry, Ia., is also back . . . . Harold Atwood is the matchmaker . . . . Red Field, Des Moines, heavyweight was knocked out by Jim Thompson of Oakland, Cal., at Sacramento . . . . Bobby Venner Des Moines welterweight is still holding down a winning streak . . . . At Marshalltown, Ia., he scored a 4-round T.K.O. victory over Dick Porter of Indianapolis . . . . Lee Savoldi of St. Paul won a 10-round decision over Charley Coates, Akron, O. Negro at San Francisco . . . . Glen Lee, of Omaha, Neb., is still going over big on the coast . . . . At St. Paul, Minn., Freddie Lenhart, Tacoma, Wash., won over Eddie Wenstob of Canada in 10 rounds . . . . On the same card Harvey Woods of St. Paul, and Young Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge went to a six round draw.

At Chicago, Johnny Erjavec, Duluth, Minn., heavyweight knocked out Billy Nichy of Pittsburg in six rounds . . . . Bobby Venner stopped Mickey O'Shea of Chicago in 9 rounds, at Des Moines . . . . Stanley Symes, Minneapolis welterweight was knocked out by Eddie Record of Los Angeles at Twin Falls, Ia. . . . . Harlan, Ia. is making plans for a boys boxing and wrestling club . . . . Raymond LaMaster, prominent middleweight wrestler, and Vin Royalty a lightweight boxer will serve as instructors . . . . Sidney, Neb., is holding monthly boxing cards with John E. Costello doing the matchmaking . . . . Bud Lymer, Sioux City welterweight is training for a comeback under the direction of his Dad . . . . Lymer was a good prospect a few seasons back . . . . Ted Zanfes, former welterweight boxer, and now a third man, along with being a copper has taken over the management of Willie Walker a colored welter . . . . Walker is a good prospect and shows plenty of class . . . . He is always in shape and ready to go on a minute notice . . . . Vince McCoy of Omaha is booking out of Sioux City at the lightweight limit . . . . Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, is showing his wares around Brooklyn, New York, under the direction of Joe Chap and Pat Heeney . . . . Legrone should go places, as he has plenty of "It" . . . . E. G. Bickheus is promoting shows at Quincy, Ill. . . . Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight and his manager Roy W. Gillman have left for the coast where they will spend the winter . . . . Good luck fellows.

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I have accepted the offer of the Everlast Sports Company, to become the Editor of the Everlast Record Book for 1937. It is my aim to make this annual bigger and better in every possible way.

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PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE PANCHO, outstanding contender for Oriental bantamweight honors, and kid brother of the late Pancho Villa, world's flyweight champion, met Ventura Marquez, Mexican Jumping Bean, 124 pounds, and easily won a twelve-round decision at the Rizal Tennis Stadium. The bout topped the All-U. S. Army benefit boxing card.

Cris Pineda, pugilistic sheik and kingpin of the local bantams, is chafing at the bit to meet any worthy opponent, Little Pancho, included, but none has so far stepped out from the ranks to pick the gauntlet.

Young McIlvain, son of "Honest" Bob, former middleweight topper of the Orient, showed Daniel May, middleweight of the Philippine Scouts, U. S. Army, that heft and reach minus experience equal zero, when Mac stopped the huge May inside of two rounds with a series of well-timed deliveries.

With the departure of Baby Johnson, B. de Guzman, Star Frisco and Joe Mendiola for the wide and fertile American fields, local boxing has been in the doldrums for the past three months. Jess Cortes, a Filipino edition of New York's best fashion plate, is managing Johnson, Frisco and Mendiola in the States, where the berries grow big and luscious.

Naning Sangle, former showman at the Osmena Boxing Park, is busy with his two second class boxing stadiums, one in Maypajo, and the other in Mariquina, both in the province of Rizal. Naning is back with the old tear jerking song, "Sorry, ol' boy, it was a poor house," or something to that effect, and with a couple of pats on the back, there is nothing left for the bill chasers but to turn back and sob on somebody's shoulders.

Paquito Limgenco, number one promoter in the Islands, can't hold a show because there are no suitable attractions. Importing first class fighters from abroad would entail heavy expenses without the prospect of a good return at the box office at this stage of the year.

We saw Small Montana, world's flyweight champion, beat Midget Wolgast a year ago in a film shown at the Grand Theatre. Most of the fans honestly believe that if Montana should ever invade his native country for a couple of fights, he would find himself in a jam clashing either with Little Pancho or Little Dado, present Oriental flyweight ruler. Pancho is pretty sure of taking his former sparring partner's measure if given the opportunity.

Little Dado has received three tempting offers from Honolulu, Hawaii, and two from Shanghai, China, but Cuyugan apparently prefers the Honolulu trip. The only thing that holds Cuyugan from packing Dado for the big trip is the latter's better-half, who prefers to stay at home. "Cherchez la femme," shouted Cuyugan, frothing at the mouth.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

AFTER a brief layoff, boxing came back with a bang when Juan Herrera, our light-heavyweight ace at 174 pounds, hooked up in ten-round stellar attraction with a former ranking world's heavyweight, Natie Brown, at 202 pounds. Herrera gained the decision in a bout that was almost entirely devoid of any thrilling action, and incidentally before thousands of boxing enthusiasts, one of the largest crowds to witness a show here.

The aftermath of fights at the Gardens Stadium recently has had the effect of turning most fight fans into Park-lawyers.

Battling Ergus lost by T.K.O. in the third round to Arnaldo Cuevas. Although this bout ended so early, it was filled with high-powered action from the first bell and it was evident that it would terminate in a K.O.

Baby Walcott gained a well earned decision over Black Bill.

Lefty Flynn, our sturdy little Jamaican champ, is now in England angling for a British Empire title. He is in the hands of his capable manager, A. Henriques, Promoter Johnny Best, managing director of Liverpool Stadium, along with the able services of Don Vairo, boxing instructor. We wish Lefty every success and we sincerely hope he will attain his heart's desire.

Another Jamaican now campaigning in England is Buzz Barton, a former contender for the middleweight crown of Jamaica.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

FRANKIE MARTIN, Canada's bantam king, added two more impressive victories to his record and advanced to the threshold of the world's bantam throne room occupied by Puerto Rico's heavy-hitting Sixto Escobar. In fact, Sam Gibbs' sturdy protege is actually knocking, or should we say pounding, on the champion's door and the champ will soon have to respond to his summons.

Martin followed up his surprisingly clean-cut win over Baltasar Sangchili, the European titleholder, who had whipped Panama Al Brown twice, with wins over Henry Hooks, Indianapolis' "Hoosier Hurricane," and Fillo Echeverria, Spanish bantam, who was a sensation in Cuba. The Canuck clouter was too strong for Hooks in a ten-round main bout at the Mount Royal Arena here and his win over Echeverria was scored in an eight-round prelim feature on the Garden's Garcia-Jannazzo bill. His New York debut was an impressive one while his Montreal bout, which headed Bobby Leitham's second presentation, was a well contested one, with Hooks proving a tougher proposition than expected.

Oliver Shank, Alberta's Olympic heavyweight, who is making his home in Montreal, also scored impressively on the Martin-Hooks card when he dynamited Paul Joffre, 203-pound rookie cop, in round two. It was Shank's fourth straight win since turning pro, his third knockout, and he is a popular favorite wherever he shows. The clouting cowboy started off by flattening big Jim Willoughby, White Hope winner, in one round at the Montreal Forum, then blasting Jumbo Gauvin, Vermont's heavy champ, in two rounds at Burlington, Vt., and pounding Leo Salvas, New Hampshire veteran, all over the ring for six heats at Sherbrooke. By kayoing Joffre, Shank virtually cleaned up the district as Joffre had knocked out Young Jack Delaney, White Hope runner-up, in his last previous bout and Shank will have to look afield for more victims, likely in New York and Connecticut rings.

Aurelien Lamothe, Gene Letourneau's classy Quebec flyweight, and Desse Greene, former Montreal amateur star, will likely battle it out in a fifteen-round title bout at Quebec for the Canadian flyweight crown left vacant by the retirement of Greggie Gregersen. Lamothe and Greene fought a pair of ten-round draws on Leitham's cards here and there was little to choose, Lamothe's classier boxing being somewhat offset by Greene's aggressiveness. Before a home town crowd, however, Lamothe figures to outscore Greene for the crown.

Mickey Hennessey, fiery-thatched little Irish gamecock, who earned a trip to the Olympics by winning the Canadian amateur flyweight title, is casting a speculative eye on activities in professional rings. Mickey will likely turn pro as soon as local promoters get more active putting on cards and would campaign as a bantam. Hennessey had a fine record in the amateurs, is a gritty, aggressive and colorful battler, and would be a prime favorite with the fans. It would be no surprise to see Mickey and another Irish favorite, Babe McLeod, who wears the lightweight crown, seek to follow the footsteps of Oliver Shank.

Jack Tebo, Jack Carignan's husky heavyweight walloper, displayed his prowess in Edmonton, Alberta, when he pounded out a ten-round decision victory over Ford Smith, who has battled several topnotchers, in convincing style. Tebo is a terrific body puncher who needs lots of action to battle his way into real prominence amongst the heavyweights. Since Vancouver is pushing the claim of Sonny Buxton for the vacant Canadian heavy title, it would be a good idea to match Buxton and Tebo, and the winner would be a logical claimant, though Eddie Wenstob, who is now fighting in and around Chicago, is also in the picture. We have a notion, however, that Tebo punches too hard for these fellows.

Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg ace, seems to be regaining his form of two years ago. Advices reach us that Peppin has been going good in the Red Lake mining district of northern Ontario, where he whipped Criss Bool, conqueror of Jack Slip, runner-up in the White Hope tourneys at Toronto and Winnipeg. Peppin also scored a four-round knockout over Johnny Kneafey of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and Winnipeggers are recalling his duels with Frankie Battaglia, when they were staging a rivalry that had the 'Peg fans agog.

Mel Swartman, Ottawa handler of fighters, travels to various points with his stable of fighters and is quite strongly entrenched on cards staged at Sherbrooke. Swartman's best boys are Larry Carey, a lightweight, and Ritchie Paul, 122 pounds.

Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's welter star, scored a victory worthy of notice in Chicago when he knocked out Chuck Woods, who has battled some of the best in the lightweight and welter ranks, in two heats. Carroll has been a promising boy for some time and his surprisingly decisive win over the Detroiter should have him really started somewhere. He is under the management of Albert Kouri of Sherbrooke, Que., and is a favorite in Sherbrooke, where he headlines the cards. His last victim in Sherbrooke was Battling Henaire of Drummondville, whom he punched around for a few rounds before polishing off.

STRAY SHOTS—Armand Vincent back in Montreal and keen to stage a show with Al McCoy facing a ranking heavyweight . . . . Frankie Martin likely to box in New York again . . . . Trainer Max Alper points out that Oliver Shank is gaining big following . . . . one of his most enthusiastic admirers is John Mooney, local baseball impresario . . . . Myer Alper got off on wrong foot when he resumed activities in New York rings after a holiday of three months at his home in Montreal . . . . Alper dropped a decision then lost another on a foul . . . . poor policy to lay youngster off for so long a period when he is going well . . . . snow on the ground and hockey starting full blast which promises little action hereabouts for pro fighters . . . . it's the busy season for the amateurs, though . . . . Y.M.H.A. staged their first fall show and the attendance not near what three years ago attracted . . . . lack of drawing cards is one of the reasons.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
By BERT COHEN

TWO famous Americans, Freddy Miller, ex-featherweight champion of the world, and Jim Londos, ex-heavyweight king of the mat, made impressive debuts before South African fans during the month under review.

Miller's bout with Willie Smith, South African featherweight champ, was staged under the auspices of the Union Sporting Club at the newly-built Wembley Stadium. Despite the fact that he had recently defeated Maurice Holtzer, ranking featherweight, Smith was unable to retain the unbeaten record of his comeback career. The American's clever boxing and extraordinarily heavy left-hand hitting enabled him to overcome his redoubtable opponent, who was also troubled by Miller's southpaw stance.

In the opening minute of the fight, Miller's terrific left hook landed cleanly to Smith's stomach, and the South African went down, only to rise immediately. It is certain, however, that this devastating punch played no small part in Freddie's ultimate victory, for Smith was visibly shaken. Thereafter, however, he steered clear of trouble till the sixth round, scoring cleverly in the infighting. Soon after the opening of the sixth round, however, the American staggered Willie with a fierce right, and, following up his advantage, put the South African away for the full count with a vicious left. It was a hard, clean fight, with Miller the master on account of his greater punching power, but Smith was superior at infighting, and proved a gallant loser. Smith, 9 st. 2 lbs.; Miller, 9 st. 1 lb.

Other boxing results of the month: Les Wolchuk beat Kid Saunders, points, 6 rounds. Teddy Braun, a likely looking welter, won over Willie van Rooyen, points, 6 rounds. "Ginger" White and Les van Rooyen, middleweights, drew over eight rounds.

Despite wet weather, Jim Londos drew a good sized crowd to the open-air Wanderers Stadium, Johannesburg, when he wrestled Harry Mamos recently. Londos won as he liked by two clear falls, both aeroplane spins. The Greek Adonis showed himself to be not only a good showman, but, in addition, a master wrestler. He is likely to become a firm favorite with South African fans.

In further matches at Capetown and Durban, Londos twice defeated Ali Bey, the Terrible Turk, each time being declared the victor after Bey had been unable to continue after Jeemy had secured the first fall.

JOTTINGS—Freddie Miller and Maurice Holtzer, European featherweight champ, clashed at the Wembley Stadium, with Miller winning the decision . . . . Phil Zwick, American featherweight, who is likely to settle here permanently, meets Spike Robinson of Ireland in a ten-round topliner . . . . Phil will meet Laurie Stevens, South Africa's unbeaten lightweight champ . . . . Vernon Cormier of America and George Anderson of South Africa meet in a return contest . . . . on the same night, Charlie Catterall, Olympic featherweight finalist, makes his professional debut against a local fighter, Gerry Stone.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester *Journal-American* tourney proved to be a great success. The boy biffers drew capacity houses both nights of the tournament, which was held in the Columbus Civic Center auditorium. Few of the boys came through with flying colors and showed a world of promise. Winners to get a four-day trip to New York to compete in the East Coast championships at Mike Jacobs' Hippodrome.

The following boys came through as winners in their respective weights of the novice class:

112-pound novice champion, Charles Moty, Rochester; Eddy Urbanick, Batavia (runner-up).

126-pound novice champion, Sam Zambito, Rochester; Charley Henning, Buffalo (runner-up).

135-pound novice champion, Jackie Polvino, Rochester; Al Nigro, Batavia (runner-up).

147-pound novice champion, Anthony DeCarlo, Rochester; Frankie Kita, Rochester (runner-up).

160-pound novice champion, Johnny Lippa, Rochester; Bill Geiser, Rochester (runner-up).

175-pound novice champion, Johnny Aicher, Rochester; Al Germano, Rochester (runner-up).

Heavyweight novice champion, Johnny Walker, Rochester; George Williams, Mumford (runner-up).

The following boys came through as winners in the open championship class: Paul Columbo, Batavia; Frankie Verna, Rochester (runner-up).

118-pound open champion, Jim Tafferty, Batavia; Dick Warboys, Rochester (runner-up).

126-pound open champion, Joey Stephano, Rochester; Sammy Devine, Batavia (runner-up).

135-pound open champion, Bobby Smith, Rochester; Anthony (Kid Snookie) Capriotti, East Rochester (runner-up).

147-pound open champion, Joe DeCarlo, Rochester.

160-pound open champion, Don Stevens, Rochester.

175-pound open champion, Lou Presto, Buffalo.

Heavyweight open champion, Ellis Fields, Rochester.

Jack Johnson and Jess Willard were present and shared in the refereeing honors. Both ex-champions met for the first time in a long time and both pleased the crowds with their officiating and their commentary remarks on the present crop of heavyweights.

Jack Dempsey recently displayed his wares here in a three-round exhibition against Mike Conroy, the Bull of the Ridge, humorously announced as the champion of foreign countries and the only man to knock out Battling Siki. After getting off to a rather slow start, Dempsey, boxing in his civilians with only his shirt peeled off, displayed the same power in his mauling left hand that carried him to dizzy heights. Jake Carey did the refereeing honors and Jack Curley, wrestling impresario, did the announcing. Dempsey's political minded wrestlers also appeared. Tony Siano only proved to be a crowd pleaser with his bag of tricks and clever wrestling.

The following bouts proved to be the most promising of all that took place during the month at both clubs: Eddie Thomas, Rochester, decisioned Joe Birdie, Rochester, twice; welterweights. Johnny Aicher, Rochester, decisioned Frank Abrams, Bolivan; heavyweights. Don Stevens, Rochester, decisioned Gordon Tuckey, Bolivan; middleweights. Earl Traino, Rochester, K.O.'ed Milton Mains, Bolivan; featherweights. Ottelio Bellucci, Rochester, K.O.'ed Ossie Gardner, Cleveland; welterweights. George Bandt, Rochester, decisioned Bert Johnson, Jamestown; featherweights. John T. Sullivan, Rochester, K.O.'ed Hank Banas, Batavia; heavyweights; first round.

Jackie Polvino, Rochester, K.O.'ed three of his four opponents in his recent tournament bouts. Jackie broke Johnny Treyn's ribs and looks like a comer.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets the first of each month. The writer would like to hear from good amateur teams from out of town wishing to appear in Rochester. Write to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOHNNY Baranowski continues to win at the Valley Arena, knocking out Jerry O'Neil of New Haven in two rounds in his last start. Tommy Grady is a busy fighter because of his willing style.

Saverio Turiello of Italy lost a close decision to Frankie Cinque of New York in the main bout at the Valley Arena. Cinque's aggressiveness gained the verdict. Tommy Logan of Holyoke won over Tommy Brouillard of Worcester in a six-round semi. Johnny Renda of Fitchburg and Young Dempsey of New Bedford fought a six round draw; Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford was victorious over Young Ace Clark in six rounds; Frankie Diaz of New Bedford won over Billy Delany of Athol.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke lost his second try for the New England bantam title by losing to the champion, Tony Dupre, in the main bout of twelve rounds at the Valley Arena. Joe Gelinas won a ten-round semi from Jerry Maloni in a bitterly fought contest.

Johnny Buiso won a close decision over Arthur Hubert of Burlington, Vt., in a four-round fight, but received a fractured nose that will put him on the shelf for a couple of months. Johnny Baranowski of Dalton and Johnny Prout fought a draw. Charley Ersey of Athol won over Armand Masse in the opening four.

Saverio Turiello did much better in his second fight with Frankie Cinque by winning the decision in a ten-round main bout at Holyoke.

Joey Greb of New York and Eddie Conley of Danbury, Conn., fought a ten-round battle to a draw at Holyoke. Both boys made a vicious fight of it for the ten rounds, with the tide shifting from one to the other. That left the fans in a decided mind and the judges agreed to a draw verdict. Sal Canata of Holyoke lost the decision to Eldred Davenport in a companion ten-rounder.

Jimmy Downs knocked out Jackie Delany in the second round of a four-round bout. Fritzie Moore lost a four-round decision to Clarence Sloat of New York in a hard fought bout. Jerry "Elmer" O'Neil found Johnny Baranowski too much of a puncher and took his medicine for two rounds when the referee stopped the bout to save Elmer from further punishment.

Lou Alpert is fighting in New Jersey . . . . Harry Conley is now under the management of Jimmy Bronson . . . . Harry was built up here and in North Adams, but decided he could do better under Bronson . . . . Good luck, Harry . . . . Young Terry of Chicopee Falls, Mass., who campaigned in Albany, N. Y., ten years ago, is now in the construction and building business . . . . Terry was a good welter at that time . . . . Johnny Corbett runs a billiard parlor in Chicopee Falls, and has a thriving business . . . . Joe Butch, also a good welter, has been on the electric light company payroll for seventeen years.

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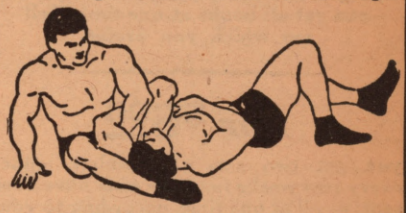

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

At Beyard, Neb.—Georgie Lopez, veteran Longmont, Colo., featherweight, stopped Blackie Nichols of Fort Warren, Wyo., in the third round of a scheduled eight-round bout. The other half of the twin main event saw Joe Duran of Scottsbluff score a knockout over Kid Ross of Scraper, Wyo., in the opening round. The latter pair are lightweights.

At Reno, Nev.—Hey! Hey! What's all this mean? Tommy Loughran knocking a guy on his ear! How come? Is the old Philly Phantom developing a sock in his old age? Anyway, he steps up and wallops one Mexican gent by the name of Tony Rosalia on the beezer for the full "ten" count. It happened in the third heat. After all these annums of watching the sports sheets, I am rewarded by seeing this unusual news item. I'd venture the opinion that Mr. Rosalia is going very far in this fight business.

Right now, New Mexico is a hotbed of fistic activity. Las Vegas, Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Fort Sumner and Clovis are staging regular shows. Clovis in particular is going strong. For the past few months they have been running regular weekly shows. Colorado is beginning to pick up again and Wyoming is getting back on the fistic map. All in all, the mountain region seems headed for a prosperous year in 1937.

At Clovis, N. M.—Jim Perry, Fort Sumner light-heavyweight, easily outscored Billy McDonald, gangling Amarillo Negro, in a slashing ten-round go. On the same card, Dick Vick stopped Kid Valesquez, Clovis welterweight, in the second heat of their eight-round bout.

At Fort Sumner, N. M.—Joe Perry, kid brother of Jim Perry, won a slashing ten-round decision over Babe Colima, Juarez veteran. This pair of featherweights put on one of the greatest scraps in Fort Sumner's history. In a battle several months ago, Colima stopped Perry in eight rounds, for the only loss chalked up against the youngster in thirty-four starts.

Trinidad, Colo., once one of the best fight towns in this neck of the woods, is staging a fistic comeback. With Promoter John Barbera at the helm, the coal mining metropolis has several fistic plums in the offing. What a blessing for the game it would be if he could uncover another Benny Chavez.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg welterweight sensation, ran his victory string to fifty-nine consecutive wins, by dropping Battling Chico of El Paso, Tex., down the chimney in the opening round of their ten-round bout.

In the semi-final, Battling Kirk, Chicago lightweight, handed Tiny Garcia a nifty lacing for two rounds, whereupon Mr. Garcia promptly chucked the fight. The boxing commission rightfully upheld Garcia's purse. It was a miserable performance on Garcia's part. I was very much surprised at the Mexican quitting cold, since he enjoyed a reputation of being one fighter who would weather it to the bitter end.

Ed Orazem, matchmaker at Pueblo, would like to contact a good welterweight and a good featherweight. Preferably, boys with somewhat a "name" in pugilistic circles. He can be reached at 911 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Colorado.

At Sheridan, Wyo.—Jack Jones, Gilette middleweight, knocked out Jimmy Moore of Arminto in the second round of a ten-round bout advertised as being for the Wyoming middleweight title. Moore was knocked through the ropes twice before being felled for the count.

"So the People May Know," to borrow an editorial headline from the Denver *Post*, we wish to comment on Everette Marshall's heavyweight wrestling "championship." Marshall is NOT the grappling champ, all the edicts and proclamations of the Colorado Boxing Commission to the contrary. Here is the La Junta boy's title status: In a moment of generosity, the commission decided that the time was ripe to "crown" a wrestling king. Therefore, Marshall and Young Gotch were selected to meet in a widely advertised "championship" bout. A huge belt was donated, and to make the thing look real, Governor Ed C. Johnson was to drape the belt on the winner. Marshall won, and thereupon became the world's "champion," notwithstanding the fact that Gotch never held a title of any kind anywhere. Not so long ago, Marshall flopped Ali Babi, and the commission howled in glee. There was no question now but what Marshall was champion of 'em all, they averred. Funny, but they somehow overlooked the fact that Dave Levin had already pinned the Turk. Evidently, Colorado is one place in the world in which you can win championships without meeting the champion. I can't see why the local commission persists in making themselves the laughing stock of the country by their silly notions of proclaiming Marshall "champion." If they want the La Junta boy to be the champ so bad, why don't they import the champion himself, and let him win it legitimately?

At Clovis, N. M.—Joe Perry, Fort Sumner featherweight, scored a two-round kayo over Joe Palicio, Dallas, Texas. Palacio, a ring-worn veteran, was no match for the fast-stepping Perry. In the semi-final, Dick Vick, Fort Sumner, kayoed Cyclone White of Oklahoma City in the second stanza of their eight-round go. The pair are 140-pounders.

And still Hank Bath remains under cover. A few months ago everything seemed hotsy-totsy for the big farmer to get back into action, but nothing has happened as yet. Can it be possible that Hankus is convinced that this mitt-slinging business is too much for him to master? But at that, I'd venture a few bucks that there isn't a guy in this mountain region that can "take" the big Fort Morgan corn-husker.

G. G., Pueblo, Colo.—Yes, Jim Flynn and Pete Everett met once in your city. The pair boxed a six-round exhibition for the benefit of the Pueblo flood sufferers in 1922. Both men were far past their prime at that time. As to the relative merits of the two, I'd have to say that Flynn was the best man of the two, both in their prime. But "Mexican Pete" was far from being a pushover back around 1900.

Remember, I have a list of all the active promoters out in this part of the country that is yours for a dime. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way, but please inclose postage if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

By the time this appears in print, the Olympiad, Houston's new boxing arena, being built by Promoter Hugh Benbow, will have been opened. Costing some $25,000 and seating about 5,000, the place will be one of the most pretentious arenas in the South.

Promoter Benbow closed his outdoor arena and plans to open the new one about November 15. The new fight palace assures the young impresario of even better houses than he enjoyed during the successful summer, which were built to enormous ones simply upon a policy of fair dealings with both fighters and public.

Good, pleasing fighters are scarce hereabouts and Promoter Benbow is always desirous of contacting fighters, and managers of fighters, who fight. There is a particular scarcity of prelim boys. The writer will assure anyone coming here that "Southern hospitality" is not merely a myth.

The month's high spot was the Willard Brown-Gallito Ramirez scrap, in which Ramirez was returned the winner after a great bout. This Ramirez "has arrived" and is ready for the best, make no mistake about that. He is a classy piece of fighting machinery and it will take an extraordinarily good fighter to beat him.

"Preacher" Dewey Kimrey has been cleaning up on the heavies around Dallas. Tom Beaupre and Benny O'Dell were a couple of his victims. A match in the Centennial City between Kimrey and Max Roesch would be a natural and will probably be made soon. Roesch, in the opinion of the writer, is one of the best looking young heavyweights we have ever seen, and predict that he will be heard from in a big way ere long.

Billy Pereira, younger brother of the popular Mike, looks like a very brilliant prospect. During the month he beat and then kayoed Clyde Morris and showed real form doing it.

Young fighters wishing to show in this section will do well to write Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jenkins St., Houston, Texas. There is a scarcity of fighters here and any boy who will please the fans can do well and keep busy.

George Salvadore, the state's leading fighter, is recovering from a nose operation and is about ready for the wars again. George showed only once since returning home, taking an easy win over Danny Laverne.

Remember, the writer is always glad to help you in any way possible. Your letters will be answered or given to promoters. The address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Sammy Meadows, the Jewish knockout sensation, turned in a couple of neat wins, K.O.'ing Sidney Duncan and winning handily over Red Wright, giving Sammy a string of five knockouts and two decisions in seven starts in Texas.

Battling Burroughs, one of the best club fighters in the business, scored a couple of seven-round knockouts in Galveston, dropping George Thomas and Dynamite Payne for the full count. Burroughs is one of the most pleasing scrappers it has ever been our pleasure to watch.

Had a letter from Art Wakefield, former Denison middleweight, stating that he had forsaken the ring game for railroading out in the cow country around El Paso, where he is an employee of the Southern Pacific. The writer recalls an exhibition of gameness put on by Wakefield a couple of years ago that warms the heart, and makes us understand why we love the old fight game.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

AFTER months and months in the doldrums, the professional boxing game has got going again in Boston, all thanks to the Boston Garden and the energy and enthusiasm of Walter Brown, the official matchmaker for that institution. The first show Boston has seen since last June, when Jack Sharkey, in a warm-up for his bout with Joe Louis in New York, nosed out a win over Phil Brubaker, was staged October 16 at the Boston Arena. In the main bout, scheduled for ten rounds, Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Liverpool, N. S., won by a kayo over John "Swede" Anderson, when the scrap was stopped at the end of the sixth round due to an injury to the latter's left eye. In the first heat Warrington landed a hard right to the eye and, by the time the sixth was on, Anderson could not see out of it.

The semi-final, Tony Sacco, Worcester, vs. Tony Bent, Cambridge, an affair between lightweights, was going along at a merry pace when a bad cut was opened over Sacco's left eye. Referee Jack Watson stopped the match and awarded Bent the decision. The card, as a whole, was very good. The show drew about two thousand customers and a gate of $1570.

The Garden, staging its shows on a weekly Friday night basis, came with a beauty the night of October 23 at the Arena, the fight, a twelve-rounder bringing together Tommy Rawson, Jr., East Boston, son of a former New England ring champion, and Honey Mellody of Charlestown, lightweights. Rawson received the decision, which he won by a goodly margin, also the recognition of the State Boxing Commission as New England lightweight champion. The scrap was one of the best between lightweights staged in Boston or vicinity in years. In the second heat Rawson put Mellody down for five, left to chin. A moment later Mellody was again downed and was being counted at the bell. It was contended by the Rawson forces that the round was clipped a full minute, also that the rest period before the third was a minute too long. Such did seem to be the case, though, contrary to custom, we did not time either the round or recess period. In any event, the boys went the full route, Rawson winning the award. Eddie Carroll, Lowell, and Eddie McLaughlin, Cambridge, middleweights, collided in the semi-final. They got along finely for a while. In the fourth, McLaughlin made the mistake of looking around to his corner, and was spilled for a kayo. The rest of the card measured up to the feature event.

The same management came with its third tourney October 28, with Joe Gelinas, Athol, facing Joe Ricciotti, Boston, both big welters, in the ten-round feature. Gelinas outclassed his foe for the greater part of the route and had him down for a count of nine in the ninth frame. It was rather one-sided. Seemingly Ricciotti had not fully recovered from his recent defeat out at Frisco at the hands of Floyd Marshall. In the semi-final, Johnny Dube, Haverhill, 142½ pounds, punched out an eight-round win over Wildcat Carter, 138½, Boston, another one-sided affair.

Our contention that mouthpieces worn by boxers, unless they fit, are N. G., and, at all times, more or less of a handicap, was borne out in one of the bouts when Ralph Salvo, Salem welter, who was putting up a redhot fight with Johnny Smith, Quincy, was forced to stop at the end of the third stanza due to a badly cut tongue and lips. The mouthpiece he wore afforded him no protection. Our own view of such contrivances is that the best way for a ringster to protect his mouth is to drive blows into his opponent; secondly, to keep his mouth closed and lips compressed while in action.

After several years of following the horses, Eddie Mack, one-time head of the Argonne A. A., has decided to follow the boxers once again. He has joined up with Billy Ames, formerly matchmaker at the Boston Garden, and Bobby Goldman, the latter's assistant, also several others in forming the Egleston Athletic Club, Inc. This organization will open up on November 19, and from that date on will stage "pro" boxing shows every Thursday night. The promoters have taken over a former motor mart at 3050 Washington Street, on the edge of the Roxbury district, and easy of access from all parts of Greater Boston. The place is being reconstructed, and when completed, will seat about 2200, with room for 300 standees. Later on, it may be further enlarged. All concerned are making an excellent job and a small deluxe arena is the very likely outcome. Mack, Ames and Goldman, the chief executives, are veterans in the boxing game. Wrestling and roller-skating will be on in the building when the boxers are not busy. It has been announced that because of the limited arena "face customers" will be expected to trade at the box office or remain away.

We note that Eddie Borden of THE RING and "Bang" is to edit the Everlast Boxing Record Book for 1937. He will make a 100 per cent job of it. If he will include the names of the various foreign champions in each of the eight classes at the time of publication, we will add the "plus" to Eddie's 100 per cent.

Bobby Allen, Maritime welter champion, is back from a redhot ten-round draw with Tommy Bland of Toronto, boxed on October 26 at Charlottetown, P. E. I. According to the sports writers, Allen had the better of the going, particularly when it came to the infighting. Because of stormy weather the attendance failed expectations. It is likely that Allen, also Gus MacLellan, his feather stablemate, will show in Boston rings in the near future. Both are consistent, willing performers. Al Clemente of Boston is their pilot.

Al McCoy of this city and Maine, at one time in line for a fight for the world's light-heavy title, continues idle in this city. He is receiving plenty of offers but, according to his manager, Bill Brennan, cannot accept them because of a bad hand received in his affair with Charley Belanger in Canada. The Boston Garden has received word from Jimmy Johnston of Madison Square Garden, that John Henry Lewis, whether the latter wins or loses in England, will take on McCoy in its arena on his return from abroad if the local boy cares to sign on. The bout, if it happens to take place—all of which is a toss-up—will be at catchweights.

Steve "Crusher" Casey, Promoter Bowser's importation from Ireland, made his American debut as a mat artist at the Boston Garden, October 30, with Wally Dusek, youngest of the Omaha-New York clan, as his opponent. Casey won, two straight falls, in 7:52, double arm grapevine, and 3:23, "Killarney Flip," otherwise an armlock and cross-buttock toss. As can be guessed from the time, the Irishman had little trouble with Wally, on whom he had weight, height and strength. Casey can wrestle, but has got to loosen up his muscles and acquire showmanship. About 8000 witnessed the match.

George Clark of Dundee, Scotland, heavyweight champion of that country, who recently arrived in Boston and now is under the management of Alex MacLean, made his American debut the same night in the semi-final. He encountered Dick Stahl, once of Germany, and polished the latter off in 8:54 with what was termed a "Highland Fling," otherwise known as a hitch lock or suplex and swing. Clark, a fine, big chap with all the marks of the finished athlete, made a very good impression. He knows wrestling and is well-fitted to make plenty of trouble for the matmen he is likely to encounter. Yvon Robert, claimant of the title in this section of the country, will risk the loss of his claims if he faces Clark in a "shooting match." Same for Danno, who is expected back in this country from Ireland to try his luck against the Scotchman.

We note from the daily press that Jack McCarthy, the Boston heavy, who has been keeping busy as a sparring partner, is to give Champion Jimmy Braddock a much-needed workout at New Orleans on November 16. Jack has a punch, and should he let it go and hit James on the chin, it would be just too bad for the champion, all despite the fact that the word "exhibition" will be in there. However, it is extremely doubtful if the Boston heavy tries anything of that sort.

Johnny Buckley, manager of Lou Brouillard, informs us that his protege has not suffered from an injury to his arm or shoulder muscles, contrary to a note we wrote to that effect which appeared in the December issue of THE RING. According to Buckley, Lou was forced to lay off for several weeks because of an operation for the removal of his tonsils. The item concerning Brouillard's supposed injury drifted up from the gym where he has worked and, though printed in the daily press several weeks ago, was not denied or corrected until recently.

Promoter Charley Gordon, who is given to putting in boxers and ex-ringsters as referees for his mat battle royals, had Mickey Walker, the former "Toy Bulldog," in there as arbiter at the Arena, October 28. As the game was new to Mickey, also he had a damaged right mitt which he smashed on the head of a wrestler at Quincy, Mass., the night before, the "royalists" didn't bother him very much.

Henry Emond, welterweight, and Alec Veradt, junior featherweight, of Taunton, Mass., have left New York for British Guiana, where both will participate in three fights under the supervision of Matchmaker Jimmy Ahwah, leading South American promoter. Arrangements on this end were completed by Larry Barry, Brockton newspaperman, who has been prominently identified with New England fighters for several years.

Henry Emond crashed into the headlines by defeating Andy Callahan, dropping the Lawrence, Mass., biffer for a nine-count during the fight. Emond also has fought such star battlers as Jack Portney and Tommy Bland.

Emond is scheduled to oppose Lionel Gibbs, welterweight and middleweight champion of British Guiana and the West Indies at Georgetown, Demarara, on December 26, the first of the international matches already arranged.

Alec Veradt, who weighs 123 pounds, has just completed a successful season in western Massachusetts rings, notably North Adams, where he has been a highly-satisfactory performer. He was an amateur champion of New England, and since deserting the amateur ranks, success has followed him in the professional field.

Efforts on the part of the new big league wrestling wheel to break into Boston, and such have been on for some time, seem likely to prove futile. Paul Bowser, who is now promoting practically on his own, is strongly entrenched here and has the wrestling public with him. Bowser's wrestling castle is the Boston Garden—all doors guarded against invaders, while Eddie Quinn, a friend of the family, holds forth at Mechanics Building, where he is all set. Charley Gordon is all hunky at the Boston Arena. These buildings are the lone spots in Boston wherein big mat events can be staged and, as we get it, the doors are closed against outsiders. So any proposed invasion is likely to amount to naught.

The Irish-Amercan A. A., frequently referred to in this column, continues to keep the amateur end of the boxing game very much alive and to the front. Its efforts in behalf of the sport are entirely worthy of the many mentions it has received. Before this issue of THE RING reaches the public, it will have staged two huge tourneys here. On November 9, the finals in the All-America championships will have been boxed, the winners to compete in the Eastern sectional championships at the Hippodrome, New York, November 27, while on November 23, at the Boston Garden, will have been staged the club's annual international competition. This latter event will bring together amateur boxing teams representative of Ireland, Canada, Cleveland and New England. The Irish team, comprising five or six boxers, a manager and a trainer, is now on the sea bound for America.

Red Burman, bright light of the Dempsey-Waxman stable, at this writing is the guest of Charley Miller at his Moosehead Lake camp, Greenville, Me., where he is resting up, also doing some light training, to say nothing of hunting and fishing. While in this section Burman may make a bid for a bout with Al McCoy, but it hardly will amount to more than a gesture.

George K. O. Koverly, heavyweight wrestler, both continues to pile up mat wins here, also remains a mystery man. Though he is now wrestling and doing plenty of it, he has ex-ringster stamped all over him. Neither will he pose for the photographers nor give any line on himself. He has very little to say to his mat mates. Koverly is about thirty-eight years old and claims to come from California. As he has a bit of an English accent, several have written him down as Gypsy Daniels, the British heavyweight ringster, who back in 1928 stopped Max Schmeling in a round. Whether such is so or not remains for the future to determine. Boston mat fans, however, have the itch to learn Koverly's real identity.

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OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

SOUTHPAW George Nichols packed too many guns for young Billy Bommer of Detroit. This was conclusively proven in the ten round main bout of the Queensberry Club's show at Broadway auditorium when the former N.B.A. light-heavy boss easily won the decision over Bommer, who previously had won several minor bouts in this city.

Nichols, not as good as he once was by a long way, is still the superior of fighters like Bommer. George can clout with that left mitt. He is cute and cagey in the ring and no one ever questioned his gameness.

The complete results of bouts on the Nichols-Bommer card follow:

Eddie Saxon, 168, defeated Eddie Hocevar, 175; six rounds, official decision.

Howell King, 149, defeated Vince DeAngelo, 149; six rounds, official decision.

Big Boy Brackey, 218½, scored technical knockout over Kid Tyrell, 188; fifth round, Tyrell unable to continue.

Mickey Devine, 131, defeated Don Eddy, 133; six rounds, official decision.

Manny Hill, 145, defeated John Dillenberg, 144½; four rounds, official decision.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, John Krysinski and Art Scott; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Jackie Clark of Jamestown, Negro amateur middleweight and national champion, has applied for his pro license and before these lines appear in print may have taken part in his initial bout in the paid ranks. Jimmy deferred his professional entry a little too long to my way of thinking. He fought hundreds of bouts in the amateurs, sometimes as many as four scraps in a week. He still may collect plenty of money in the roped circle if he is properly handled.

The Buffalo Sporting Club, which recently passed into the hands of the Cohen brothers, staged its first show under the new management on October 23. As has been the custom of the club since its birth, a wrestling show was offered, with Count Zarynoff winning two out of three falls from Chief Little Wolf.

Other matches resulted as follows: Ernie Zeller and Lou Plummer wrestled a draw; Dan Petroff threw Mike Yamka in seven minutes; Al Dunlap tossed Gene Bauman in fourteen minutes forty-six seconds.

A small crowd witnessed the show, which conclusively proves exactly what your correspondent has maintained: i.e., wrestling is all done and it will be years before the big fellows will have another cycle of prosperity.

There is some talk about town that the B.S.C. will turn to boxing. The glove game is all right if the cards are about, but a tough game without attractions. And we haven't any worth-while fighters in town at present.

One of the biggest sporting associations in the entire United States will come to life in Buffalo soon. I am not in a position to divulge any more dope at present other than to say boxing will boom again when the hustling group takes hold of the situation.

Ralph De John of Syracuse twice whipped Paulie Mahoney of the South Side in bouts staged here by the Queensberry Club during the past six weeks. De John is too experienced for young Mahoney, who should not be rushed into decisive defeats like he has undergone.

Gossip is rife that two new gymnasiums will open here. Right now only two are in operation: Jack Singer's big emporium and that of the Orioles in East Genesee Street.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Professor Billy Michaels will start his clever young amateur, Jack (Irish Imp) Donovan, again within a few weeks . . . . Let us hope the professor will not listen to any pro offers for young Donovan . . . . The kid is a great prospect but needs a lot of seasoning . . . . Amateur boxing should have a wonderful season here . . . . Matchmaker Art (Roly-poly) Johnson is getting together some attractive cards for the Orioles . . . . He will operate mostly at Broadway Auditorium . . . . The Eagles will probably stage most of their fistic carnivals at the Eagles' Auditorium, Tupper and Pearl Streets . . . . Tommy Paul has definitely and finally quit the fight game as a boxer . . . . The one-time bantam great will try managing fighters and running a gym, which is an occupation more suited for him right now . . . . Steve Halaiko is trying to box occasionally but would do well to hang them up . . . . Steve was a pip in his day, but his fighting ability has slumped woefully.

Max Baer didn't do the fight game in Toronto any good in his recent visit there . . . . The Ontario metropolis is a splendid boxing town, but won't go for set-up matches . . . . Playfair Brown, the best promoter Toronto ever had, packed them in when he was using Frenchy Belanger against such buzz-saws as Frankie Genaro, Corp. Izzy Schwartz, Pablo Dano, Steve Rocco and others . . .

The Buffalo Sporting Club, just reorganized with splendid financial backing, has selected a boxing matchmaker in the person of Vince Plunkett, one of the best posted boxing men in the country. Plunkett has been a very successful manager of such fighters as Steve Halaiko, former national welter champion; Freddie Mueller, once a strong lightweight contender, and Art Weigand, who fought all the best in the light-heavyweight division.

Plunkett is now working on his opening show and it will be an attractive card which should fill the newly decorated Broadway Auditorium.

"We'll give Buffalo fans real fights—not the bunk," says Plunkett. The Buffalo Sporting Club matchmaker can be addressed White Building,

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HERE AND THERE—Lou Scozza is still on the semi-retired list . . . . It's been a long time since Lou took part in a bout . . . . Virgil Kinkade, one-time splendid welterweight prospect, is working for the W.P.A. . . . . Knockout Brennan is not giving up the chase for that referee appointment . . . . Hans Furst is now business manager of the Buffalo Sporting Club . . . . The Broadway Auditorium looks swell with its new seating arrangement and complete repair job . . . . Big Jim Farley thrives on work . . . . The Postmaster-General appeared in excellent health when in town with President Roosevelt . . . . Charlie Bailey is writing a corking column called "These Are on the House" . . . . Bailey is a fine kid and knows the sports game . . . . Eddie Tranter, former *Times* sporting editor, is now publicity man for the W.P.A. . . . . Eddie was county jailer under the late Sheriff Frank J. Offermann.

Good heavyweights and light-heavies who are young, strong and ambitious can make a good connection here in Buffalo. Boxers without managers or contracts should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

EDWIN WALING, former star of the local amateurs, seems to be on his way toward a shot at the featherweight title. Waling was featured in two of the leading shows of the month, given by the Olympia-Arena Gardens combine, at the Gardens. In the first, Ed encountered his conqueror of a short time before, Lenny Cohen, Chicago youngster, who had outscored him in a Chicago bout. Later he met the tough "Tennessee" Lee, a boy who has battled all the top-notchers.

Waling and Cohen waged as spectacular a battle as has been seen here in some time. Early in the bout Cohen floored Edwin, and it was a new experience for the local boy to find himself on the floor. But he came back to drop Cohen four times in the closing stanzas, to finish well out in front. In all fairness to Cohen, it should be noted that Waling had a large pull in the weights.

Fanis Tzanatopoulos, the Greek favorite, engaged in another gruelling battle before a local crowd, but was clearly outpointed by George Sutka, Wyandotte workman. Tzanatopoulos has become very popular here, and his busy style of milling seems to meet with the favor of the cash customers. Sutka clearly outscored him, however, there being no question as to the winner of a hard battle.

Frankie Wolfram, hard-punching local featherweight, is starting back after a long layoff. Wolfram was stopped by Leo Rodak in his last start, but now he's in as good shape as ever.

In the last show held at the Arena Gardens, Edwin Waling defeated Paul "Tennessee" Lee in a tough ten-round fight. Waling had to give everything he had to take the decision over the hard working Lee, who now fights out of Indianapolis. Lee is well liked by Detroit fans and will be welcomed back.

In the semi-final, Frankie Jarr, stablemate of Lee, fought against Jackie Callura, Hamilton, Ontario, featherweight, and after a hard battle, in which both did plenty of infighting, Callura was given the nod.

Chuck Woods, leading welterweight contender of this section, was inactive the past month. Woods made a remarkable comeback last summer after losing his fight with Champion Barney Ross, winning bouts with Joe Sutka, Sammy Chivas, Pat Murphy, Milton Aron and Laddie Tonelli.

Billy Bommer, Detroit light-heavyweight, who has been doing a lot of fighting around Buffalo, met his first setback in that section when he dropped a decision to Georgie Nichols, former champion. By the way, Nichols has been doing very well in his comeback.

Howell King, Detroit colored boy, who earned a place on the American Olympic team, and made the trip to Germany last summer, is now boxing pro. He is reported to be doing well around New York State. King is one of the flashiest boys ever to be turned out of the Detroit amateur ranks.

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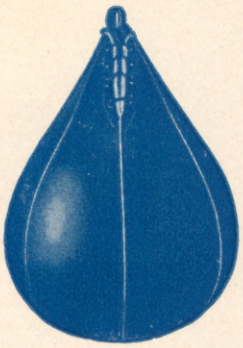

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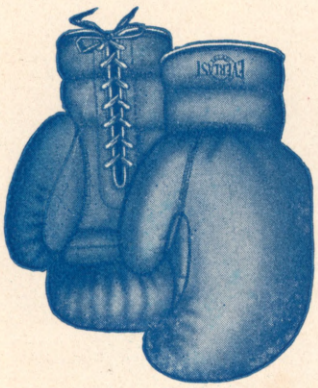

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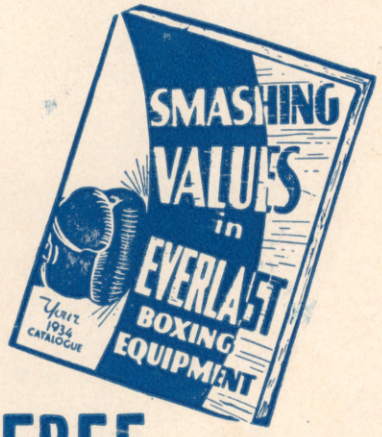

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